

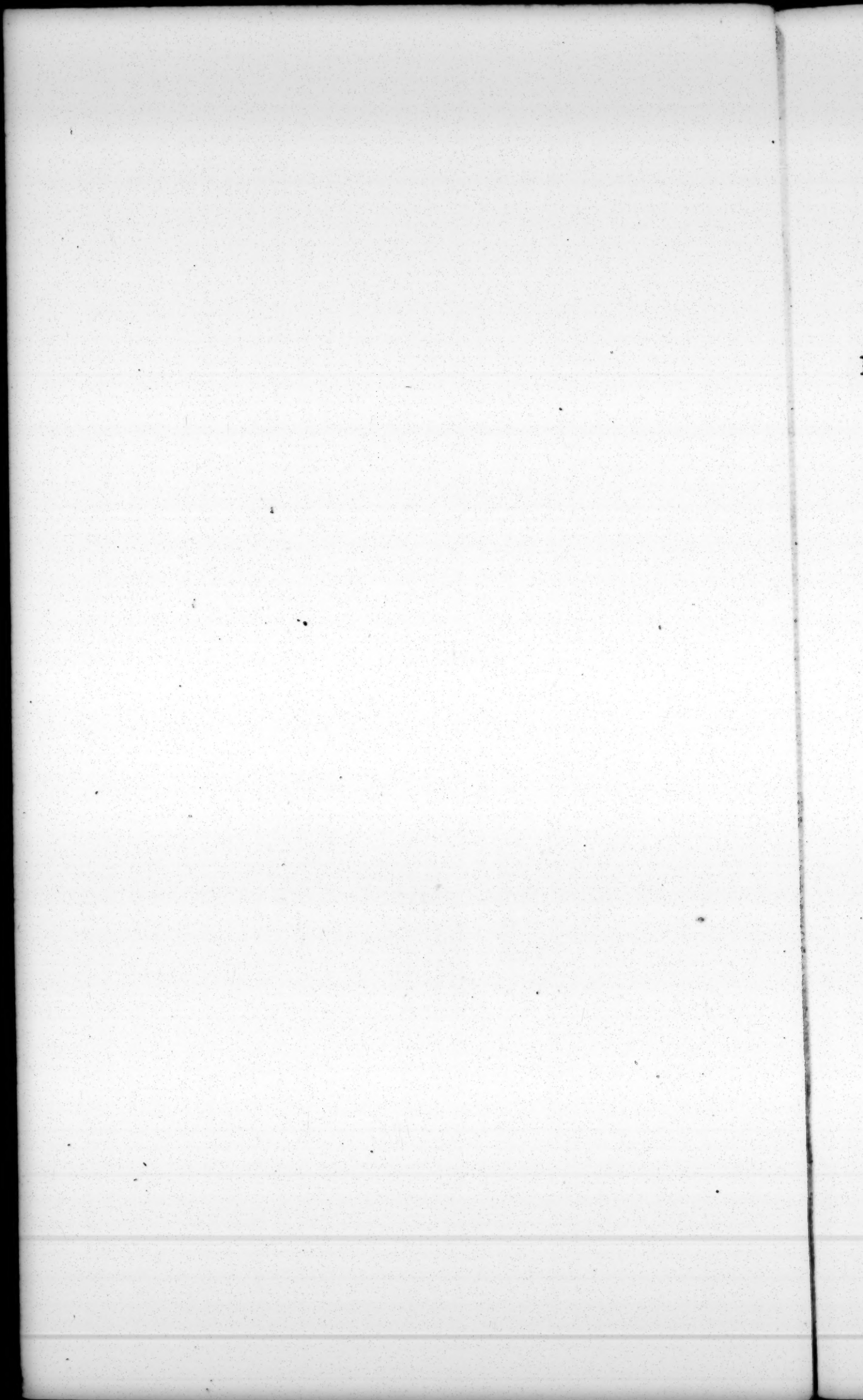
T H E
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE,
VISITATION CHARGES,
SPEECHES, AND MISCELLANIES,
OF THE RIGHT REVEREND
FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D. D.
LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES BY J. NICHOLS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,
REVISED AND CORRECTED.

1790.

VOLUME III.



THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
BISHOP ATTERBURY.
WITH
HISTORICAL NOTES BY J. NICHOLS.
VOLUME III.

"How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
"How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!" POPE,



L O N D O N.
PRINTED BY AND FOR THE EDITOR,
MDCCXC.



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A T T E R B U R Y ' S

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

L E T T E R CCCCVII.

To Mrs. M O R I C E.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, Jan. 21, 1728-9.
Feb. 1

YOUR letter of Dec. 30, O. S. reached me here Jan. 29; and I make use of the first opportunity to thank you for it, and to assure you how glad I am to have an account under your hand of your own health, and that of your family; which I pray God may continue. I am got rid of my gout in every respect but that of the weakness of my legs, which still confines me. I imagined the cold to be very severe here, and so it was with respect to the clime: but the accounts I have from all parts more Northward, of the excessive degree of it there, makes me think (as other people do) that I should have smarted worse under it had I continued at Paris; and that my journey hither in autumn was a lucky step at least, if not a wise one. The frost has ceased here these eight days, and the air is now as mild and warm, and the sun as strong, as it

is with you in England at the end of April: besides that we have an hour's day-light more than you, and such a day-light as is very agreeable at this season, because the sky is seldom clouded: so that I promise myself from hence great benefit during my stay here. How long that may be, I know not: but I am told such terrible things of the summer-heats here, that I think I must dislodge before that time, either by returning Northward, or by retreating somewhere into the neighbouring mountains for four months; in which, I am told, the air is not only not troublesomely hot, but cool and refreshing.

The uncertainty of my motions, which will be governed by my health and convenience, renders it unfit for you, my dear heart, to think of coming over to me. The greatest satisfaction I can have in this world, would be to see you. But I must defer it till I am fixed in some place to which you can resort easily, without prejudice to your affairs, and without trouble to yourself; such a trouble, I mean, as I can never consent you should undergo, though you seem to overlook it. The more willing your tenderness for me makes you to ramble after me into remote parts; the less willing I am, from the same motive on my side, to suffer it. Therefore be contented, my dear heart, to hear from me, till I am settled where it may be convenient for you not only to see me, but spend some time with me. I believe that will not be at Paris (whither, at present, I have no intentions of returning), but somewhere nearer you; and there I shall fix once for all, after I have drawn all the advantages I hope for from the air of this place.

I have but little life left; and you need not doubt therefore of my pitching in some certain abode, where I may spend the rest of it in quiet, as soon as ever my circumstances will suffer me.

I say nothing to you about your brother: I can say nothing that will please either of us. I am satisfied that Mr. Morice and you have done every thing for him, on your part, that is proper. If all fails, there is no help: God's will be done!

I writ to Mr. Morice nine days ago; my love and blessing to him, and to all your family.

If I mistake not, this is the day on which the Parliament is to meet. The Dutch Gazettes, that reach me here at eight hundred miles distance from you, tell me so. Adieu, my dear heart; and believe that no day passes, which does not shorten that distance, and make you present to my mind; which never thinks of you but with the utmost affection and tenderness; for I am always, in all places, and in all conditions, equally your loving father,

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCVIII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Jan. 31, 1728-9.
Feb. 11

I HAVE yours of Jan. 13, O. S. and am concerned to find by it that Mrs. Morice is so much out of order. It was not to be expected that one of so tender a constitution should not suffer remarkably from the severe weather we have lately had. But I hope it has been gone with you this fortnight, as it has been with us; and has been succeeded also, as here, with the

mildest season imaginable. If so, I question not but her health will be soon re-established; and shall be in no little pain till I hear from you again that it is so. I wrote to her the 1st of this month, as I did to you the 23d of last, and hope both my letters will be received.

Before I left Paris, I delivered to a gentleman there, as money that would be due at Lady-day, the bond for 50 l. payable at that time, which I had from my neighbour *; who now desires he may pay it to you in England, and not to the gentleman with whom I have left his bond, and says, he has written to you on that head. If he has, pray take no notice of his request, nor accept the proffer; for I have put that matter in another way; and if his money will be ready by that time in London, he has nothing to do but to pay it to Mr. Waters's correspondent there, who will draw upon Mr. Waters for it at sight, according to the course of exchange; and it will be accepted here by the gentleman who has the bond, and the bond delivered up upon the receipt of such bill. I have writ thus to the debtor; who, I foresee, has no other way of gaining further time but by desiring that you may be the receiver—and therefore I desire you to be upon your guard. The weakness of my legs has as yet hindered me from going abroad; though I am otherwise very well. But I resolve now in a day or two to take the air pretty constantly, and doubt not to find the good effects of it. My love and blessing to Mrs. Morice and your children. Nothing upon earth would be more welcome to me than her company and yours: but it is impracticable at present to have it.

* See pp. 15, 16.

I have

I have no home to invite her to; and God knows when I shall have one.

Adieu! and believe me, both of you, ever remembering you with all the concern and tenderness imaginable!

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCIX. To Mr. WILLIAMS.

Feb. ⁵/₁₆, 1728-9.

SIR J. OBRYEN promises me to deliver this, which acknowledges the receipt of all yours that you appear to have written to me. Pray stop your hand for the future. I shall be satisfied to know that you are well now and then, and will be always your firm and faithful friend, whether I tell you so under my hand or not.

I thank you for the transcript from Maffei. It answers not my expectation. I thought, by the abstract of it I saw, that it had not been in Italian, but Latin. However, that would have given me only a little more trouble. The worst is, that it relates not to the subject I supposed it did, the origin and progress of *Rime*, but to a sort of verses only, which he calls *Rhythmical*, which have a certain harmonious number in them, not tied up to quantity and regular measures. Had I known the dissertation to be of that nature, I would not have given you such a trouble. I send you a little present of five louis-d'or, to recompence your trouble, and, together with them, the sealed-up parcel, wherein the little things sent to you from England are contained. I had no proper opportunity before of doing it. I am just got out of a new fit of the gout, which has not

been very painful, or otherwise of consequence, but as it has prevented the continuance of my correspondence.

God bless you! Believe me always the same; and therefore always faithfully yours, FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCX. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, Feb. $\frac{16}{27}$, 1728-9.

I AM very much concerned to hear, by a letter I received last night from Mr. Morice, that you continue ill, and that your cold has settled in a cough; which, I am sensible, will not be soon or easily removed but by better air than you now breathe at Westminster: and therefore this, I hope, will find you at Kensington, fixed there, till it can be convenient for both of us to meet somewhere in France, nearer than we used to do, in order to shorten your journey forwards and backwards, and lengthen your stay with me; as your husband gives me hopes the case will be.

I have no pleasure left in this world so great as that of seeing you; and that pleasure would be increased at present by the hopes of your regaining your health in the air of France, which has restored to me in good measure mine, notwithstanding my age and infirmities. And yet I must deny myself that satisfaction till I can pitch upon a convenient place, where I may hope to spend the remaining part of my life without rambling from one place to another as I have hitherto done. It is difficult for me to manage that matter at a distance; though I am now trying to do it, and hope in a little time to compass it, by the means of a proper hand I have

have employed for that purpose. As soon as that affair can be settled to my mind, you shall have notice of it; and I will then prepare to leave this place, notwithstanding I find, by the experience I have had of this clime, that I should probably better consult my health by staying here. That consideration shall not retard my journey towards you, as soon as I am ripe for it; and when I am, I will lose no time in informing you. In the mean time, my dear heart, take care of your health, and get to Kensington as soon as you can, if you are not there already. We are about eight hundred miles off from one another; and, to shew you how much I desire to spare you the trouble of travelling, fix of that eight shall be my part of the journey. Tell Mr. Morice that I have the inclosed bill of 100l. sterling, which he sent me; and am now so rich, with what I had before in cash, that I think verily I shall want no more during my stay here, and till he himself brings me a new supply. Can you be content to live any time on this side of the water without seeing Paris? That, I am afraid, will and must be the case. I would choose that it should be so for myself; and I shall be the better pleased with that choice, if I find that you are contented with it. I have some of the letters Mr. Morice mentions, but not all. Love and blessing to him and to your children.

If it is possible for me to think of you with more tenderness than I used to do, depend upon it that is the case at present. I have no mind to finish this letter: but the more I write, the more I desire to write to you. The best way is to be abrupt; therefore, adieu, my

§ ATTERBURY'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

dear heart, without further ceremony! God restore your health, and preserve it till we see one another!

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Feb. 23, 1728-9.
March 6

I WRIT to Mrs. Morice Feb. 27, and therein acknowledged the receipt of your bill of 100 l. I have received nothing since from you. The accounts of the person dead are come to hand*; but contain not instructions particular enough for the purpose; which, you know, in such cases, must mention the age of the person to a day, and every other circumstance fit to be taken notice of, with the utmost exactness. I find there is no great haste, since one part of the design† is executing at so much greater a distance. However, no time shall be lost; and I am a little impatient to have what is still behind, the gentleman's account of the methods he has taken in educating a certain person‡, which I have daily expected; and, when it comes, will speak what I feel on that head: for I am really struck with a sense of the prudence, goodness, and tenderness, with which that affair has been transacted; and should be concerned to the utmost at my incapacity towards being useful in it, did I not hope and believe, considering the hands that matter is in, my help would in great measure be needless.

* Dr. Hugh Chamberlen. See vol. II. p. 426.

† For the Doctor's monument.

‡ Q. Was this the young Duke of Buckingham?

I find,

I find, where I am, a good many people remembering a friend of yours, Mr. H. with pleasure and respect. He lived, and entertained people here, they tell me, with great generosity; and, I find, the memory of it is fresh in the minds of some I converse with; and that he did honour to our country by his bounty on that occasion.

Perhaps by that time this reaches you I shall have entered on my 67th year*; which makes me the eagerer to see Mrs. Morice and you once at least before I die: and I hope that once will be for a longer time than usual, as you kindly promise me. I cannot get away from hence as yet; but will as soon as I can—and, when we can agree upon the time of your coming over, will fully instruct you in relation to a legal draught I want, and which till I have, and have made use of in the way I have declared to you, I shall not be easy: for there is no dallying in such a case at my time of life; for though I am really in a much better state of health than I have been these many years, yet I cannot expect to continue so long, especially when I return Northwards.

I am very uneasy till I hear how Mrs. Morice does; the account you gave me of her in your last I did not like. God bless her, and you, and all yours!

FR. ROFFEN.

* He was born on the 6th of March, 1661-2. See the "Illustrations" at the end of this volume, N^o I.

CCCCXII. From Mrs. MORICE *.

DEAR PAPA,

March ⁶/₁₇, 1728-9.

IF I could think of you with more duty and affection at one time than another, the 6th of March would put me in mind of it—a day that, I think, I can't employ better than in answering your two last letters, and wishing you joy of entering into a new year of life. I congratulate myself upon the fair prospect there is, from your present state of health, that you will live to see many. In that thought I comfort myself: and pray God I may long enjoy the pleasing satisfaction! I had not been so long without letting you hear from me, if I had not of late had worse health than usual. I believe the bad weather contributed to make it so; for, since the season is grown a little more mild and favourable within these three or four days, I find myself better: and as the spring advances, I live in hopes my health will increase with it. My physician promises me it will; and I wish he may guess right. I am pleased with the thoughts of your removal from the place where you are, to some other much nearer to us, whose distance may take away the objection you make against my coming over. Nothing but such a step could make me easy at staying in England this summer; and I hope such a place may be found out, at a moderate distance, as will not, either by its air or situation, prove injurious to your health, which ought always in the first place to be consulted, without regard to the trouble you ima-

* Indorsed by the Bishop, "Received April 3; 17 days
"coming."

gine a longer journey would give me. I should think it none, and fancy I should find myself better at the end of it. As to Paris, I scarce remember it since you are out of it. Montpelier is now uppermost in my thoughts; and wherever I shall happen to meet you next, that place will be most agreeable to me. I am not yet settled with my family at Kensington, the weather has been so forbidding. But in about ten days I propose quitting Delahay Street for Holland-house, where I shall often think of you, and frequently tell you so. Mr. Morice is very well; and desires his duty. He sends his compliments on your birth-day, with wishes of many happy years to you. Believe me ever, dear Papa, your affectionate and dutiful daughter, MARY MORICE.

CCCCXIII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Feb. 25, 1729.
March 8

I AM concerned to hear the account of Mr. Lowe's * death in general, and would be glad more particularly to know all the circumstances of it. I made him chapter-clerk, as you know, increased his fees, and was every way his best friend and benefactor. But when he saw me fallen upon, and in the Tower, he proved extremely false and ingrateful to me.

I write with some impatience to know the real truth of the matter, as soon as the news of the accident

* Charles Lowe, Esq. clerk to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, coroner and in the commission of the peace for that city and liberty, died in the beginning of February, 1728-9, of an apoplectic fit. See p. 17.

reaches

reaches me. I have nothing to say to the matter of my books, till I am fixed in some place nearer you; about which I am come as yet to no positive resolution. Nothing could be more welcome to me, than the account of Mrs. Morice's growing better under Dr. Wintle's care. God restore her health perfectly to her! My blessing and love to you both, and to your little fire-side. Adieu!

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXIV. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, March $\frac{2}{15}$, 1728-9.

TIS some time ago since I wrote to you for two dozen of the best blades of case-knives, without handles. If you have not as yet sent them, I desire you to put handles to them of bucks-horn, tipped with silver, as neatly as they can be done without any great expence; and to send them hither by the first opportunity you have of any ship sailing to Bourdeaux, where, if they are directed "A Mons. Foucques, ecuyer, & "citoyen à Bourdeaux, pour faire tenir à Mr. Bose, "Conseiller à Montpellier," they will safely arrive. As soon as ever you receive this, pray let me know what you have done, or intend to do, in this matter; and particularly whether you think you can, without any great difficulty, find out such a conveyance.

I should be glad to have the good news of Mrs. Morice's mending more and more, under Dr. Wintle's hands, continued; and hope to have something on that head under her own hand very shortly. But I am no longer in pain about her, since her cough is gone. I am

try-

trying to fix somewhere, and stay only at this place till I can have news of one to my mind; which I every day expect—and as soon as I have sure notice of such a place being provided, shall send word to you about it; and prepare for dislodging from hence, so as to be able to meet you somewhere nearer than I have hitherto done; where I may sit down in quiet and obscurity, and spend the remains of that little life which remains to me. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice! My love and blessing to Mrs. Morice, to you, and yours! I wish the next letter may bring me word that she is in perfect health, as, I thank God, I now am!

FR. ROFFEN.

Since the writing this letter, Mr. Bose, my landlord, gave this commission which I inclose, and hope you will be so good as to get executed speedily, and to satisfaction:—that, if it be possible, I may have news of the sconces and knives being put aboard some ship bound for Bourdeaux, and of the price of all, before I leave this place, in order to my adjusting the payment.

If you have already sent the blades, you need not send the knives, but only the sconces.

Mr. Bose demande fixe paires de bras de cheminée de cristail, du prix d'environ 10 l. la paire, monnoye de France; on pourroit dans le nombre en mettre deux paires plus beaux & plus chers que les autres, & les 4 autres paires meilleur marché.

La ditte commission faite, on pourroit en faire une petite caisse, dans laquelle on mettroit aussi les couteaux que Milord a la bonté de luy faire venir, & le tout viendrait

droit ensemble à l'adresse de Mr. Foucques, ecuyer,
& citoyen à Bourdeaux.

S'il en conte quelque chose de plus pour les bras de cheminée, ce n'est pas une affaire, pour les avoir plus propres & de bon gout. On peut y employer jusqu'à cent livres en tout, argent de France.

CCCCXV. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, March $\frac{14}{23}$, 1729.

THE inclosed is not to be opened by you; but delivered with your own hand to the person in the world for whom, you know, I have the greatest regard*; and, having said that, I need not name any one, or give any farther direction.

'Tis a long while that I have desired to hear how you do, under your own hand; which you have not been so kind as to let me know now for about three months; though I have had in that time four letters from Mr. Morice, of Jan. 1, and 13, Jan. 30, and Feb. 10, O. S. the last of which set me a little at ease as to your health; and assured me, your cough was gone off, and that he had great hopes of your being soon perfectly well, under the care of Dr. Wintle. I long to have that news confirmed.

I wrote to each of you Dec. 3; to him Jan. 23, Feb. 1, 11, 27, March 6, 8, 13; and once more to you, though I cannot recover the date†. I hope all my letters have reached, and that this will reach you safely.

* The Dutchess of Buckingham. See vol. II. p. 403.

† It was Feb. $\frac{16}{27}$; see p. 6.

I cannot yet procure a place fit for me in that part of France which is next England; and till I do so, must be content to stay here, where I have the satisfaction to find that my health improves so much the more, by how much the farther I am at a distance from my country. Even that itself does not make that distance desirable. I shall neglect nothing on my part to shorten it; for I am extremely desirous of seeing you, and, if it were possible, of spending with you more of the few last years of my life now remaining than I have done of those that preceded. But this must be as God pleases.

Mr. Morice writ to me about the debt of 50 l. Don't be uneasy about it: I will do nothing that is hard. But let me tell you how the case truly stands. Before I left Paris in September last, I discoursed Mr. P[anton] about it, who told me the money would be now ready in a very short time. I desired him to fix any time he pleased at a distance: and I would leave his obligation in the hands of a French gentleman, who should at that time call upon him for the money. He named Christmas. I desired him to take till Lady-day; and he looked upon this long term indulged to him, as the kindest thing in the world. When it was within six weeks of Lady-day, the gentleman intrusted put him in mind of his bond and promise. At the same time I wrote also a civil letter to him on that head; and, foreseeing the way he would take, wrote also to Mr. Morice; to whom Mr. P[anton] addressed himself; but has never taken any notice of my letter, nor desired the least forbearance directly of me. This is very wrong in him; and contrary to common sense, as well as good man-

manners. Nevertheless I will certainly not come to extremities with him, but leave him still further room to pay the debt, according to some new term he shall propose to me. This, my dear heart, I say only to make you easy, who, I know, are concerned on the good woman's account. The man himself has no right on this occasion to be considered.

Adieu, my dear heart! God bless you both, and all yours! Let me hear from you. FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXVI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, March $\frac{29}{31}$, 1729.

I HAVE just received what I told you in my last of March 25 I wanted*; and I shall do soon what is desired of me, having now every thing by me that is requisite. I have not heard from you or Mrs. Morice now a great while; and am in pain therefore as to her health, lest she should have relapsed. Mr. Waters sent me a line, as from you, dated March $\frac{3}{11}$, by which you bid me expect to hear from you the next post. I daily expect that letter. I am as well as I can expect, and even better than I used to be. God bless you both, and all yours! Mr. P[anton] does not vouchsafe to write one line to me about the money; though it is now near six weeks since I put him in mind of the term of payment, Lady-day, assigned by him in his bond, made to me before I left Paris. To which he answers me not a word; but only writes over into England. Ever most affectionately yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

* See p. 14.

CCCCXVII.

CCCCXVII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, April $\frac{11}{2}$, 1729.

I THANK you for your letter of March 24, O. S. and that which followed it. The account of Mr. Lowe's * death is a very melancholy one: but I was desirous to know the truth.

I guess why you send for new orders about the knives; I suppose you knew a case was sent by another. That will not hinder my demand, which is for two dozen of knives, without forks, but with handles, as I formerly mentioned to you. You will add also the fix pair of glass arms, and have them so packed, when they are put aboard for Bourdeaux, that there may be no danger in the carriage.

I have writ to you before, to do just as you please in relation to the lease of the Market-place †. Mrs. Morice and you have more interest in it than I have. God send Dr. Wyntle ‡ may be as good as his word, and restore her, this spring, to her perfect health! My blessing and love to her. I have written to her twice within these three weeks; and hope what I sent did not miscarry. I have a little of the gout, but not so as to be in pain with it; and have no reason to complain of the state of my health. I suppose the session will be at an end in a little time; for the ordinary business seems to be pretty well over. When it is, you will have the more leisure to write to me. I have not received what you sent me last; but that is the fault of (or rather oc-

* See p. 11.

† In Westminster.

‡ See a Letter, dated Nov. 30, 1729.

caſioned by) the perſon in whoſe hands it has ſtopped at Paris. He has promiſed me that I ſhall not be long without it. Our countrymen there are, I hear, full of reports about public affairs, of which they are no competent judges. I am not ill pleaſed to be out of the way at this juncture. Believe me, dear Mr. Morice, ever mindful of you, and deſirous of ſeeing you; and till I do, when I do, and as long as I live, your and Mrs. Morice's ever moſt affectionate father, FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXVIII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Apr. 22, 1729.
May 3

I H A V E yours of April 1st. I repeat what I have ſaid. Expect no directions from me in relation to the affairs of my little eſtate, or other money concerns; but, do as you judge moſt prudent and proper. You know my intentions as to ſettling both my real and perſonal eſtate; I continue immoveably fixed in them, and am much concerned that I have not yet executed them. But, if it pleaſes God to bring us together again, it is the firſt thing I will do: for though I am pretty well in health as to my old ail the gout, yet what I apprehend to be the ſtone grows upon me; and I am much weaker in my limbs than I uſed to be, though not in pain; and ſince my entering into a milk-diet, that weakneſs is increaſed. In the mean time, I can hear of no houſe to my mind on the other ſide of Paris; and fear the heats will come on before I have ſuch intelligence on that head as muſt determine my motions; and conſequently that I ſhall be obliged to ſtay here till
Sep-

September, as I shall be unless I move in a week or ten days. This is the state of my case, altogether uncertain; and not a little concerned that it is so. Do therefore just as you would if that farm were your own; and ask me no more questions about such matters. I shall know them soon enough, whenever we meet. I shall impatiently expect that moment: but when and where it will be, God knows. I writ to you, or Mrs. Morice, since those you mention; April 1, I think; but I am sure April 5, 12, and, I believe, 22; all which, I hope, are ere this time come to hand. I may mistake as to the first, and confound it with the letter you mention of March 31 (the day before April 1), of which you own the receipt. What you sent to me some months ago sticks at Lyons still: but I shall have it by the beginning of next week, and have received the papers about the character of the Physician in Virgil*.

Some verses from Mr. Congreve to Lord Cobham have been sent me from Paris, which, I suppose, are esteemed at home, and should be glad to know to what degree. I had seen nothing of the kind a good while, and therefore was pleased to meet with it: though it seems to me that Mr. Congreve is, as he owns himself, a little *declined*†. What wonder, when he is near as
old

* See vol. II. p. 428.

† Poor Congreve was indeed *literally* declined; for he died Jan. 19, 1728-9, three months before the date of this Letter; and the Epistle to Lord Cobham was probably the last poem he ever wrote.

old as I am *! Blessing to Mrs. Morice, and love, which I want words to express. God bless your little ones! I hear much of your son, who, you say, is so full of duty. I shall not be contented till I see him myself on this side of the water. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice! and believe me ever your affectionate father,

FR. ROFFEN.

I suppose the bill about paving the streets of Westminster takes it out of the hands of the Burgesses court.

* Congreve's age was 56. The lines to which Atterbury alludes are these:

"Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget.
In easy contemplation soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd."

This particular Epistle is not honoured with the least notice by Dr. Johnson. The "petty poems" of Congreve, he says, "are seldom worth the cost of criticism; sometimes the thoughts are false, and sometimes common. The tissue of poetry, from which he seems to have hoped a lasting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it is appended to his plays. While Comedy or Tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read; but, except what relates to the stage, I know not that he has ever written a stanza that is sung, or a couplet that is quoted. The general character of his 'Miscellanies' is, that they shew little wit, and little virtue. Yet to him it must be confessed that we are indebted for the correction of a national error, and the cure of our Pindaric madness. He first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular; and though certainly he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of Lyric Poetry, he has shewn us that Enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness."

CCCCXIX. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, May $\frac{5}{16}$, 1729.

I HAVE yours of April $\frac{14}{5}$ by Hereford *. It came yesterday, and at the same time by the post I received Mrs. Morice's of $\frac{\text{April } 21}{\text{May } 2}$.

Some hours after came the packet which has lain at Lyons for some months, and which I have so long impatiently expected. The person from whom it was received will not wonder, when it is known how late those instructions † arrived, that nothing has been done in virtue of them. No time now shall be lost; though there are still some particulars behind, which have been writ for, but not sent. Mrs. Morice, you say, had one sealed, unsuperscribed packet ‡: she ought to have, and I hope since that has received another, and disposed of it in the same manner—as she is always to do, when she receives a letter without any direction upon it; perhaps it will be the case at this very time, if I have leisure enough to write one.

I am not so much pleased with what you say of her being like to regain her health, as I am concerned, much concerned, at her manner of expressing herself on that head, who, I am sure, makes the best she can of it, and desires to alarm me as little as is possible. I see plainly she is worse than she owns herself to be; and shall therefore never be easy till she is in better air, on this side of

* See p. 25; and vol. II. pp. 373. 380.

† For Dr. Chamberlen's epitaph. See p. 8; and vol. II. p. 426.

‡ For the Dutchess of Buckingham. See p. 14; and vol. II. p. 403.

the water. I have done all I can to get an house somewhere towards the coast of France, over against England: but, through ill luck, or the remissness of those employed, have not been able to procure one. I am in daily expectation of good news on that head; and the moment it comes will set out from hence, unless it comes too late, after the heats are begun—in which case, I must be contented to stay here till the beginning of September, which, though it may still mend my health, will not contribute to my ease; for, I repeat it again, I shall not be at rest till I see her.

What signifies health to me, who have so little time to live; if, as fast as I gain, she loses it? She, I hope, has many years to come, which it is worth her while to enjoy: the dregs of life that remain with me are scarce worth tasting. If all the misfortunes of the family centered in me alone, without her having so deep a share of them; I should either live in the world in the manner God pleases, or go out of it as soon as he pleases, with content. But, in the state things are, health itself will be no further a pleasure, than as it enables me to take the steps necessary to bring us nearer together, and to relish life a little after we are met. This, she may depend upon it, I will not fail to do as soon as it is possible.

Your letter, dear Mr. Morice, is full of what another would call ill news, in respect to the state of my fortune. But I am dead to those matters, if what is left will furnish me with the conveniences I cannot well be without. All beyond that concerns her, and you, and your children, more than me. I have made, perhaps,

nine parts in ten of the journey of life, and shall scarcely want what is requisite to maintain me on the rest of the way till I get home. You do well therefore to tell me of those things which it is fit I should know, and of which the knowledge gives me not half so much pain as you may imagine. *Quid interest, si, quo minus est viæ, eo minus viatici supersit?* I lost 2000 l. a year at once: I speak at the least, as I had ordered the coming-in of the revenues arising to me from both churches; and I lost it with less concern than a few halfpence at play when I was a child. I am now near seven years older than I then was; and have therefore much less reason to be affected with such losses, provided there still remains enough to furnish the expences requisite for the rest of the voyage. But enough on this head—which, as I have often told you, is more your concern than mine. Be as good an husband as you please, for yourself and your children! for *me*, God, who has taken care of me hitherto, will not abandon me.

I am concerned for the circumstances of the worthy gentleman who has withdrawn himself*. But, since he is abroad, he might with much safety, and more decency, have written to me myself. And since he did not, there seems to be something more in it than appears: at least, it was not done with that kindness and respect which his letter to N. professes. But more of that when we meet.

I inclose, by way of P. S. the paper you desire, in relation to Burgoigne's money†; which you will make

* This I should have been glad to illustrate; but can find no clue to it from any other letter.

† See p. 26; and vol II. p. 353.

use of in such a manner as you judge most likely to reach the effect.

I see the bill about paving the streets goes on, and suppose it is to the purpose I mentioned, and intended by little and little to make the Burges-court useless, and prepare the way for a charter to the city of Westminster, and a new way of governing it—which those concerned will not oppose hastily; and nobody else will be concerned for them. You say nothing of the Dormitory, whether it be *in statu quo*. I have a little curiosity on that head, and should be really sorry, if what I was able to have done without the assistance of the Chapter, they are not able without me, now it is carried so far, to compleat: for every body tells me there is now no objection remaining to the design itself. It is mere want of power therefore, and not of will, which keeps it at a stand. You will think I have little to say, when I write to you on these subjects: but they haunt my mind still, and make some impression on me.

Mr. D's present of knives, &c. to my landlord is come: there are but six each, knives, spoons, and forks, for a desert; nor are they of the best work and fashion. He can't produce them at a table where there are more than six persons; and yet the French tables are generally full ones. Pray let my present be better in its kind, though not expensive, and as well wrought as any thing of that kind can be. Let the blades be the best that are to be had; and put in oil, to prevent their rusting in such a sea-passage. My host and hostess are perfectly civil, and have made my stay here very agreeable to me. I can say nothing for or against what you have
done

done as to K. You can judge best what is fit to be done by me. And as to the disbursements upon repairs, and every other expence, I depend implicitly upon your care and kindness.

You have been told, I believe, how you may write back to me again, by the same hands which will convey this to you. Hereford's * motions are too dilatory and uncertain to be depended on. It is now nine months since he went from hence last; and perhaps he will stay three months here before he returns. So I make use of the other channel. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice! I must write to your wife, if I can, still, by this post. God bless you and yours!

FR. ROFFEN,

CCCCXX. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, May 5th, 1723.

I RECEIVED your kind letter of April 21, O. S. which gives me more concern than I care to express to you. Dr. Wyntle may promise what he will: but I have no trust in physicians; and shall never think you well taken care of till you are with me, and in a better air than you can enjoy any where about London. I have tried, though unsuccessfully at this distance, to procure a pleasant healthful spot, where we may meet once again to our mutual satisfaction; but as yet I have not been able to compass it. When I do, I dare say it will be your best and speediest cure: and therefore there shall be no loss of time in that matter, but what is unavoidable. In the mean while, bear up your spirits, and believe that God has still reserved days of happiness for us; many

* See p. 21,

for you, I hope, and some perhaps even for me—or, if not the latter, I will be satisfied with the former. Mr. Panton * has at last written to me, being pressed close by the gentleman at Paris, in whose hands I left the affair: and I have yielded to give him farther time; though in that very letter he told me a lie, in pretending to have written to me hither before, which he never did. 'Tis to you, and you only, he owes this forbearance, and to the kindness you have for his wife; for he himself deserves nothing at my hands, being a vain, false, and worthless man; so that the more one knows of him, the less one must necessarily like or value him. Thank you for taking care of my sealed, unaddressed letters †. Your husband mentions one: but I sent you two; and may perhaps, in this, inclose a third, if I have time for it. God bless you, my dear heart, and all your little ones! I think of you with more tenderness, if it be possible, than ever I did; and am to the last degree impatient till we see one another.

FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. I am concerned at what you tell me in yours about the sum lent to Burgoigne ‡, that you have not received a shilling interest for it, and that you hear now he is dead. I wonder you have neglected that matter so long; but desire you not to lose a day now in taking care of it. You know my circumstances are such as will not permit me to lose, or long to want, even the interest of that money, much less to neglect the principal; which, if it should be lost, will straiten me exceedingly. Pray get it in, without delay.

* See pp. 4. 15, 16. † See p. 14. ‡ See p. 23.

If I could take any thing unfriendly of Mr. Cotton *, to whom I am so much obliged, it would be, that that matter, which is of such importance, and was of his recommendation, should have been so long neglected. I fear now you will have some trouble in retrieving it. I have lived as frugally as I could since I was here; having laid down my coach before I left Paris; nor do I believe I shall be able to take it up again at my return. I dread the expence of the repairs at Crowley †. That great house may prove a great burthen upon a very little farm, if some friend near the spot, whose honour and skill may be depended on, does not take care of that matter for me. I know not whether you have kept up your acquaintance with my kinsman Captain Chapman, who lives in the neighbourhood, understands those things well, and has, I believe, a sincere regard for me, if distance has not (as I find in many other cases it has) lessened it. What is become of the 200 l. for which you had a note under Mr. Cotton's hand?

* The following articles will throw some little light on this person, and on another named in vol. II p. 426.

"We hear that Archibald Hutcheson, Esq. hath accepted of a deputation to keep the court at Westminster during the indisposition of John Cotton, Esq. the Deputy Steward." *British Journal*, Aug. 20, 1726.

"On Sunday last [Feb. 19] died Dame Mary Gayer, the wife of Archibald Hutcheson, Esq. member of Parliament for Hastings in Suffex." *Ibid.* Feb. 25, 1726-7.

Mr. Hutcheson himself died June 12 1740, aged 80.

† North Crowley, Bucks. See vol. I. pp. 480. 485.

CCCCXXI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, May $\frac{20}{31}$, 1729.

A G A I N and again I tell you, that I consent not only to what you propose in relation to the farm, but to whatever else you think fit to be done there, or in any other part of my little fortune, in which you and your children are more concerned than I am ; for I have but a few years in it : I hope you and they will have many, and leave it to those that shall come after them. My chief concern in this world is, to fix that matter to my mind, according to the strict forms of law ; which cannot be done without my drawing nearer to you ; nor that, without a place fixed on to my mind, wherein I may spend the rest of my life with so much health and pleasure as belongs to my constitution and circumstances. Those I have employed have not hitherto found me any such ; and the hot weather is now beginning here ; so that I must, I fear, stay where I am till autumn, which grieves me, especially considering the state of Mrs. Morice's health, which, I am satisfied, will soon mend in France ; and that air would do her more good than twenty physicians : but am at a loss, at this distance, to compass what I aim at ; and afraid, after all, that I shall be forced to come to lodgings in Paris for a while, in order to provide myself of a proper place, nearer you, to retire to. Here, I thank God, my health sensibly and almost daily mends ; so that I hope to leave this place in autumn in a very different state from that in which I came hither, and
better

better than you have known me these many years. But what signifies it how the few years that are left me drag on? It is of moment how it fares with poor Mrs. Morrice, who has many (I hope) to come. Give her my blessing, and say the kindest things from me you can to her; and I will be sure to make them good. I writ to you on the 17th, and should be glad to know the letters came to hand, and to have your answer. You have received the French Miltons, I suppose, from the Author. The work will have an odd look on your side of the water: but here nothing is more common than the translating foreign Epic poems into French prose, I hear this performance is relished at Paris more than I imagined it would be; the sublime manner in which the original is writ being somewhat that they are entirely unacquainted with*. Already, I am told, the first edition is gone, and a second going forward. I doubted a little of its standing the first shock of their

* This translation I suppose to have been that of Mons. Dupré de St. Maur, of which Dr. Newton says,—“ Nothing sheweth the weakness and imperfection of their (i. e. the French) language more than that they have few or no good poetical versions of the greatest poets; they are forced to translate Homer, Virgil, and Milton, into prose: and blank verse their language has not harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies and many of their comedies are in rhyme.” Life of Milton, p. 58. REED.

This Divine Poem has since been absurdly *transposed* in our own language, under the title of “ Milton’s Paradise Lost, or the Fall of Man; with Historical, Philosophical, Critical, and Explanatory Notes, from the learned Raymond de St. Maur, 1754,” 8vo. First published under the title of “ The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man, in Milton, rendered into Prose, with Philosophical Notes, printed for T. Osborne, 1746.”

taste;

taste; but, since it has done so, I have no doubt of its rising higher in their esteem, the more they consider it. It is not a poem, like one of theirs, that loses upon repeated reading; nor consequently at all like Mr. Ramsay's first edition of *Cyrus* *; I wish him better luck with the second.

I am glad the knives and glass arms are upon the way; they will be very welcome to my landlord. I shall want no return till September: then, if you please, remit to Mr. Waters one or two hundred pounds, according as you find yourself in cash. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice! God bless you and yours! and me with so much health and good luck as to be able to approach your parts, and by that means finish what I intend for your service!

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXII. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, May 23, 1729.
June 3

AFTER I had written to Mr. Morice by the last post, I had an account of an house in the neighbourhood of Paris, well situated as to air, distance,

* See vol. II. p. 362.—In the London Journal of Feb. 6, 1727-8, is the following advertisement:

“ Shortly will be published, in one vol. 8vo, adorned with
“ cuts, *Les Voyages de Cyrus*, as corrected and improved by
“ the author, Mr. Ramsay, from the first edition. To be
“ sold by T. Woodward. Of whom may be had the second
“ edition of *The Travels of Cyrus*; with a discourse upon
“ the Theology and Mythology of the Ancients, in 2 vols.
“ 8vo.—N. B. The pretended Paris edition, just published
“ here, was printed in London, and without any correction
“ or improvement by the Author.”

and other conveniences, and ready-furnished. Since my propofal of finding fomewhat upon the coaft, that might fhorten the trouble of your coming to me, has hitherto failed; I am willing to accept this offer, provided, upon enquiry, it appears to be fuch an one as will every way anfwer my expectation. I have fent my queries to the gentleman who has pitched upon it for me, and who is of your acquaintance; and have defired him to forward an account of the whole to you. The houfe will not be ready to receive you till the 8th of July; but a lady who has a good houfe in the fame village, and who is alfo of your acquaintance, will lend it us till we can get into the other; ſhe having an houfe at Paris, where ſhe at prefent lives. My fear is, that the heat of the weather will not fuffer you, with a due regard to your health, to travel till towards September. This letter, I reckon, will reach you about the 16th of this month, when you will have been in your affes milk four or five weeks. The preparations, neceffary to be made by Mr. Morice and you for the journey afterwards, will coft you a fortnight; fo that you cannot well propofe to fet out till fome time in July; and the weather will then be fo hot, that I cannot think it fit you ſhould fet out in it. Your health is too tender to be rifqued. Should the feafon prove cooler than I expect it will, and ſhould you determine to move out of hand, let me know your mind without lofs of time; and as foon as I receive notice of your refolutions, I will fend Ofbaldifton from hence to meet you at Paris; and he, together with his wife, who is now there, will take care of every thing before your coming,
and

and after your arrival. Perhaps also I may by him send down your chaise to meet you at Calais. I will meet you at Paris, after I have an account of your motions, as soon as I can possibly; and will endeavour to make the journey by night, and lay-by all the days. This, upon a supposition that you come so soon; but if you defer your coming till the end of August, or beginning of September, I will defer mine also; for as I come merely to have the satisfaction of your company, and to contribute to the restoring of your health, so I desire not to be at Paris any time before you; and then only to pass through it to Vitry, which is the name of the village wherein I intend to reside. The house, according to the account sent me, is every way proper, if it be as fit a place for the winter as the summer. In respect to cold or dampness, to which the situation may be exposed, I have sent to be satisfied in that article, and have desired the gentleman to satisfy you also; for if it be only an house fit for warm weather, it will not be for my purpose, who, for more reasons than one, must continue the whole year wherever I fix.

I hope in God this letter will find you better. I shall impatiently expect your answer. God bless you all! Adieu, my dear heart.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXIII. Mr. SEMPILL to Mrs. MORICE.

MADAM,

Paris, May 31, 1729.
June 11

ALL my Lord's friends in this country, being persuaded he has reaped already all the advantage he can expect from the air of Montpellier, have been urging him some time to return to a more temperate climate before the heats, which are commonly so great in Languedoc, that we fear they may prove uneasy and dangerous to him. But he likes his situation there so well, that nothing but the care of your health, and the hope of getting the satisfaction of your company, could induce him to move. The difficulty of finding an house to his mind made one of his objections: that I have had the good luck to remove, by fixing on one which will every way answer his purposes. The situation he knows, and is perfectly satisfied with. The apartments and furniture I have given him an ample account of, with which he is also well pleased. What he yet seems to fear is, that it do not prove such a good residence for winter as summer: but you may depend upon it, Madam, that as it is extremely agreeable in summer, so it is free from dampness, and sufficiently warm, in winter. I am sure it is at least as warm as the house my Lord had in Paris; and in other respects it is much better, and more convenient. There is a good garden, equally contrived for pleasure and profit; a dove-house, well stored with fine pigeons; a fish-pond, full of good carp and tench; a pleasant gallery; a charming grotto, very curiously adorned.

34 ATTERBURY'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

In the first story, two good apartments; in the second, five rooms, all neatly furnished; on the ground-floor, there is a good kitchen, buttery, larder, and all such conveniences, with a pretty summer dining-room, and a billiard-table. There is likewise a back court, with a stable, coach-house, &c. You may judge by my Lord's letter, Madam, how desirous he is to see you soon. Your friends here are, I assure you, as anxious as he or you to see you together; and believe the satisfaction you'll enjoy in each other will not a little contribute to restore your health, and confirm his. The heats, my Lord apprehends so much for your journey, are not yet felt in this country; nor, I suppose, in England. I have made such a treaty for the house, that you can have it when you please, upon ten days advertisement, either now, or at Michaelmas. The determining of this point is therefore entirely left to you, Madam, and must depend upon the circumstances of your health, as well as upon my Lord's inclination, and the wishes of his and your friends. I beg you'll let me know, as soon as possible, what resolution you take, that I may conclude accordingly with the person who at present lives in the house. All our family salute you and Mr. Morice with their most cordial respects. I am in a particular manner his and, Madam, your most faithful and ever obedient humble servant,

FR. SEMPILL.

CCCCXXIV. By her Majesty the Queen, Guardian of the Kingdom, &c.

WILLIAM MORICE, Esq. and MARY his Wife, Licence to go and visit the late Bishop of ROCHESTER; dated June 19, 1729.

CAROLINE R. C. R.

WHEREAS by an act passed in the ninth year of his late Majesty's reign, intituled, "An act to inflict pains and penalties upon Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester;" it is, amongst other things, enacted, "that if any of the subjects of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, except such persons as should be licensed for that purpose by his Majesty, his heirs or successors, under his or their sign manual, should, from and after the twenty-fifth day of June, 1723, within this realm or without, hold, entertain, or keep any intelligence, or correspond in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, or with any person or persons employed by him, knowing them to be so employed, such person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted, should be adjudged guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy," as by the said act may appear: And whereas the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, in pursuance of the said act, departed out of this realm, and resides in foreign parts; and William Morice, Esq. and Mary his wife, the only daughter of the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, being desirous to visit their said father, have humbly besought us to grant

them such leave and licence as is for that purpose reserved to his Majesty to give and grant by the said act; which we have taken into our royal consideration, and have been graciously pleased to gratify them in their request: We do, in his Majesty's name, by these presents, give and grant unto the said William Morice and Mary his wife, during his Majesty's pleasure, full liberty, leave, and licence, to go and reside with their said father for some time; and as well during their stay in parts beyond the seas, as in this his Majesty's kingdom, freely to hold, entertain, and keep intelligence and correspondence, in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with their said father, or with any person or persons employed by him, touching the lawful occasions of him the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester: And we do also, during his Majesty's pleasure, permit, license, and allow, all his Majesty's subjects, of what degree, name, title, or quality soever, upon all lawful occasions, to hold, entertain, and keep intelligence and correspondence with the said William Morice and Mary his wife, as well in foreign parts or places, as in this his Majesty's realm. And we do further give and grant them full liberty, leave, and licence, to take along with them servants, to whom we give full licence and liberty to go, abide, and return, as to them shall seem meet; so as the names of such servants, before they enter upon any such journey or voyage, be delivered to one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, or to one of his Under Secretaries, and be by him indorsed on the back of this our sign manual, as the servants intended for the service of the said

said William Morice and Mary his wife, by these presents. And his Majesty's subjects are also, upon all lawful occasions, hereby permitted to hold correspondence with any of the said servants. Given under our sign manual, at the court at Kensington, the nineteenth day of June, 1729, in the third year of his Majesty's reign.

By her Majesty's command,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Servants appointed to attend }
William Morice, Esq. and } JOAN JAMSSON,
Mary his wife, in pursuance of } MARY ROBERTS,
this licence : } WILLIAM WALTER.

Indorsed by me, CH. DELAFAYE, Aug. 16, 1729.

CCCCXXV. Mr. WALTER to Mr. MORICE.

S I R,

Montpelier, June 17, 1729.

I THOUGHT it proper to let you know how ill his Lordship has been of the gout, for fear somebody should send you word that he was in more danger than he really was. When the gout came first upon him, it came as usual ; but in a week afterwards it came to his stomach, and his Lordship did not apprehend it to be that at first ; but coming again the next night, and more violent, obliged him to have advice, though his Lordship took none, not liking these doctors prescriptions : he thought every thing to be contrary that they prescribed him ; so he made use of his own, almost too long, till it came to an ague and fever, and was very

D 3

violent,

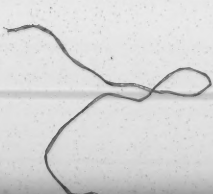
violent, three or four fits, and he thought himself to be in great danger ; but the doctors said always that he was not. It takes him in the night in his first sleep, and always a little after twelve o'clock, for which reason the ablest man of the physicians is in the house, to be ready at all occasions ; but now they all apprehend it so well, that they assure me that his Lordship is in no danger at all, for his fits are not near so bad as they were, neither do they continue so long ; they held him three or four hours at first, but are now very much diminished. It is about three weeks since it came first upon him. His Lordship not having the use of his right hand yet, makes me think that you will not hear from him by himself for some few days, which made me think it proper to let you know all circumstances as far as I could ; for undoubtedly you will have several letters from Paris about it, and perhaps all of them quite contrary to mine.

Good Sir, be not surprized ; for I am in good hopes that all danger is over ; and, when you write, I beg you will not let him know any thing I have written to you of it or him.

If any alteration should happen, I will let you know it ; that is, as to his illness : or if a change, every thing shall be taken great care of. He has already given me charge and care of all *, if it should please

* In a memorandum dated two days later (see the Bishop's Will at the conclusion of this series of letters) his Lordship says, " I give to William Walter all my wearing apparel and linen whatsoever. I would have all my papers, letters, and writings, put into the said Walter's hands, to be delivered by him to Mr. and Mrs. Morice."

God



God to take him away; and I will certainly obey his commands in every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir, your most obedient servant, W. W[ALTER].

Pray, Sir, give my humble duty to Madam Morice.

CCCCXXVI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, June 20, 1729.
July 1

YOU'LL probably have accounts from Paris of my ill state of health, and such as may represent me much worse than I am: therefore I think fit to dictate this letter, which will inform you of the truth. Upon the use of milk in an unskilful manner without purging, I have had a fever and a fit of the gout attending it, which have been pretty violent; but both (I thank God) are much abated, so that I hope soon to be entirely free from them. In the mean time I send this to tell you, that my resolution stands of setting out from this place the beginning of your (not our) September, so as to arrive at Vitry *, where I have taken an house, about or a little before Michaelmas. If therefore you and Mrs. Morice are so charitable as to make me a visit, you'll order your motions so as to be there about that time, when the weather will be perfectly fit for travelling. If you come any thing sooner, you'll give notice to the gentleman who has writ to you about it, who will take care that the house shall be clean for you accordingly, and will order matters so

* Near Paris, where the Bishop had taken a pretty house that Lord Galmoy lived in (see p. 48), but gave it up on the expectation of seeing Mrs. Morice at Montpelier.

perhaps as to conduct you thither himself; and I, if I am acquainted exactly with your motions, will order matters so as to have Osbaldiston and his wife * to attend you; and perhaps to send you your chaise to meet you at Calais.

No more need be said now, but that I have received your and Mrs. Morice's letters, and thank you both for them, but am not able as yet to answer them myself: however, I will write a line to Mrs. Morice in my own hand; which will assure her better of the real state of my health, than any thing I can say by the hand of another. Both of you will believe me ever, in the most tender manner, mindful of you.

† My dear heart, the gout is still in my right hand; nevertheless I make a shift to use it so far as to tell you, that I am recovering apace. I trust in God that you also are so, and that the air of Vitry will finish what that of Kensington has begun. God bless you! I long to see you!

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXVII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, June 22, 1729.
July 3

SINCE the case is so, and Dr. Wyntle, who knows Vitry and Montpelier so well, is positively of opinion that Mrs. Morice's health is concerned in her coming hither; I yield, though with some reluctance, and have accordingly writ to Paris by this post,

* To whom he bequeathed part of his *batterie de cuisine*.
See the memorandum referred to in p. 38.

† From hence, is in his *own hand*.

that

that I will think no more of coming thither till spring, but will wait your arrival here, and in the mean time will, as soon as I am able, retire to the mountains, to avoid the excessive heats of this place, and there wait the notice of your motions. Such a long journey by land will not only be very expensive, but subject to great hazards; and therefore, tender as I am of Mrs. Morice, I wish she could determine herself to come directly by sea to Bourdeaux, from whence the journey hither is, as you are told, very easy: if you set out by the end of your August, you will in all probability have calm weather and a good passage: and, should she be a little sea-sick, that will do her no harm in the event. In the mean time the conveniences of that sort of passage, and the ease of it in other respects, will make her amends for the trouble she may expect to find. I would not consent to this, if I did not think it upon the whole, all things considered, to be best; nevertheless, that must be left to her and your choice. She will find, where I am, all conveniences, and the people of the house very agreeable to her. God send you both a prosperous passage! I have been much worse than I have owned; so ill, that I scarce hoped to get over it: but, I thank God, all is now over, and I am upon the mending hand, though as yet I have no writing hand, and am forced therefore to use that of another. God bless you both and all your little ones, and send us once more an happy meeting! Whatever they shall write you further from Paris about Vitry, mind it not, as neither will I, this being my last and fixed determination. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice; and let

me

me know your motions as early as you can, writing directly hither, "à Monsieur Monsieur Bose, Conseiller du Roy, dans la Cour des Aides, &c. pour faire tenir à Monsieur Roberts;" and wherever I am in the neighbouring mountains, it will find me.

Again I bid you both most tenderly adieu. I have several reasons to wish that Paris might be avoided in your passage hither. My next, I hope, will be in my own hand.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXVIII. Mr. SEMPILL to Mr. MORICE.

SIR,

Paris, June 28, 1729.
July 9

I GLADLY embrace the opportunity of forwarding this, to make my acknowledgements for yours of June 12, and to congratulate with you and Mrs. Morice upon my Lord's recovery. I hope his resolution to settle at Vitry will be as agreeable to you and her, as I am sure it will be to all your friends on this side of the water. You have the comfort to know that this air and climate have already proved favourable to Mrs. Morice, and that there is a physician here who has had good success with her; which are advantages you could not so certainly promise yourself at Montpellier. All our family, Sir, are overjoyed that you are pleased to remember them so kindly, and long to renew their acquaintance with you. In the mean time, they desire you and Mrs. Morice may find here an assurance of their constant friendship and regard, which I beg you'll accept from, Sir, your ever faithful and obedient humble servant,

FR. SEMPILL.

CCCCXXIX.

CCCCXXIX. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, June 29, 1729.
July 10

THE post before last I wrote to Mr. Morice; and can now tell you, that this evening I set out from hence for the mountains at some distance, in order to remain there during the heats, and till I have notice of your being so near Montpelier that I may have just time to return thither before your arrival. You will find both the house where I am, and the people of it, much to your mind; and I must beg you therefore to bring with you some of the good things of England that will be welcome here; of which I will give you a particular at the end of this letter, not insisting at all upon your exact compliance with what I ask, if any thing better occurs to you: for I would fain have where-withal to pass our winter here a little *à l'Angloise*, and also to oblige my hosts, who have been extremely obliging to me, and will likewise be so to you, to all degrees. I load you with this luggage upon a supposition of your coming by sea to Bourdeaux, in which case the conveyance of these things will be without much trouble, expence, or hazard of their being spoiled in the journey. My tenderness for you would not allow me to think of such a long passage by sea, if I were not convinced that there were less danger and trouble in it, at that calm season of the year, than in your crossing France by land, and being subject to all the inconveniences of such a long journey: from Bourdeaux hither is a carpet-way; and the note inclosed will shew you, that good care will be taken

taken of you both at Bourdeaux and at Toulouſe, which is in the mid-way hither; and then all your luggage may come from England to Montpelier entirely by water, by the means of the canal of Languedoc. Mr. Morice may buy at Bourdeaux a chaise for me, which will be of service to me afterwards, when he uses his own upon the leaving of this place; and in that chaise you and Mr. Morice may come hither, which is not above five or six days journey. I never entertained a thought of your coming thus far, till Dr. Wyntle's opinion of the necessity of your wintering here in order to the recovery of your health (a consideration of all others most prevalent) determined me.

I find the gentleman who writ to Mr. Morice* has had an answer from him, and is still not out of all hopes of prevailing in respect of Vitry: but, as I said†, I am fixed, and desire you to mind nothing that comes from that quarter. I pray God this may find you in a condition to pursue your journey; and shall have the greatest satisfaction I can have in this world, when I find you safely arrived here. God bless you, Mr. Morice, and yours! Don't be concerned that I use another hand in writing to you; for though I have not yet the free use of my own, I am, I thank God, much advanced in my recovery.

Adieu, my dear heart! and if I express little of my concern for you, believe the reason of it to be, that it is impossible for me to put into words that degree of tenderness I feel whenever I think of you. FR. ROFFEN.

* Mr. Sempill; see p. 42.

† See p. 41.

A Cheshire cheese, the best that can be got. Some of the best Banbury cheeses, and of a sort of thin Wiltshire cheese you may remember I used to have, though I know not whether it is to be found at the shops; if it be, 'tis to my taste the best that England affords. Some neats' tongues, and a pot of pickled salmon; pickled cucumbers, if there be any of this year ready; and a pot of char, if it can be had from the North, and this be the proper season. Milk water, as much as you please; I have wanted extremely in this last fit of my gout. You'll smile when I add some flasks of the best Florence oil; for I have yet tasted none in Languedoc that is tolerable. If you could add some good Nottingham or Yorkshire ale that is not very strong, it would be very welcome. Mr. Morice will place all these things, and whatever else you shall judge will be acceptable here, to my account.

CCCCXXX. From Mrs. MORICE *.

DEAR PAPA,

Monday, July 7, 1729.

I HAVE no more time than just to thank you for the four lines under your own hand †, without which I should have been extremely uneasy; and am now greatly impatient for the next letters, to satisfy me of your being perfectly recovered. I designed you a long letter to-day; but must defer it, since my Park-neighbour ‡ has sent

* This letter is addressed, "To Mr. Roberts."

† See p. 40.

‡ The Dutchess of Buckingham. See p. 14.

to engage me to take an airing by water as far as Greenwich, and I don't know how to refuse any invitation that comes from her: but I shall take no pleasure in any thing, whilst the apprehension of your being ill sticks upon my mind. God send the first letters may remove it!

I am ever, dear Papa, your most dutiful and affectionate daughter,

MARY MORICE.

CCCCXXXI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Vigan, in the Cevennes, July $\frac{1}{2}$ ^o, 1729.

I HAVE been here these ten days, to avoid the excessive heats of Montpellier, and have found my health improve, and the ill symptoms of that fit of the gout, from which I am not yet altogether free, sensibly abate, since I came hither: so that I hope to meet Mrs. Morice and you in full health at Montpellier in September, whither I intend not to stir till I hear of your motions, and so as to be on the spot when you arrive. I perceive, by yours of June $\frac{1}{4}$ ^o, you have changed your mind as to the sea-passage: and yet, if you could depend on a ship, I am satisfied there is less trouble and less hazard (as well as less expence) in the voyage than the journey; beside the convenience of bringing with you those things which, if you come by land, must be left behind. But, as I have yielded to Mrs. Morice's desire of coming hither, instead of meeting her near Paris (which I had much rather have done), so I am perfectly willing she should take that way of travelling which best pleases her; and therefore shall add nothing further on that head, beside my wishes that the journey may be every

every way safe, agreeable, and healthy to you both; that the pleasure of our meeting may be lessened by no ill accidents on the way; and that she may find a part of the benefit from the motion itself, which she expects to be compleated by her continuance at Montpelier during the winter.

I have nothing more to say, but to thank you for the bill of 4360 livres; and to desire you to dispatch hither the knives and glass-arms as soon as ever you can; they are much expected by the person for whom they are designed; and I cannot say you will be thoroughly welcome to him without them.

I hear nothing of the 800l. lent the late Mr. Burgoigne * on mortgage, notwithstanding what I writ to you some time ago about it. If that matter, with the interest, be not immediately settled by Mr. Cotton, I must desire you to apply to Mr. H. † to assist you in that matter, and put it in a way of being settled before you leave England.

No more, but love and blessing to Mrs. Morice, to you, and all yours! I write this according to the date; and know not how soon, or how late, I may have an opportunity of forwarding it. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice!

FR. ROFFEN.

Pay Mrs. Salkeld ten pounds, and place it to my account.

F. R.

* See pp. 23. 26.

† See p. 27; and vol. II. p. 426.

CCCCXXXII. To Mr. WILLIAMS.

Vigan, in the Cevennes, July $\frac{1}{2}$, 1729.

I HAVE been forced to take shelter here, at ten leagues distance from Montpellier, to avoid the heats of it, which, mixing with a severe fit of the gout I got by using a milk diet without purging, gave me a great deal of uneasiness, and some reason to apprehend that that fit of the gout might be my last. But the danger and the disease are blown over by the means of the cool and refreshing air of this place, where I have been now above ten days, and intend to continue till September; and then return to Montpellier, to spend the winter there with Mrs. Morice and her husband. She comes thither, not merely to see me, but, by the advice of Dr. Wynthle, for the recovery of her health, which has been much affected of late, and which, he assures her, the air of Montpellier will soon restore. This has occasioned her resolution of taking so long a journey, and altered mine of spending my winter at Vitry, near Paris, where I had taken a pretty house that Lord Galmoy* lives in; but have been obliged to quit it again, and to continue in these parts, in expectation of her arrival. I can send you no other accounts from these mountains; and therefore you will excuse me, if I add no more than my thanks for your letters of April 12, and May 28; and assurances that I am your affectionate friend and obedient servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

* An Irish Viscount. The title is now extinct.

CCCCXXXIII.

CCCCXXXIII. From Mrs MORICE.

DEAR PAPA,

Westminster, July 21, 1729.

THE uneasiness I have been under on account of your illness is somewhat abated, but not yet quite over. I must see a letter under your own hand, before I can get entirely rid of my fears. Good news by tomorrow's letters will, I hope, put an end to them. I am now very busy in preparing for our journey to you. Mr. Morice had some thoughts of going by sea up the Meditteranean; but, upon better reflection, that design is laid aside. We are now looking out for a ship to Bourdeaux, and hope to find one. I am willing to undertake that voyage, since you advise it, and have taken such care to pave the way for us from thence to Montpellier. If we come that way, we shall bring with us the several things you write for. If we cannot get a ship, as we propose, so as to leave Westminster about the middle of August, we must content ourselves with the old road to Calais, and undergo the inconveniences of so long a land journey. The 15th of next month is the latest day pitched upon for our setting out (if by land); fully designing to be with you before Michaelmas, by such slow stages as I must make in regard to my indifferent state of health. Mr. Morice has sent you word I shall bring with me another servant besides Jameson. I don't do it by choice, but of necessity: being desirous to create as little trouble wherever I come as is possible; and she that comes with me will cause none. Inclosed I send you the draught of a monument

50 ATTERBURY'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

designed to be erected in Westminster Abbey; 'tis in memory of one who was an old acquaintance of yours *, so I guess you may be pleased at seeing it.

I am, dear Papa, your ever dutiful and affectionate daughter,

MARY MORICE.

P. S. We have just now news of a vessel that sails well, and of about 100 ton: we are almost agreed to hire it. Mr. Morice wishes a man servant could be provided against our landing at Bourdeaux, to go with us from thence to Montpellier: for he brings no man servant with him.

CCCCXXXIV. To Mr. MORICE †.

DEAR MR. MORICE, Vigan, in the Cevennes, July 30, 1729.
Aug. 10

I HAVE yours of July $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{4}{5}$, and leave you and Mrs. Morice to determine yourselves as to the method you will take in coming hither. You will let me know your motions soon enough to be sure of being a day or two before you at Montpellier. There must be no

* That of his friend Dr. Chamberlen, beyond a doubt; for which the Bishop had furnished an elegant inscription (see vol. II p. 427.); and of which an indifferent picture is given by Grignion among the twelve additional plates to Dart's Westminster. The inscription on that plate is incorrectly given; and in Seymour's History of London it is still worse, the last thirteen lines being wholly omitted.—In March 1731-2, died at Dublin Sir Chamberlen Walker, chief practitioner of midwifery in that kingdom, nephew and successor to the great Dr. Paul Chamberlen.

† Indorsed, "Received at Toulouse the 7th of November, 1729, N. S. being returned to me from England, "where it arrived after I left Westminster." See p. 54.

thoughts

thoughts of coming by sea, unless you can find a good ship bound for Bourdeaux: the other is too tedious a passage, and requires several winds, to be performed. Bourdeaux may be reached in seven days; and from thence to Montpellier is but five days more, and the best road in the world; the canal in the mean time serving to bring up all your baggage. But, I take it for granted, you will come by land; and desire you therefore to bring with you, for me, only a pound of good tea, a pair of steel snippers for the nails, and a bed-gown lined with flannel, such a one as my former, if Mrs. Morice remembers it. Take care that the spring of the snippers be good, and plays easily. I have recovered my health here very much; and should certainly have lost it quite and clean had I stayed at Montpellier during the heats, which for three months in the summer are intolerable—and nothing but the care of Mrs. Morice's health should have induced me to continue there during this winter. There will be an apartment, I believe, fitted up to her mind, in the house where I am; and, if she does not like that, she shall have mine, which is a very good one. One room, I suppose, will do for the two maids she brings along with her. If not, let me know before-hand. I received her letter a few days ago; and the short note, &c. which you sent me. I hope this will reach you before you set out. God send you a prosperous journey, and us an happy meeting! I shall write no more to you, till I hear whether you pass through Paris or not; and approve your resolution of doing it *incognito*. Blessing to dear Mrs. Morice, and to you all! I hope her cough will be removed by

her journey, and by the soft winter air of Montpellier. Call at Boulogne, as you pass, for a letter: perhaps you may there find one from me. Adieu, dear Mr. Morice!

FR. ROFFEN.

Take care the glasses and knives be sent.

CCCCXXXV. To Mr. WILLIAMS, at Rome.

SIR,

Vigan, in the Cevennes, Aug. $\frac{2}{13}$, 1729.

I THANK you for yours of July 14, though it gave me the unwelcome account of your fall on the road, and the death of your father. I hope some good news will make you soon amends for these two instances of ill-fortune. You are, I find, in a place that will divert and employ you: but have a care of the sellers of medals there, who, I have heard, are great sharpers. I am glad Mr. Steward applies his mind to Antiquities: it is an instructive amusement that becomes his quality. My most humble services to him. My daughter and her husband are not yet with me; nor do I expect them till the middle of September, when I shall exchange this place for Montpellier, in order to meet them at their arrival, and spend the winter with them there: for I stay there till spring, not so much on my own account as poor Mrs. Morice's, whose ill state of health requires it. By the use of milk without purging, I got a fever; that fever gave me a fit of the gout, which, finding my stomach disordered by the milk, laid hold of it, and I have had much ado ever since to dispossess it. The heats were so violent at Montpellier, that, had I stayed there, with those pains in my stomach, I must have died. But the cool temperate air of this place, and Balaric waters, have

have relieved me. The promotion of the Barigello's brother-in-law is somewhat out of the way. But it is not your and my business, even to wish those preferments were better disposed of. He that gives them, you know, cannot be in the wrong, at least on your side of the mountains. Your visit to Loretto*, to see the flying house, now inshrined in a chapel, was worthy of your curiosity. But you say not a word of St. Peter's; which, as far as I can judge, is worth all the other sights that Italy affords—it is the only one in the world, that I have ever had a desire to see; for you know how negligent I have been of every thing of that kind which France affords. I do not understand you well as to Sir J. or the sort of faintship he has a mind to bestow on his daughter. When Mr. Forster is come back from his Tuscan visit, my humble service to him; and congratulations with Sir W. on the account of his escape. Without ink or paper, you see, I make a shift to tell you how much I am yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

Pray make my kind compliments to Mr. Arthur and Mr. Murray.

CCCCXXXVI. To Mr. MORICE†.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Aug. 13, 1729.
Sept. 3

I RETURNED hither last night from the Cevennes, on purpose to send your chaise with my servant

* See vol. II. p 385.

† This Letter, with those numbered CCCXXXVII. and CCCXXXIX. are printed from a copy indorsed in Mr. Morice's hand, "Account of a journey and voyage from London to Bourdeaux and to Toulouse, anno 1729; with copies of letters and papers relating thereto."

George, an Englishman, and a very honest fellow, and well experienced in travelling; on all accounts well qualified, except that he speaks no French, which will, I hope, be a defect of no consequence to you. He brings with him your chaise to Toulouse, and from thence another with it belonging to Mr. Bose; and hopes to be able, with both, to meet you and Mrs. Morice at the time of your landing. Pray God send you both a speedy, safe, and easy journey!

When you come to Bourdeaux*, you will apply yourself to the person whose name Mr. Bose transmitted to you, and who will instruct and befriend you in every thing relating to your passage hither, and that of the baggage you bring along with you. At Toulouse Mr. Bose's sister will assist you in like manner in your way from thence hither; particularly as to the conveyance of your baggage from thence, for otherwise you will not much need her assistance. I have written by the post to Mr. C—— at Bourdeaux, if he knows of any parcel of good wine there, fit for your and Mrs. Morice's drinking, that he would bespeak it for you, and let you know of it, that it may go with the rest of your things by the Garonne to Toulouse, and from thence be conveyed hither. I hear that, unfortunately, at present that cannot be by the canal, because it is at this time mending: so that from Toulouse, I fear, all you bring along with you must come by land, which will be more expensive, and perhaps as tedious. You will therefore load your two chaises with all that is necessary for you upon the

* This Letter, and the two referred to in p. 53, were delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Morice upon their landing at Bourdeaux, the 7th of October, 1729, where they had lain for several weeks. (See p. 63.) J. EVANS.

road, and for some time after you come hither; lest your baggage, which is to come by the Garonne, and afterwards if possible by the canal, should stay too long behind you. In the mean time I will take care you shall be well lodged here, and to your heart's content: and I trust in God that Mrs. Morice, if she comes safe and well hither, shall soon find the benefit of the air of the place, as well as be a little cheared by being in her old Papa's company, whom God has restored to some degree of health, in order, I hope, to be the instrument of restoring also her health to her. If you sailed from Portsmouth yesterday or to-day, as you proposed, and the wind and weather be there as here, never could you have either more favourable. Pray God they may continue so till you arrive! Though you come post from Bourdeaux, you may come as slow as you please, and make such easy stages as agree best with Mrs. Morice's state of health. The road you come is by all agreed to be the very best in France: so that, in that respect, you will find no manner of inconvenience. I shall expect you earnestly, and with great impatience; however, not so earnestly, as to wish that you may make one step faster than the nicest care of Mrs. Morice's health will suffer you. When you are within a day or two of Montpelier, I have directed George to let me know, by some sure way, the day, and as near as you can the very hour, of your intended arrival: a foot messenger will go all night on that errand for a trifle. And I desire you, if George should forget it, to put him early in mind of it.

If you can bring the little present for Mr. Bose with you (I mean the knives and glass-sconces) it would be

well; whatever else you leave behind, to come with the rest of the baggage. You will by that means, when you arrive, make yourselves (if any thing can make you) more welcome than you would otherwise be. He is very civil and friendly, and we shall need his assistance on twenty occasions: though, as to myself, I have chosen to make use of it as little as is possible. I say no more, because I must inclose a word to dear Mrs. Morice; and George says, he shall be ready soon to part. God bless and preserve you both, and send you a happy meeting and continuance with your ever affectionate father,

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXXVII. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Mon'pelier, Aug. 23, 1729.
Sept. 3

I HAVE so much to say to you, that I can hardly say any thing to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the North of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: for I see not of what use I am, or

can

can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road; and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly. But I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will in rewarding you reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXXXVIII. From Mr. MORICE.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Plymouth *, Sept. 26, 1729.

WE are still kept here by contrary winds, attended with as bad weather as was ever known, as to rain, storms, thunder and lightning. I think it necessary to acquaint you with it, that it may hinder your surprize at our not getting as yet to Bourdeaux; a place I have many days wished to see, but have still a very distant prospect of it; for the wind seems fixed to a point that will not suffer a ship to venture out of harbour to that part of the world where we are bound. Hard is our fate. Dear Mrs. Morice deserves a much better. She is confined here in a very languishing condition; and I will avoid mentioning how ill she is, for it will but grieve you; and you may rest satisfied that nothing on this side the water can be done for her more than is: I hope she will soon get on the other, and that we shall find somebody at Bourdeaux to assist us upon our landing. She must rest there some little time, before she can possibly be able to proceed further on the journey. It is now near six weeks since we left Delahay-street; and she has declined very hastily in that time. It is a lamentable circumstance to be so long retarded on our way at such a juncture. Every hour, for these many days past, has been grievous to me on that account. God send a speedy change for the better in her health, and in the winds to waft us soon over to you! You are constantly in her thoughts, and her most ardent wish is to see you. She sends her duty by me, which she can-

* Their ship had sailed from Dover on the 21st of August; but on the 2d of September was driven into Plymouth, and was wind-bound there 25 days. See pp. 68, 69.

not at present convey to you any other way. I beg your blessing and prayers; and shall ever remain, my honoured Lord, your truly affectionate son and servant,
WM. MORICE.

CCCCXXXIX. To Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpelier, Sept. $\frac{16}{27}$, 1729.

I WANT words to express the concern I am under on your account. Never any thing happened so unluckily as the cross winds of this season. If you are not landed, you must have been now sixteen days at sea, the consequence of which I dread, especially if you have had the same ill weather at sea as we for two several nights during this time have had at land. But I trust in God that has not been the case. However, by letters this day from Bourdeaux, I hear that you were not landed on Saturday last; and they tell me, that the last ships that came from England were eighteen days in their passage. So that you may be still some days at sea, having sailed only on the eleventh from Dover. The thought of this gives me the utmost pain and disquiet; nor am I able to think of any thing besides you, till I have news of your arrival at Bourdeaux. And then these rains that have fallen will render the roads less easy to be passed than I apprehended they would be; so that the land-journey itself, especially after such a troublesome passage by sea, will, I fear, be very disagreeable to you. God send all may end well! His will be done!

Amer-

A merchant at Bourdeaux, of Mr. Bosc's acquaintance, will attend you at your landing; and ease Mr. Morice of a good deal of the trouble of freeing what you bring with you from the claims of the custom-house, and helping to embark them again on the Garonne for Toulouse. At Toulouse Mr. Bosc's sister is desired to take care of you. Pray avoid all civilities that she or any other shall proffer you on the way, that are not entirely consistent with your own ease. I am equally afraid lest there should be too much of this kind in your ill state of health, as lest you should want any real conveniences. All ceremonies and civilities, that do not tend entirely to accommodate you with what you want, must be very disagreeable to you. I know not what to say, or what to advise. God preserve you, and send you safe to your journey's end, where your disconsolate afflicted father does with the utmost impatience wait for you! Adieu, my dear heart! Keep up your spirits, as well as you can, till you get to Montpellier. There all conveniences are prepared for you, and all the care that is possible shall be taken of you.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

I do not know in what condition Mrs. Morice may land, and how far therefore it may be fit to put this letter into her hands: so, though I have written it to her, I shall superscribe it to you. I pray God it may never come to your hands, and that you may have left Bourdeaux before it arrives there! God bless you both! and send you safe to the end of this terrible journey,
which

which gives me more uneasiness than I am able to tell you.

I have written twice to Mr. C——, to beg him to pitch upon a parcel of good wine, or several parcels of several sorts, which may be sent hither with the rest of your baggage. Do not let that, or any thing else, retard your journey one moment, if Mrs. Morice, upon landing, finds herself able to take it. The Bourdeaux merchant will take care of sending every thing after you by water; and Mr. C—— can do his part as well after you have left Bourdeaux as while you are there, provided the wine is tasted and approved by you.

I am in the utmost confusion, and know not well what I write to you.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXL. To Mr. WILLIAMS.

Montpelier, Sept. 23, 1729.
Oct. 4

I THANK you for yours of August 24; since which you received mine, I suppose of Aug. $\frac{2}{17}$, then upon the road while you was writing yours. I have answers to letters of the same date [Aug. $\frac{2}{17}$] which I wrote to your parts; but have nothing from you. I hope the heats at Rome, which I hear have been moderate this year, have not disagreed with you. Those of Montpelier began in July to grow intolerable; and had I not fled to the mountains*, as I did precipitately, without looking behind me, I had been lost: for the gout was got into my stomach, where it never was before;

* Alluding to Gen. xix. 7.

and

and the violent heat of the season so increased and enraged the pain, that no remedies I could take in this place did any thing towards tempering and allaying it; and my physicians themselves were frightened, and at a loss how to deal with me. I forbore therefore to take their medicines; and, instead of them, took a resolution of my own, of retiring ten leagues into the Cevennes, where I knew nobody; and the cool refreshing air of a village there happened to do me more good than all their prescriptions; for immediately the symptoms abated; and, after two months continuance there, I returned free from my pains, and all the ill consequences of them. I give you this particular account, because in yours you seem, with some concern, to desire it. And for the same reason I will tell you freely how the distemper came to make me this first visit in my stomach. I had lived on milk six weeks without purging, purely by the fault of my physician, who said my constitution was so good that I did not need it. I relied on his opinion, till I found myself in a fever. That fever brought on a fit of the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by so long a milk diet, laid hold of it, and was with great difficulty persuaded to quit it. This is my history; about which you was so curious and inquisitive. Now you have it, you may lay it up, among the other curiosities you are collecting of equal moment. My ail is over for the present; but poor Mrs. Morice's distemper, a consumption, prevails upon her. She is forced to fly to this place as her only refuge, and hopes to recover upon wintering here. Pray God she may, after the terrible journey she has taken, and from
which

which she is not yet arrived. Ten days she lay wind-bound at Dover; and there are twenty days now since she sailed, without my hearing that she is yet landed at Bourdeaux; after that, she has a long step to make hither, whither if she gets safe, I will nurse her as well as I can. She had a mind to have ventured all the way by land; but her physicians judged it impossible in her weak state, and would not suffer her. I hope all will be for the best: the sea itself, if it has done her no harm, will certainly do her a great deal of good. I am in great concern and pain till I see her; and therefore shall end this long epistle, which is entirely about myself and my own affairs, because you would have it so.

Adieu! and believe me your faithful friend and
humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCXLI. From Mr. MORICE.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bourdeaux, Oct. 20, 1729, N. S.

ALL my letters of late have been freighted with ill news, uncomfortable for me to write, and you to receive. This brings better tidings; for I have now the satisfaction to acquaint you, that, after many difficulties, I have brought dear Mrs. Morice alive to this place; and I trust in God the change of air and climate will at last work about the desired effect. She is extremely weak, and our land-journey will, I fear, prove very tiresome to her. I shall make it by very slow stages, and by that means render it as easy as possible. We cannot think of beginning it till three or four days hence. We have received several of your kind letters which
lay

lay here for us. I shall observe the contents of them, and excuse troubling you with a particular answer, being so soon, I hope, to have a joyful meeting with you.

I have brought the knives and glass-sconces along with me; which, with several other things, I propose to put under the care of Monsieur Foucques (the merchant of Mr. Bose's acquaintance to whom I am recommended) to forward to Montpellier. I have not yet seen him. He is out of town, and is not expected till Friday morning. An agent of his comes this minute to wait on me, and advises me by no means to carry the knives and other things along with me, for they are prohibited; but to leave them to his care to send; and we shall have full as much baggage otherwise to carry with us as our chaises can bear.—Mrs. Morice, though in her bed, is resolved to write you a line or two; so I shall add no more this post, but repeated assurances of being ever your Lordship's most obedient and faithful,

WM. MORICE.

CCCCXLII. From Mrs. MORICE.

[The last words she ever wrote].

DEAR PAPA,

Bordeaux, Oct. 20, 1729.

I HAVE reason to believe the sight of my handwriting will give you pleasure, as the thought of my being so soon to see you does me. I therefore send this scrawl, to assure you, not of my being well, but of my not being worse since I landed here; and to thank you for all your kind and tender letters, which serve

to revive my spirits, and I hope will support them till we meet. I am impatient till we do, and ever, dear Papa, your most affectionate daughter,

MARY MORICE.

CCCCXLIII. From Mr. MORICE *.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bordeaux, Oct. 24, 1729.

MY letter, four days ago, gave an account of our landing at this place. I all along promised myself, that, after getting over the sea, the worst of the journey would be over; but I find myself unfortunately mistaken. Dear Mrs. Morice is grown worse than she was at landing, and finds herself so weak as not to be able to bear a post-chaise; so that those you sent to fetch her will be of no use. I have done every thing in the power of myself or friends, to procure a litter; but no such voiture is to be had here. Monsieur Foucques has done his best; but all Bordeaux cannot furnish one. Under this sad necessity, I have desired Mr. Foucques to write to his correspondent at Toulouse, to order a litter immediately from thence, to meet us on the road; and for the present have hired a great boat, which is to be furnished by a Tapissier in such a manner as to prevent dear Mrs. Morice's taking any cold upon the water: and by this means I hope to begin our jour-

* "Upon receipt of this letter, the Bishop immediately set out post for Toulouse, to meet Mrs. Morice. J. E."—This and the other notes signed J. E. are by Mr. John Evans, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bordeaux, and from thence to Toulouse, and was present at the time of her death. See pp. 72. 78.

ney from hence to-morrow. I am very uneasy about it, and under great confusion what steps to take. She is desirous of advancing towards you, though it will be by very slow degrees; and indeed I wish she may be able to reach Montpelier, the place we depend on for some relief. God grant it may be found soon! for I am not well able to bear so great a misfortune as seems to threaten me. The boat we have hired is to carry us to Agen, where the litter from Toulouse is directed to meet us. From Agen you shall hear further from me, or of me. If I cannot write myself, I shall desire Mr. Evans, who came over with us, to write for me.

I have made this a long letter, considering the affliction I am under. If matters happen not to amend, I could wish your health would admit of your meeting us on the way. I am sensible how inconvenient travelling will be to you, and therefore would not put you hastily upon it, though I shall not know what to do for want of you, if she continues in the desperate way she seems to be in at present. Last night she made her own reflection, how much she was decayed since she left her own house at Westminster; and indeed it is too visible. So many melancholy thoughts flow in upon me, that I must quit my pen, with subscribing myself, my honoured Lord, your ever dutiful son and servant,

WM. MORICE.

Monday morning, 7 o'clock.

P. S. The post going from hence early in the morning, I wrote the foregoing late last night, and kept it open in hopes of giving some better account of my
dear

dear wife ; but she has had a very bad fit about five this morning, and my despair increases upon me. She is impatient to see you, and will, if she can, set out from hence to-morrow, though I fear she will scarce reach Toulouse, without some unexpected turn in her favour. Adieu ! I am ready to burst with grief. W. M.

CCCCXLIV. From Mr. MORICE *.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Agen, Monday, Oct. 31, 1729.

WE set out last Tuesday morning from Bourdeaux, and reached this place by water yesterday night. I thank God, dear Mrs. Morice has held out thus far ; which gives me hopes of bringing her yet to our journey's end, though every now and then I almost despair of it. She is in the weakest condition you can imagine. I expected to have found a litter waiting our arrival at this place, according to the directions Monsieur Foucques sent to Monsieur Maignial, his correspondent at Toulouse, on that head ; but, instead of it, I just now received a letter, acquainting me that no litter is to be had, and that I must take my measures accordingly. I have done so ; and we shall set out from hence to-morrow, in the same boat which brought us from Bourdeaux hither ; which perhaps may prove the best way, though a tedious one ; for it will take six or seven days to go up the river from this place to Toulouse. But Mrs. Morice is more at her ease in the boat, than

* This letter, being directed to Montpellier, did not reach the Bishop's hands till after Mrs. Morice's death ; his Lordship having begun his journey to Toulouse upon receipt of Mr. Morice's letter (of Oct. 24) from Bourdeaux. J. E.

she could be in any other voiture. She has a little cabin made up for her in it, and lies upon a mattress all the way. She has not strength to support herself for any time without lying down. I have also with me a *chaise à porteur*, to carry her to and from the boat, to the places where we must lodge at nights, and I should not have known what to have done if I had not taken that precaution. You may easily imagine in what a disconsolate condition I am; one day flattering me with hopes of her doing well, and the next throwing me into the utmost despair. I cannot tell whether this letter may reach you at Montpellier; for probably you are upon the way to meet us, after receiving mine of Monday last: I hope you are. My dear wife longs earnestly to see you; and indeed there is no visible certainty at present of her getting to Montpellier. I should be overjoyed to see you at Toulouse. The meeting would give new life to Mrs. Morice, on whom my happiness entirely depends. All duty and respect conclude this from, my honoured Lord, your truly affectionate son and servant, WM. MORICE.

CCCCXLV. Mr. EVANS's * Diary of Journey and Voyage from Westminster to Bourdeaux, and to Toulouse. A. D. 1729.

Aug. 19. We set out from Westminster,—arrived at Dover the 21st,—there we were detained by contrary winds ten days.

31. The wind being a little favourable, we put to sea; were driven into Plymouth Sept. 2d. There we

* See p. 65.

lay wind-bound 25 days, not setting sail from thence till Sept. 27; and after beating at sea four days in very stormy and tempestuous weather, we were forced into Falmouth, Sept. 30.

Oct. 2. We set sail from Falmouth with a fair wind, and landed at Bourdeaux Oct. $\frac{7}{15}$, 1729.

N. B. Mrs. Morice found herself very ill whilst at Dover, as well as at Plymouth. She bore the voyage better than could be expected, was never sea-sick, and seemed easier on the water than ashore; but constantly kept her bed whilst on board.

Upon our arrival at Bourdeaux, we found a servant belonging to the Bishop of Rochester, who had been waiting there for us above six weeks.

We stayed at Bourdeaux seven days, as well to give rest to Mrs. Morice, as to make the necessary preparations for our intended journey to Montpelier. One day she attempted to take an airing in a chaise; but was not abroad half an hour, before she was too sensible of her weakness, and found herself unable to bear that way of travelling; and that the two chaises, which the Bishop had taken care to send from Montpelier to fetch her, could be of no use. Upon this we endeavoured to procure a litter; but no such voiture was to be met with at or near Bourdeaux. We at last fixed our passage as far as Agen, which is about half way between Bourdeaux and Toulouse, by water, and hired a large boat (very commodiously equipped for the purpose) to carry us thither, where we expected to find a litter from Toulouse to meet us, according to the directions that had been dispatched thither on that head.

We took boat from Bourdeaux Oct. 25, in the morning, and arrived at Agen the 30th at night.

N. B. Mrs. Morice had been extremely ill some days at Bourdeaux, and gave a good deal of reason for us to fear ill consequences; but she performed the six days journey to Agen beyond expectation, and flattered us with new hopes of her recovery; though the several stages were very tedious, since we were seldom less than 10 or 12 hours in the boat, the weather generally bad, and the accommodations we met with at the inns, where we lay at nights, for the most part very indifferent. However, Mrs. Morice got no hurt by the way, great care having been taken to prevent her catching cold; a convenient cabin hung with tapestry was prepared in the boat, as well as a kitchen, for her use, and a bed for her to lie down and repose herself.

We stopped at Agen all Monday, Oct. 31, where we received advice from Toulouse, that no litter was to be had from thence; and that we must take our measures accordingly. Hereupon we agreed for the same boat which brought us to Agen, to carry us on to Toulouse.

N. B. The boatmen were very pressing not to proceed the next day, and begged earnestly for a little more rest: but Mrs. Morice would by no means consent to the losing one day, saying, "Dear Mr. Morice, you don't know what a day may be to me!" So on Tuesday, November 1, we began our journey from Agen to Toulouse.

On the 5th of November we got as far as Grenade, a large town, affording good conveniences.

N. B.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was observed to change for the worse this afternoon; but nevertheless was able to bear the fatigue of going in a chair from the boat to the town, which was a good half-league from the river-side; and was the next morning carried back again in the same manner to the boat, without finding herself more discomposed by the conveyance than she used to be.

Nov. 6. We left Grenade early in the morning, hoping to get to Toulouse that day; but night overtaking us by the time we reached Blagnac, a little village half a league short of the town, we thought it best to stop there, and take up with the ill accommodations that place afforded.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was very ill most part of this day's journey; and became extremely uneasy towards the end of it; and growing still worse towards midnight, it was thought proper to call up the boat-men, and make the best of our way (though by night) to Toulouse. Mrs. Morice herself was very pressing to be gone, wishing to be at Toulouse, where she hoped to meet her father. We embarked about two o'clock in the night-time, and about five entered the canal. We got ashore, and came to Toulouse between seven and eight o'clock, on Monday morning, the 7th of November, N. S.

OBSERVATIONS on the foregoing Diary.

IT was a sort of good luck that no litter was to be got at Bourdeaux, nor even at Toulouse; for it soon appeared that Mrs. Morice's weakness was so great, that she could never have borne any sort of conveyance by land; and would, in all probability, have died on

the road to Toulouse, without seeing her father (whom she impatiently longed to see), had she been carried in a litter, or in any other voiture than a boat.

It is also remarkable, that if Mrs. Morice had not been so pressing to leave Agen the very day we went from thence, but had yielded to the importunity of the boatmen, who earnestly pleaded for a day of rest; or if, upon her being so very ill (on Sunday-night, Nov. 6,) at Blagnac, a resolution had not been taken of travelling on the water by night; in either case, she had undoubtedly died without reaching Toulouse, or having the comfort of seeing her father, which of all things she passionately desired.

It is also observable, as a piece of good fortune, that the Bishop's health (which is so much impaired by the gout, that for several months in the year he is not able to stir abroad) should, at that juncture, happen to be such as to allow him to take a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, to meet his daughter, and take his last farewell of her.

J. E.

CCCCXLVI. Mr. JOHN EVANS to his Brother*.

DEAR BROTHER,

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.

AFTER a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Mon-

* Michael Evans, Sub-dean and one of the Prebendaries of Westminster, and Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet street. He died, aged nearly 80, Aug. 21, 1732. The newspapers of the time say, "He was not much esteemed as a Preacher; but that he was a man of great humanity and charity, and very well respected in his parish. He was a bachelor, and supposed to be worth 40,000 l."—There is a stone in the cloyster of Westminster-Abbey for "John Evans, Esq. who died April 10, 1727, aged 70."

day

day morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when she met her father; the only thing, I believe, she had to desire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last; and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it if possible) about an hour and half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said, "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will. Remember me to the Dutchess of Buckingham!"—This fatal stroke, being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England, as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall from Montpelier do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS.

CCCCXLVII. To Mr. POPE *.

Nov. 20, 1729.

YES, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me; and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure. But your last letter,

* An imperfect copy of this Letter is printed in Pope's Works, vol. VIII. p. 138. The variations are worth observing.

full

full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive.

I am not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you ; and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employed on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects ; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them, "*Multis Fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, & penè succubui.*" This is weakness, not wisdom, I own ; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it towards something of use and moment ; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time, I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruptions as I have met with. You outdo others on all occasions ; my hope and my opinion is, that on moral subjects, and in drawing characters, you will outdo yourself. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents ; your knowledge and judgement are at the height ; use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present
and

and future times; and, if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Remember, Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and as bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things: but chuse a subject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were; and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them:

“ — gelidus tardante fenestâ

“ Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires *.”

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France much more than I did at Paris, though even there I sensibly improved. What happened to me here last summer was merely the effect of my folly, in trusting too much to a physician, who kept me six weeks in a milk diet, without purging me, contrary to all the rules of the faculty. The milk threw me at last into a fever; and that fever soon produced the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by a long disuse of meat, attacked it, and had like at once to have dispatched me. The excessive heats of this place concurred to heighten the symptoms: but, in the midst of my distemper, I took a sturdy resolution of retiring

* This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time unsnow'd my head.
DRYDEN'S Virgil, Æn. V. 552.

thirty miles into the mountains of the Cevennes; and there I soon found relief from the coolness of the air and the verdure of the climate, though not to such a degree as not still to feel some reliques of those pains in my stomach, which till lately I had never felt. Had I staid, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected; but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved called me abruptly to Montpellier; where, after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

“ ———placi-

“ —placidâque ibi demum morte quievit *.”

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and on those I lay hold, and make use of as well as I can; and hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here; and, with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu, till we meet, either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

A friend I have with me will convey this safely to your hands; though perhaps it may be some time before it reaches you: whenever it does, it will give you a true account of the posture of mind I was in when I wrote it, and which I hope may by that time be a little altered.

FR. ROFFEN.

* Virg. *Æn.* ix. 445.

CCCCXLVIII. Mr. JOHN EVANS to his Brother.

DEAR BROTHER,

Montpelier, Nov. 30, 1729.

IN mine of the 9th instant from Toulouse, I promised you a more particular account of the death of Mrs. Morice at my arrival here, where I got the 13th; but, within an hour after, was confined to my bed by a fit of the gout, which took me the last day on the road, and held me for ten days; so that I was not out of my bed for two hours in all that time: but, having now again the use of my hand, I do with pleasure write to you, and keep my promise*.

On

* On this narration an ingenious Periodical Writer remarks, "As scenes of distress display the highest and most affecting degrees of virtue; so the exile of the Bishop of Rochester gave occasion to a noble and very interesting exercise of parental tenderness on the one part, and of filial duty and affection on the other. What mostly embittered the banishment of the Bishop, was regret at leaving behind him his daughter, Mrs. Morice, in an infirm state of health. A mutual longing to see one another took fast hold of the father and daughter; and the lady, though very ill, performed with great difficulty and pain a journey and voyage from Westminster to Bourdeaux and Toulouse, where Dr. Atterbury resided. Mr. J. Evans, a gentleman who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouse, gives an exact diary of this journey and voyage, which is truly interesting. The same gentleman, who was present at Mrs. Morice's death, gives a very pathetic narrative of that event, with the circumstances that accompanied it. The fictions of the Tragic Muse have not exhibited a more affecting scene; and so forcible are the impressions of truth and nature, that a plain gentleman, with a good heart, unknown to the world, and unambitious of literary fame, describes the latter end of that amiable lady in a manner
"that

On Sunday the 6th instant, N. S. in the evening, we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league, by land, from Toulouse; but by water (by reason of a very strong current, and the windings of the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was resolved, rather than expose Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue (of which she had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience), or keep her late on the water, to rest at Blagnac that night, where she was put to bed in the same weak condition she usually had been, but not seemingly worse. But about midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they saw her changed. We rose, and came to her chamber; where we found her so very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to part immediately; fearing much, from the change we saw, that, near as she was to it, she would scarce live to reach Toulouse, which we all earnestly desired to do, since no physician, or other help, could be had in the poor place where we then were. She herself pressed this matter; and we well knew, that all her desires and wishes were constantly bent upon seeing her father, whom she hoped to find at Toulouse. She was taken out of bed, at her

“that could not have been surpassed by the finest writer.
 “Such is the power of simplicity and nature, and such the
 “connexion between taste and virtue! It is in an affecting
 “description of human life and manners, and, above all, in
 “displaying amiable and heroic virtue, that Literature is most
 “happily employed. It is thus that it softens and humanises
 “the mind, and disposes it to universal sympathy. *Emollit*
 “*mores, nec sinit esse feros.*” ENGLISH REVIEW.

own desire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to fit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her ease; and so we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, sending two servants, by land, to procure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there; and soon after six the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the house in Toulouse, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing till then how near or how far off she was, though he had dispatched a man and horse to get intelligence of us, who happened to miss us. When the servants, who had been sent for the litter, returned, she was informed of the Bishop's being at Toulouse, and seemed to take new spirits upon it, which no doubt were of great use, to enable her to bear going in the litter, which otherwise she could scarce have done, even for so short a way. After she had been put into her bed (where, as I told you, she never slept till she slept her last) and had a little recovered the fatigue she underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom she immediately enquired after, came into her room, and was startled to find her in so very low a condition. After mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, she particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her, of meeting her dear Papa; and exerted all the little life that was in her, in grasping his hands with her utmost force, as she often did; and told him, "that meeting was the chief thing that she had ardently desired."

The

The Bishop some time after left her chamber, that she might compose herself, and that he might himself give vent to the just grief he was filled with, to see his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found she took no rest; so he soon returned, and then said prayers by her, and proposed to her receiving the holy sacrament the next morning, when he hoped she might have been a little refreshed in order to it: she embraced the offer with much satisfaction. He then asked her, for fear of any accident, if she was not desirous to have the absolution of the church? She declared she was, and begged to have it. After some little private discourse with her, he gave it her, in the form prescribed in "the Visitation of the Sick;" and she expressed great comfort upon receiving it. A physician had been sent for immediately upon her arrival. When he came, he gave little hopes, but said all depended upon the manner of her passing that night; and in the mean time prescribed only what would be comfortable and cordial to her stomach and bowels, which she was to take every three hours. It had that effect; for she seemed to lie pretty composed and easy the rest of the day; and her purging, which before had been extremely troublesome, became less violent.

She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who you know had been her physician; and who had so neglected her as for some time before she left England never to come near her according to his appointment, nor give the least direction for her management in the long voyage she was about to make. She said to the Bishop, "Dear Papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyn-

"the * has served us?" Who answered, "Yes, my dear, I know it all; but do not let that trouble you now." She replied, "Oh, no, Papa, I do not trouble myself about that; I have other things to think of at this time; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you."

Hoping by this time she might incline to take a little rest, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning she sent one of her women to me (who lay on the same floor, in the next room to her) to desire to speak to me; and when I came, she said, not seemingly with much pain, but with such a shortness of breath that she was forced to breathe after every two or three words, "Mr. Evans, I have been working—these three hours —and would fain—have the sacrament." I wondered at her sending for me on that account, her husband and

* Dr. Robert Wyntle was one of the first persons chosen unto Dr. Radcliffe's travelling fellowship. He was admitted Warden of Merton-College, Oxford, July 18, 1734; and died Aug. 28, 1750.

On the right side of the pulpit of Merton College, on the S. E. pillar under the tower, is this inscription:

"Jesu Christi resurrectioni et vitæ credentium sacrum hoc
Annæ Wyntle corpus sub loco depositum est
mensis Augusti diè vicesimo nono,
Anno Salutis millesimo septingentesimo quadragesimo sexto
Justorum Animæ in manu Dei sunt.
ROBERTUS WYNTLE, M. D. Collegii Mertonensis Custos
Fratræ mœrens
hoc monumentum sororis optimæ
et sibi vivens posuit
Corpus ROBERT WYNTLE, M. D.
hujusce Collegii Custodis
in eodem sepulchro, cum sorore, depositum est
Diè mensis Augusti 28,
Annoque Domini MDCCCL."

father

father being both near at hand ; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingness, by a direct message from herself, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not apprised of her reason for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right senses, and said, "Madam, would you *now* receive the sacrament?" She said, "Yes, I would—if possible—presently—." Of which the Bishop being immediately advised, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came, and administered to her, and to all present, the sacrament; and afterwards, at her desire, continued repeating the prayers of the church till she began to draw very near her end; and then he used and continued the commendatory prayer only; she all the while holding her hands in a posture of prayer, and sometimes joining in a low voice with him.

After this, her father being gone from the bed-side, she called for him (as she had frequently done), and again said to him—"Dear Papa—what a blessing is it —that after—such a long—troublesome—journey— " we have—the comfort—of this meeting!"

And indeed when I reflect on it, and consider the weak condition she was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the last effort she made when she was at the worst towards finishing it, I cannot but think that that meeting seemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

About this time she called for her husband (who was always in near attendance upon her), and said, "Dear " Mr. Morice—take care of the children—I know you

“ will——Remember me—to the Dutchess of Buckingham *.”

She also in a proper place recommended her servants to Mr. Morice.

She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the same time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to swallow it, she turned herself on her left side, and rested her head on her left hand, which she doubled, extending her right hand and arm over the bed-cloaths; and in this posture continued drawing her breath shorter and shorter, but with the least emotion that possibly could be, till she at last expired, a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, Nov. 8. N. S.

An entire resignation to the will of God, a piety towards her father, husband, and family, made her death full of the religion of a Saint, and of the regularity and composedness of a Philosopher. It was then she gave a seal and sanction to the judgement and affection of her friends; and shewed one of the best and wisest, as well as noblest, of her sex (the Dutchess of Buckingham, who I have heard had a very great regard for her), that she had made a right judgement of her, and bestowed her love on one who deserved it. Such a death, at the end of a virtuous life, would make one see what is dearest and nearest to us expire, not only without uneasiness, but with pleasure, were human nature capable of acting by reason at such a time, without passion: but the most exalted of mankind partake of the dying pains of those that nature and affection have made dear to them; and even feel

* See p. 90.

agonies which the dying are sometimes, by special favour, exempted from, as I really think she was.

I shall conclude this account with a reflection I made at the time: That it was well worth my while to have taken so long a voyage; though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than the seeing what passed in the last hours of Mrs. Morice. I am, dear brother, yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS.

CCCCXLIX. To Mr. MORICE*.

Dec. 20, 1729.

..... and blamed my own stupidity, which, I fear, will increase upon me now I am alone; and (to say the truth) take some pleasure in being so; having leisure to recollect and consider every way what passed in that sad scene at Toulouse, which, I believe, will ever be graved firmly in my memory. Whenever I forget it—as I now desire, so I shall then deserve, to live no longer: for it was intended, doubtless, for my instruction and use, by Him that brought that affliction upon me; and I am in the wrong, if I do not employ it to that purpose.

The loss, dear Mr. Morice, that we have had, is invaluable, and irretrievable on your side as well as mine: nothing in this world can make us amends for

* This is a rough draught, and imperfect; but it is in the Bishop's hand, and indorsed by him, "Copy and extract to Mr. Morice, Dec. 20, 1729." Mr. Morice adds, "after Mrs. Morice's death."

it. I particularly am stripped of one, who was an ornament and support to me in all my misfortunes; who was tied to me by affection, as well as duty; and whose friendship, discretion, and other good qualities, I could upon all occasions have relied on with the utmost security. She helped me to bear all other ill accidents: who will help me now to bear this as I ought to do? I know you will do your part: but you want so much comfort yourself, that I cannot expect much assistance of that kind from you. Your letters, the frequency and fulness of them, are what I chiefly depend on in this respect; and I promise myself that you will be so much the less wanting in them, as you know well that I have more need of them than formerly.

FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. My forgiving Roberts* for her letter.

He writ to Cotton, and thank him.

Mrs. Roberts's airs and managements at Toulouse.

How he likes *his companion*? *a riddle*?

That he should see Mr. Inese.

To Salkeld, if in straits, two or three loudors.

Letter about Lock, first shewed to the lady.

Send me an account of the packets, *how received*.

Remember Mrs. Morice, and Me!

* See p. 89.

CCCCCL. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Jan. 30, 1729-30.
Feb. 10

I WAS pleased to receive yours of Jan. $\frac{15}{28}$ from Westminster. I had that of Jan. $\frac{2}{8}$ from Dover. I shall be under an uneasy suspense of mind, till I hear of the arrival of the body, and what relates to the last melancholy offices that are to be performed towards it. In the mean time I share at this distance (and perhaps more than share) the deep concern with which your present melancholy sad circumstances must be attended. I am glad your two eldest children had any just sense of their loss; and doubt not but you will every way take care to keep alive in them the remembrance of their mother, who can now be no otherwise serviceable to them than by her character. Their and your loss is great; nor is mine little, Mr. Morice, or very easy to be borne by me. My burthen grows greater as my strength decays, which should support me under it. I am not well, nor yet extremely ill. I have nothing of the gout (perhaps it were better that I had); but such an heaviness and indisposition towards thought or action, as I never before felt. I can neither bring nor keep up my mind (which grows old together with my body) to any fixed degree of serious attention; nor care I much for company, such especially as I meet here; so my time passes away in no very agreeable manner, as you may imagine. I have a long journey to perform from hence to Paris, and doubt whether I may have

strength to perform it at the time when it becomes proper; being under an apprehension that a fit of the gout, which has been so long unexpectedly deferred, may then seize me. But that must be as God pleases. The pains of my breast are not gone, nor yet are they very troublesome to me. I use no doctors in the case: for they pretend not to be able to do me much service. Larroquet has been with me for a day or two; but has for this fortnight and more attended on the young Earl of Lincoln* at Aix, nor know I when I shall see him. As to the other people here, I see them as often as I care for it. I am not able to send you the translation † you desire at present: nor is it at all necessary to be done by my hand. The spirit and elegance you mention are unnecessary in the case: 'tis sufficient for the purpose and the person for whom it is desired ‡, that the plain sense of it be represented, in order to form a judgement how far any part of it is or is not proper; towards which the beauty of style no way contributes. And this can be as well done with you, as here. Nevertheless, if it be the express desire of the person that wants it, it must and shall be complied with, as soon as I am in a condition to perform what is asked; which at present I really am not. I have your bill upon Waters for 200 l.; but do not at present, nor

* George 9th Earl of Lincoln, who was born Jan. 16, 1718; and to whom King George I. was godfather. He died at Montpellier (where he was attended by his mother) April 30, 1730; and was succeeded in title by Henry his brother, the present Duke of Newcastle.

† Of Dr. Chamberlen's epitaph. See the original among the poetical articles in this volume. ‡ Mrs. Hopkins, Dr. Chamberlen's daughter. See vol. II. p. 284.

shall

shall soon need it. I have a letter, in relation to the money matter you have undertaken to solicit, in which are these words :

“ I am very much obliged to you for your friendship
“ concerning my private affair. Pray do me the favour
“ to thank Mr. Morice from me, for his civility and
“ friendship in taking the trouble to meddle with that
“ business, under the concern he must be in for his
“ late loss.”

You see how much you will oblige, if you can bring that point to a good issue ; and you will therefore, I hope, leave no stone unturned towards it. It will for ever be remembered with gratitude by the person obliged ; and is in itself so reasonable a point, and so full of good consequences, that will be every way agreeable to those themselves who are to be applied to, that I cannot but flatter myself that they will consent to it. If they comply, insist upon it, that it be in such an effectual manner, as may fully enable the person wanting their assistance to execute what he intends. I hope you had a long one from me, in answer to yours from Calais. No letters for you have come to my hands, since those inclosed to you when you were at Paris. All you said to a certain honest, but tatling young fellow, at Paris, concerning Mrs. Roberts *, is come round to me again ; which I tell you, not to make you uneasy, but to render you upon your guard against such ill-judged confidence for the future. I insist upon your not taking the least notice of it to him. I am

* See p. 86.

not a little pleased that the lady * who so much esteemed the dead †, still continues her good offices to the living. I hope her goodness will rather increase than diminish. I shall be extremely uneasy till I hear from you on all those chief heads which I have most at heart, and most earnestly recommend to you. After those, accounts of public persons and things (such as you know I want, and wish for) would be most grateful to me. Lord Nottingham ‡, I find, is dead; and his son, the present Lord, married to Lord Denbigh's sister §. I should be glad to know how that dispute between the son and father ended, and whether the latter died in good terms with the former. I have the speech, and address of the Lords; the other from the Commons is, to be sure, at least as strong. 'Tis easy to see how the opposition given to the Court (if any be given) will end. The

* The Dutchess of Buckingham; whose regard for Mrs. Morice appears throughout this collection, and whose respect for Mr. Morice and his children may be seen in a Letter dated April 26, 1734. To this great lady the Bishop, in a codicil to his will, dated about seven months earlier than this letter, thus feelingly expresses his attachment: "I give to my ever-honoured friend the Dutchess of Buckingham my diamond ring; thanking her, with my last breath, for all the instances of her goodness to me, and not doubting but she will continue them also to Mrs. Morice!"

† "Yesterday the fine monument, erected in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart. was finished; and it is thought to be the finest piece of workmanship of that kind; and another is going to be set up, by the same Architect, to the memory of Mrs. Morice, late wife to Wm. Morice, Esq. High-Bailiff of Westminster." Daily Post-boy, April 28, 1730.

‡ Daniel, 2d Earl of Nottingham and 6th Earl of Winchelsea, died Jan. 1, 1729-30.

§ Daniel, 7th Earl of Winchelsea, married, 1729, Lady Frances Fielding, daughter of Basil Earl of Denbigh. He died Aug. 2, 1767, in his 81st year.

credit

credit of this peace will carry every thing before it—nor is there ground enough left to stand upon, in order to manage an attack, as far as yet appears of the state of things. So the session may be very short, and may probably not be very troublesome. You see what long letters I write, who have nothing to say to you from hence worth your knowing. Can you deny me the satisfaction of still longer from you, who can speak to me on so many points that will be highly useful and instructive as well as agreeable to me? I depend upon your dwelling on such subjects as much and often as your leisure and opportunities will suffer you.

Your next, perhaps, will bring some particular accounts how all was received that you took along with you; and how the proposal about your office*. I suppose it is not regarded; for, if I understand aright the copy of the letter written to you at Paris, and transmitted to me from you (I think) at Calais, the high blood some people are in will make them very unattentive to all such proposals, and treat them with the utmost negligence and contempt. This I expect, and shall be extremely surprized to find it otherwise.

Adieu, dear Mr. Morice! My blessing to you and your children! I am sorry this way of correspondence

* Of High-bailiff of Westminster; which he soon after resigned. See p. 114.

"On Thursday last (May 18) Colonel Chartres was at Holland-house, near Kensington, to treat with Mr. Morice, the High-bailiff of Westminster, for the remainder of his goods and chattels seized by the said gentleman on account of his conviction and felony." London Evening Post, May 21, 1730.

"Colonel Chartres paid Mr. Morice 3000l. by way of composition, in August 1730. At the same time he paid to Alderman Baker, and to John Williams, Sheriff of London, each 1650l." Weekly News, Sept. 4, 1730.

is likely to prove so dilatory, especially since you have not, and I cannot pitch upon any other. I may probably write to you by a gentleman that goes over to England soon; after that, I shall lie still (as to all matters that require to be spoken of with freedom), till I am sure of the canal made use of, by the replies I receive from you.

Just now the inclosed comes to me from Bourdeaux; and therefore I transmit it to you—and shall say nothing of the contents of it, but what I have added in my own hand at the end of that letter. The weather has been fine ever since the 5th, the time fixed for sailing: so I hope all is safe, and that they are near arrived by this time. God sustain and comfort you under your trouble! and bless you and yours! and may the kindness and friendship of the great lady * continue—which, as soon as I receive what I expect from thence, and have by that means a proper handle to write given me, I will not fail to acknowledge.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLI. To Mr. POPE.

[Undated.]

I VENTURE to thank you for your kind and friendly letter, because I think myself very sure of a safe conveyance; and I am uneasy till I have told you what impressions it made upon me. I will do it with the same simplicity and truth with which I wrote to you from Montpelier upon a very melancholy occasion; the memory of which would have been in the most touching manner awakened by what you writ, had it been entirely

* The Dutchess of Buckingham. See p. 90.

laid asleep, as it never will or can be. Time, and a succession of other objects, added to Reason and Religion (for even these great principles, that should command our nature, want now and then some assistances from it) may divert the attention of my mind from what it loves too much to think of, though it finds no pleasure in such thoughts: they may deaden the quick sense of grief, and prevent the frequent returns of it; but where it is well fixed, they cannot extinguish it.

CCCCCLII. WILLIAM MORICE, Esq. Licence to go and visit the late Bishop of ROCHESTER; dated July 16, 1730.

G E O R G E R.

WHEREAS by an act passed in the ninth year of the reign of our late royal father, intituled, "An act," &c. [as in p. 35.] And whereas the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, in pursuance of the said act, departed out of this realm, and resides in foreign parts; and William Morice, Esq. son-in-law of the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, being desirous to visit him, hath humbly besought us to grant him such leave and licence as is for that purpose reserved to us to give and grant by the said act; which we have taken into our royal consideration, and have been graciously pleased to gratify him in his request: We do, therefore, by these presents, give and grant unto the said William Morice, during our pleasure, full liberty, leave, and licence, to go and reside with the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, his father-in-law, for some time; and as well during his stay in parts beyond the seas, as in this our kingdom, freely to hold, entertain, and

and keep intelligence and correspondence, in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with his said father-in-law, or with any person or persons employed by him, touching the lawful occasions of him the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester: And we do also, during our pleasure, permit, license, and allow, all our subjects, of what degree, name, title, or quality soever, upon all lawful occasions, to hold, entertain, and keep intelligence and correspondence with the said William Morice, as well in foreign parts or places, as in this our realm. And we do further give and grant him full liberty, leave, and licence, to take along with him servants, to whom we give full licence and liberty to go, abide, and return, as to them shall seem meet; so as the names of such servants, before they enter upon any such journey or voyage, be delivered to one of our Principal Secretaries of State, or to one of his Under Secretaries, and be by him indorsed on the back of this our sign manual, as the servants intended for the service of the said William Morice by these presents. And our subjects are also, upon all lawful occasions, hereby permitted to hold correspondence with any of the said servants. Given under our sign manual, at our Castle of Windsor, the sixth day of July, 1730, in the fourth year of our reign.

By his Majesty's command,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Servants appointed to attend	}	WILLIAM WALTER.
William Morice, Esq. in pursu-		JOHN DAVIS.
ance of this licence :		WILLIAM SLANN.

Indorsed by me, CH. DELAFAYE.

CCCCLIII.

CCCCLIII. To Mr. DENNIS.

SIR,

Paris, 1730.

I HEAR one of my adversaries * has not considered duly your merit ; but continues firm to the present fashion of distinguishing every kind of it by ill treatment.

I am informed by the news-papers, that there is a voluntary subscription going forwards for your advantage. I send you my mite †, which I have really borrowed in order thereto ; for it so happens, that some enemies of mine enjoy an affluence I am deprived of ; but I have made this little effort as one instance that it is people, not denominations, I consider ; and, to the best of my small power of shewing, I always shall be proud of doing it.

FR. ROFFEN.

* Sir Robert Walpole, whom the Bishop always considered as the principal instigator of the measures that were taken against him.

† The Bishop and Mr. Dennis had been very intimate at their first setting-out in the world (especially when his Lordship was Preacher at the Rolls). What he here calls his mite, was the genteel present of £. 100. Mr. Dennis died in 1734, and was buried at the parish-church of St. Martin in the Fields.

CCCCLIV. To Mons. ROLLIN.

REVERENDE ATQUE ERUDITISSIME VIR,

6^o Kal. Jan. 1731. [Dec. 27, 1730.]

CUM, monente amico quodam, qui juxta ædes tuas habitat, scirem te Parisios revertisse; statui salutatum te ire, ut primùm per valetudinem liceret. Id officii, ex pedum infirmitate aliquandiu dilatum, cùm tandem me impleturum sperarem, frustra feci; domi non eras. Restat, ut quod coram exequi non potui, scriptis saltem literis præstem; tibi que ob ea omnia (quibus à te auctus sum) beneficia, grates agam, quas habeo certè, & semper habiturus sum, maximas.

Reverà munera illa librorum nuperis à te annis editorum egregia ac perhonorifica mihi visa sunt. Multi enim facio, & te, vir præstantissime, & tua omnia quæcunque in isto literarum genere perpolita sunt; in quo quidem te cæteris omnibus ejusmodi scriptoribus facilè antecellere, atque esse eundem & dicendi & sentiendi magistrum optimum, prorsùs existimo: cùmque in excolendis his studiis aliquantulum ipse & operis & temporis posuerim, liberè tamen profiteor me, tua cum legam ac relegam, ea edoctum esse a te, non solùm quæ nesciebam prorsùs, sed etiam quæ antea didicisse mihi visus sum. Modestè itaque nimium de opere tuo sentis, cùm juventuti tantùm instituendæ elaboratum id esse contendis. Ea certè scribis, quæ à viris istiusmodi rerum haud imperitis, cum voluptate & fructu legi possunt. Vetera quidem & satis cognita revocas in memoriam; sed ita revocas, ut illustres, ut ornes; ut aliquid vetustis adjici-

cias quod novum sit; alienis quod omnino tuum: bonasque picturas bonâ in luce collocando efficis, ut etiam iis a quibus sæpiſſime conſpectæ ſunt, elegantiores tamen ſolitò appareant, & placeant magis.

Certè, dum Xenophontem sæpiùs verſas, ab illo, & ea quæ à te plurimis in locis narrantur, & ipſum ubique narrandi modum videris traxiſſe, ſtylique Xenophontei nitorem ac venuſtam ſimplicitatem non imitari tantùm, ſed planè aſſequi: ita ut ſi Gallicè ſciſſet Xenophon, non aliis illum, in eo argumento quod tractas, verbis uſurum, non alio prorsùs more ſcripturum judicem.

Hæc ego, haud aſſentandi cauſâ (quod vitium procul a me abeſt) ſed verè ex animi ſententiâ dico. Cùm enim pulchris a te donis ditatus ſim, quibus, in eodem, aut in alio quopiam doctrinæ genere referendis, imparem me ſentio, volui tamen propenſi erga te animi gratique teſtimonium proferre, & te aliquo ſaltem munuſculo *, eſi perquam diſſimili, remunerari.

Perge, vir docte admodum & venerande, de bonis literis, quæ nunc neglectæ paſſim & ſpretæ jacent, benè mereri; perge juventutem Gallicam (quando illi ſolummodo te utilem eſſe vis) optimis & præceptis & exemplis informare.

Quod ut facias, annis ætatis tuæ elapſis multos adjiciat Deus! iis que decurrentibus ſanum te præſtet atque incolumem. Hoc ex animo optat ac vovet tui obſervantiſſimus,

FRANCISCUS ROFFENSIS.

P. S. Præſurum te mecum poſt Feſta dixit mihi amicus ille noſter qui tibi vicinus eſt. Cum ſtatueris

* The Biſhop had ſent him his Sermons.

tecum quo die adfuturus es, id illi significabis. Me
certè annis malisque debilitatum, quodocunque veneris,
domi inuenies.

CCCCLV. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Monday night, Paris, Jan. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1730-31.

I HOPE this letter will find you safely arrived at
Calais, without any accident *. Letters from
Spain † came in after you went ;—in one of them are
these words : “ Pray make my compliments to Mr.
“ Morice. I shall always be very sensible of his
“ friendship.”

I have nothing new to tell you, but that Tom, after
coming up to me, crying, and asking my blessing, ran
away with his laced hat ‡, as Osbaldiston informs me.

My blessing to your children ! I shall hear of you
from Calais, and at the end of your journey. You see
I begin to use my hand ; and am always most affection-
ately yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLVI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Feb. 14, 1730-31.

THE packet that brought your letter of the 1st did
not arrive till the 8th. An indisposition hindered
me from writing to you the Saturday after. I am glad
you performed your journey, and found the children so

* Mr. Morice's arrival in London, Jan. 26, 1730-31,
was announced in the public papers.

† Probably from the Duke of Ormond. See p. 102.

‡ See p. 101.

well.

well. My blessing to them ! I have received the bill of 4448 livres Since remittances are so favourable, I wish you would send me 200l. more. Your news from Mr. Stert * is very good : I hope he will go on till the whole debt is paid you. You are spoke of still more obligingly in other letters from the same person † ; who particularly thanks you for your intended services to a good boy of his acquaintance, which he reckons as done to himself. You cannot, I find, oblige him more than in assisting that gentleman in his money matters ; and the sooner the better, for 'tis wanted. He complains that one of his agents has his head so full of other affairs, that he neglects his ; and I am apt to believe there is truth in the complaint.

The English Dictionary is come at last ; and I gave it to the Abbé, who had desired it. When you send me the watch again (which I desire you would do as soon as conveniently you can), pray let the maker say under his hand, what damage, if any, has been done to it, particularly whether the spring is changed. Pray transmit to me what you promised about obtaining the sign-manual. I am concerned to read in the prints, that Lord Foley's second son ‡ is dead ; and, if it might

* See p. 107.

† See pp. 98. 102.

‡ The Hon. Strode-Talbot Foley, esq. 2d son of Thomas Lord Foley, died on the road from Bath, Jan. 20, 1730-31 ; and on his father's monument in Witley church is called "egregiæ indolis juvenem, elegantiarum artium apprimè studiosum ; ostensum modo, & eheu ! anno ætatis vice-fimo quinto desideratum." His parents did not long survive ; Lord Foley dying Jan. 22, 1732-3 ; and his lady in Dec. 1735.—"The present church of Witley was built by the first

might be permitted, would be glad to have my Lord and Lady know, how sincere a part I take in the grief they must have on this occasion. I suppose it will quicken the resolutions of marrying Mr. Foley *; I hope it will.

I suppose ere this arrives you will have seen your Twittenham friend †, and gently touched him upon the little mistake he made in the letter he writ to you.

I have been in the apartment where you lay, ever since the Wednesday after you left me; and found myself, upon the change of lodging, immediately better. And so I continued to mend till within these three or four days, when the gout seized me again in my right hand; so that I now use it with some difficulty. However, I hope it is going off again. I caught it, I suppose, by thinking myself better than I was, and not observing so exact a regimen with regard to my diet as I used

“ Lord Foley and Mary his widow, and is a room worthy
 “ the opulence and taste of the family; there is a very good
 “ closet on the north side of the altar, which communicates
 “ with the house, facing which is a sumptuous marble mo-
 “ nument of the builder of this church and his family: the
 “ whole building is very completely finished; the windows
 “ were painted by Price in the year 1719, and the cielings
 “ by Verrio; they were designed for the chapel at Canons;
 “ but when misfortunes befel the magnificent Duke of Chan-
 “ dos, they were purchased by the second Lord Foley, and
 “ fit this church as well as if they had been originally de-
 “ signed for it. It is impossible, and therefore vain to wish,
 “ that all the parish churches of this county were as hand-
 “ some as this; but I wish they were made as dry and whole-
 “ some.”

Dr. Nash, Worcestershire, vol. II. p. 466.

* This gentleman, who succeeded to the barony on his father's death, died unmarried, Jan. 8, 1766, in his 63d year, when the title became extinct.

† Mr. Pope.

o do: for I have taken no cold since I came into my new quarters, notwithstanding the rigour of the season. I have never once stirred out of them, nor shall, I believe, till the weather opens; so your berlin and horses lie unemployed. The mare is still upon my hands. I intend to make a present of her to any friend that wants one for a chaise, for I cannot get for her near the price she cost.

I will not send my services to your brother: but you know how much I thought myself obliged for the care he took to ship-off Obby in your absence, and for the accounts he sent of him to you. I am glad Tom was, as you say, so handy and useful to you: he was a little too handy here, in the freedom he took of *bringing away* the livery hat *, as you gently term it. Since he did it without my knowledge, I thought myself in the right to say, he *stole* it. However, I wish he may do well, either in your service or any other.

You have a thousand things to do after such an absence: therefore I shall trouble you no more at present. And indeed I am heartily wearied of writing this letter; for my hand pains me.

Adieu! and believe me always yours most affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN.

If I do well, and my gout goes off, it shall not be long before you hear again from me.

* See p. 98.

CCCCLVII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Feb. $\frac{5}{8}$, 1730-31.

THIS comes chiefly for the sake of the two inclosed, which I am desired to transmit to you. I had one at the same time, to the same purpose, from both of them. I do not like the employing you to take the remittance out of Arbuthnot's, and put it into another French banker's hands whom you know not. 'Tis odious in itself, and useless to the Duke*, who can be no otherwise effectually served but by remitting the money immediately to Spain: nor can you well upon any other foot apply to the humorous gentleman; for how know you but the new person proposed may insist upon terms as disadvantageous to the Duke, as those which he now submits to? I shall say something of this kind myself, in answer to my letters, to prepare them a little for what you will afterwards more fully explain in yours to them. H. † would rave to hear of its being taken out of Arbuthnot's hands, on any other condition than that of saving so much money by making but one return; and therefore I can by no means advise your moving or meddling in it, on the foot proposed.

The principal person has written no letter to me since, without mentioning your kindness to the Knight ‡: so that that matter, I see, sits much at his heart; and you

* Of Ormond. See pp. 98, 99.

† Mr. Hutcheson. See vol. II. pp. 402, 403, 426. vol. III. p. 27.—Mr. Hutcheson was talked of for Speaker in 1722; and on the 4th of May that year appeared, "A Collection of Advertisements, Letters, and Papers, and some other Facts, relating to the last election at Westminster and Hastings, with a Preface thereto by Mr. Hutcheson."

‡ See pp. 104. 106. 111.

would

would please him much could you do any thing to the purpose in it.

Pray forget not to vindicate me, as publicly as you can, about Voltaire's mentioning me in his Preface *. I have done it here myself; and so loudly, that I believe he will scarce venture to visit me any more.

I desire you also to tell H. (and others) what you know to be true, in relation to the Duke of Ormond's leaving England, and the advice I constantly gave to the contrary—that I may not suffer under so false and groundless an aspersions. You have wherewithal effectually to do it.

There's an end, I believe, of the Duke's intended journey to France; for he will be so well received whither he is

* This was in a discourse on tragedy, prefixed to the 4th edition of the Essay upon the Civil Wars in France, 1731, 8vo, in the following words: "I have not forgot how many disputes had in England about our versification; and the objections which the learned Bishop Atterbury frequently makes to me. with regard to that childish restraint, as he calls it, which we so unnecessarily lay ourselves under. But I must beg your Lordship to believe that the better a foreigner becomes acquainted with our tongue, the more he will be reconciled to our rhyme, though it disgusts him so much at first." &c. See above, p. 361.

The following paragraph from the British Journal of Jan. 28, 1726-7, may amuse the admirers of this lively Writer:

"Last week M. Voltaire, the famous French Poet, who was banished from France, was introduced to his Majesty, who received him very graciously. They say he received notice from France, not to print his poem of the League; a prosecution still depending against him, by the Cardinal de Bissy, on the account of the praises bestowed in that book on Queen Elizabeth's behaviour in matters of Religion, and a great many strokes against the abuse of Popery, and against persecution in matters of faith."

going, as not to be able to insist on his first proposal. If that be the case, Hall will leave him: and then, if you know any discreet clergyman of character, who would be glad to supply his room, it would be a kindness to the Duke to recommend one; and no unkindness to the clergyman, if otherwise not well employed: for the Duke's salary is considerable; and if a man of temper, good conduct, and prudence, the Duke will pay him all manner of regard, and by little and little let him into his confidence, as he has done Hall. And it will not be amiss for you to have one you have obliged, about the Duke's person: for I see plainly that the Duke is already so well disposed towards you, that, should any thing happen to him that has the disposal of his affairs, you are the person he would chuse to trust to. And whenever he comes home, if you keep up your acquaintance by doing him little services, you will certainly find your account in it.

Salkeld has received ten guineas here, in part for his translation, from the English bookseller. I know not how far further you undertook to serve him.

The Knight *, as I apprehend, is so pressed, as not to be able to stir from Chatou, till a supply comes. If, upon looking into the affair, you find the money will be paid after some little delay, and tell me so, I'll endeavour to bring him out of his straits by advancing it.

I wrote to you on Wednesday last by the post, desiring 200 l. more to be remitted, since it is so much to my advantage at present †. I hear nothing from Mr. Dartford ‡ of late; nor am like to hear. You will send

* See pp. 102. 106. 111. † See p. 99. ‡ See p. 108.

me his letter, as you promised. Leblanc was again playing the rogue, and threatening to put up a bill, but Cocque stopped him; and Skelton gave himself airs of concern and zeal on that occasion. So all is quieted till Arbuthnot arrives, and brings the lease with him. When that will be, I know not. I have never seen LL* or Bu. since you went. But something has happened of late in public affairs, that may render me more welcome here than I have been; and by that means procure me the favour of their acquaintance again, by the same order † by which they withdrew themselves. If so, I shall be as shy, in my turn, as they have been.

I perceive by the public prints K. ‡ is getting out of prison; and suppose that was the reason of his pressing for a settlement. You will let me know how his affair stands; and what the mystery was of Mrs. K's retirement §. This court seems to be in a way of preparing matters for a rupture with yours.

Adieu! Blessing to the children! FR. ROFFEN.

Pray enquire a little about a proper valet-de chambre: for I know not how soon I may be obliged to part with my present one; and let me know when you have one in your eye, that is sober, gentle, and cleanly. You know I gave 400 livres, which is great wages. He must be able to shave; and I wish he spoke French a little—I am very well.

* Q. Lochiel? See p. 295. † This needs no illustration.

‡ Kelly.

§ See p. 106.

CCCCLVIII. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Feb. 19, 1730-31.
March 2

TH E letter I now inclose to you was inclosed to me in one from Chatou ; which was expressed in such a manner, that I really understood the Knight * to have only sent me an open copy of what he had written to you ; nor do I yet know whether he had any other meaning. Lest he should, I transmit the paper itself that he sent me ; which, by the fairness of the hand, I believe, might be intended for you.

You'll speak to the provider of the two pieces of burgundy ; and let them know what sort of wine it is, and me what price you pay for it. Some papers of printed verses, and a pamphlet or two, came with the Dictionary : but there's no trusting to booksellers to chuse those things ; they send what lies before them in their shop, and upon their hands.

I have the second bill upon Waters, for 4448 livres. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance on your side, by whom I hope the watch will come over, and whatever else you have to send me. Arbuthnot is not yet, that I hear of, returned from his travels. I have told S——n † what happened to the English Bible. I suppose it is no great loss to him.

They talk here, that you are upon the scent of a plot at home ; and that the dismissing Lord Inverness ‡

* See pp. 102. 104. 111.

† i. rigadier Skelton probably ; of whom see p. 105 ; and vol. II. p. 368.

‡ See vol. II. p. 296.

is one of the grounds upon which you entertain the belief of it. All I can say in that case is, that, if there be any such thing, I am no ways privy to it. I have not seen K. since you saw him, though I have sent to enquire after him at his place of abode : which, I hear, he has new hung and turnished. When you know the mystery of his sister's motions *, you will impart it to me. I make use of the same conveyance I did as to the former ; because I see the man is diligent, and believe him to be honest. My blessing to you, and to the children ! When W. comes, I hope to hear from you on some articles omitted in yours.

Adieu, dear Mr. Morice!

FR. ROFFEN.

Sir P. R. † is in good earnest going to Portugal.

What you desire about Stert ‡, and the people on that side, shall be done. You are mentioned in every letter from those quarters.

CCCCLIX. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

March $\frac{14}{25}$, 1730-31, late at night.

THIS moment the bringer comes to me with a packet, and tells me he goes away to-morrow morning. I have company, and have time only to turn over the papers, and take out what belongs to you ; but not time even to read what I transmit.

I expect in two or three days a private hand, and will write to you.—I have had all yours—two by Williams, and one from Bologna. I immediately dispatched that

* See p. 105.
vol. II. pp. 368. 141.

† Sir P. Redmond. probably. See
‡ See p. 99.

for Spain.—When you write to Dartford *, I desire to see nothing of it.—Take the direct way of conveyance, by the W. that brings this, or the other † W.—But when you write to the knight at Chatou ‡, I should be glad you'd make me the conveyer of it.—I cannot say he is so grateful as he ought to be; for Williams tells me, he mentions his obligations to nobody but Carte § for what has been returned him.

This is no letter, but a note only. I have not time to write one, but will soon. FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLX. To Mr. WILLEMIN.

MR. WILLEMIN,

Thursday afternoon, [March $\frac{18}{29}$, 1731.]

HAD I imagined you intended to stay so long to-day, I would have written more amply to Mr. Morice; and must desire you to let him know the reason why I did not. I thank you for all yours upon the road, and at the end of it.

The papers you spoke to me about, I have not yet by me, or near me: but will get them against you come back; and so you may tell the person that directed your speaking of them to me—to whom, I suppose, you may write from this side of the water. I wish you a good journey backwards and forwards; and, when you come back, let me know, as soon as you can, of your coming, that I may have time to prepare things.

* See p. 104.

† The two W's were Williams and Willemin.

‡ See p. 107.

§ Thomas Carte, the famous Nonjuring Historian. See vol. II. p. 379.

CCCCLXI. To Mr. WILLEMIN.

Thursday, between 3 and 4, [March $\frac{18}{29}$, 1731.]

SINCE I writ to you (an hour ago), I have received from Arbuthnot a packet, with the same address as the other; which why it was not before sent me, I know not; for he arrived on Sunday March $\frac{7}{13}$, eleven days ago.

Pray write, while you are on this side, and satisfy the sender, that every thing shall be punctually done, as directed, upon your return hither; which, you say, will be in ten days.

Pray tell Mr. Morice, when you see him, how Arbuthnot has used me; and let him know he shall hear from me soon by a private hand. FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXII. To Mr. MORICE.

Thursday noon, March $\frac{18}{29}$, 1731.

WALTER has been waiting all this morning to deliver the inclosed to Willemin, who went out before 8 o'clock, and is not yet returned, and goes not (it seems) till this afternoon, though he told me to the contrary, and put me into a needless hurry; in which I also continue, for want of his giving me true notice of his motions. Nevertheless I will add something to the inclosed.

I sent you a letter by M——en, which I hope you received. In it was inclosed one from our friend in Spain, begging your interposition on your side in behalf
of

of the miserable Duke of Wharton*. You will do what he desires, though, I fear, to little purpose. You have made him yours always by what you have already done for him; and I doubt not but in three weeks time I shall have a letter from him to you, desiring you to receive and transmit his quarterly payments. Your letter to him is a good, a reasonable, and an obliging one. What I send you for the future shall be by fr—a, since you seem to place most confidence in him.

Duke of Ormond is invited to Rome; and though he is extremely loth to go, and declines it as much as possible, yet, I believe, go he will; though not perhaps till autumn. In the mean time, Lord Marshal†, who is also invited, is actually going. These things every body that knows them (as nobody yet does) will be mightily pleased with.

I am glad Hutcheson is convinced at last; 'tis high time he should be. He has done me wrong a great while, in his own thoughts, and in spreading the opinion among others: 'tis high time to make me amends.

I see you are afraid to see Pope, and easily guess at your reasons. I have mine, while I almost despair of making up that matter; since the prejudices conceived

* Who was then declining so fast that he had not the use of his limbs. About the period when this letter was written, he had gained a little strength, and found some benefit, from a mineral water in the mountains of Catalonia. He relapsed in the month of May; and falling into a fainting fit as he passed through a small village, was utterly destitute of common necessities, till some charitable father of a Bernardine convent received him under their hospitable roof, where, after languishing a week, he died, and was buried in the same humble manner as the members of the convent. See above, p. 415; the "Illustrations" at the end of this volume, N^o III.

† See a letter from Bp. Atterbury to this celebrated Peer, dated Feb. 14, 1731-2.

are, I see, so strong, and so unlikely to be altogether removed.

I had my watch, but none of the news you promised me by the bearer. I have seen him little—Sir R. Ev. has stolen him away from me: he likes Chatou*; for there he has his belly full of wine, and there he has lived.

If then you have paid for the two pieces of burgundy, let me know how I am used. One piece is to be drawn to-day. I believe it is such as will not tempt me to deal that way any more, if I live to another year, and am to live in France. In Kelly's matter you must do as you judge reasonable, but without settling of fixed annual pensions. Since you say you can't find the Dutchess's letter, pray don't look any more for it. I am satisfied to believe the thing, without having the evidences of it. You must not mention any thing of the Duke's motions; so as they may reach Hutcheson's ear. For, as they may not take place; so, if they do, the news may make Hutcheson peevish, and stop his hand.

I shall be glad to have what you say about Walpole prove true; but perhaps he has, by this new treaty, strengthened himself: for the day before yesterday an exprets came from Liria to Castellare, that the treaty between the Emperor and England was sealed on the 16th; and that with Spain will probably follow.

My neighbour Marquis begins to take down his hired furniture. When he himself dislodges, I know not.

I am straitened in time, and afraid of losing the opportunity by Willemin. Therefore blessing to you all! and adieu!

FR. ROFFEN.

* See pp. 102. 104. 106.

CCCCLXIII. To Mr. —.

SIR,

May 1st, 1731.

THE difference of sentiments about the administering the Holy Eucharist, which has occasioned a separation of communion among the Nonjuring Clergy, has been always matter of just concern and grief to me. I expressed my thoughts of it when in England, once to Dr. Bret *, and more than once to Mr. Collier †; together with my earnest wishes, that some way might be found out of healing that division, which otherwise would, in my opinion, prove mischievous to the common cause, and to the honour and interest of the Church of England. It was therefore with great satisfaction I perused two papers proposed to be signed on each side, for the extinguishing that dispute, and preventing the ill consequences of it; I pray God

* Thomas Bret, LL. D. born Sept. 3, 1667. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards entered into orders; but becoming dissatisfied with the oaths directed to be taken by the government, he vacated his living, by neglecting to qualify himself for holding it according to law. From this time, though treated with great kindness and lenity by Archbishops Tenison and Wake, he could not be prevailed upon to be even a lay-communicant according to the rites of the Church of England. He published, among other things, "A Collection of the principal Liturgies used by the Christian Church in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, with a Dissertation upon them, shewing their usefulness and authority, and pointing out their several corruptions and interpolations, 1720;" and died March 5, 1743. See his character in Masters's History of Corpus Christi College, p. 248.

† Probably the celebrated Nonjuror, Dr. Jeremy Collier.

that proposal might take place, and that no objection to the established form may be insisted on, or ever mentioned any more, till an opportunity shall be given of considering them in full convocation, and of making such alteration as shall be then judged fit and requisite by the same authority by which it stands at present enjoined.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXIV. Mrs. WILLIAMS to her Son.

DEAR SON,

Penallt Ddŵ, July 19, 1731.

I RECEIVED yours about three weeks ago, to my great comfort and satisfaction, in that you were got safe and well to your journey's end, hoping that you intend to return sooner than you promised, by your great care of the little horse, which is in excellent order; and I heartily wish you could soon verify the Welsh proverb, "Gwedu treiglo pôb tre tēg yw edrych tiagadre;" that I might have the pleasure to see you ride him: but I fear your natural bent to the study of antiquities, your desire of polite conversation, your love of elegant living and Italian wines, may be too prevailing motives in retarding your progress towards this poor country, where none of those advantages can be gained in any tolerable degree, as you know very well. However, we have much less reason to complain this year, as I am well assured, than our neighbours in the West of England, where their hay, herbage, summer corn, and kitchen gardens, yield them little or nothing, insomuch that hay was sold at Bristol about the middle of June last for £ 5. per ton, and water 2½d. per pail, they being obliged to fodder their cattle twice in a day in most places, and in many places even their sheep; and all

this by reason of the greatest drought that ever we heard of in those parts; not but that it has been exceedingly dry with us, no flood having been seen in Tivi since Christmas, and the wind continuing near two thirds of the time from then till now easterly; yet, God be praised, we have a good crop of barley, rye, and wheat; our oats and hay but indifferent indeed. We have had several refreshing showers within this two months, which may be owing to the height of the mountains, by drawing to themselves most of the vapours that floated the neighbouring atmosphere; but this I submit to your better judgement, who are so well acquainted with the Alps.

Your service has been communicated to Trevach Tre-viger Tredeved, where they are all well; also to the Alderman and his family, and to the Doctor and his Father, all of them being desirous to have their love, service, and good wishes sent you. The Doctor, my Scribe, assures me, that the Alderman and he never forget the two Prophets over their cups. Your Cousin John and Mr. R. Laurence are very much your humble servants. The Post-master is beginning to recover from a fit of the gout, and is your humble servant. I am, dear Son, your loving and affectionate mother,

ANNE WILLIAMS.

P. S. I have no news to send you but that your Cousin Theophilus is dead above this two months, and left four children behind him.

CCCCLXV. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

July 22, 1731.
Aug. 2

THE public prints inform me that you have resigned your office *, and will be here some time in August. This letter therefore will reach you before you set out. It is to tell you that Walter and I have parted; so that I cannot well perform the intended journey to Calais, having now nobody to take proper care of me on the road. I had written to Calais for lodging and a chaise: but must not now think of the journey; though my health would, I hope, have held out well enough, if other accidents had been favourable. I must be contented therefore to see so many of the children only as you can bring with you to Paris; and it must be a most welcome sight to me. God send you and them safe to the end of your journey!

I will make an hard shift without a valet-de-chambre, till you bring over one with you; for here no English servant of that kind can be procured, and such an one I must have. God bless you and yours! Forget not what I have writ for; particularly a quantity of Daffy's elixir. I expect to see you so soon, that I will now add no more, but that I am yours always, most affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN.

* Mr. Morice resigned his office of high-bailiff of Westminster Feb. 14. 1730. 31. By Widmore's History of Westminster Abbey, p. 169, we find he paid 500 l. to the erecting of the dormitory, for leave to dispose of this office. See p. 91.

CCCCLXVI. To Mr. MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

July 28, 1731.
Aug. 8

HAVING written to you so often, and so lately, I doubted whether I should trouble you with an acknowledgement of yours of July $\frac{28}{3}$. Nevertheless, since some of mine may not have reached you, I send this after them; the last, I hope, I shall write to you before I see you. Walter being gone from me, and some symptoms of the gout having seized me, I dare not venture on the Calais journey, as I told you; which I am sorry for; because I would willingly have excused the two youngest children from travelling so far backwards and forwards as they must do, in order to see me. I could wish they would not set out till toward the end of this month, your style; that they may have the more likelihood of temperate weather, going and returning. I can easily check my desires of seeing you and them, when there would be manifest inconvenience and danger in hastening your journey. When you come, you will bring with you a valet-de-chambre, to supply Walter's room; some sober, handy fellow, that can shave, and of a better temper than him I have parted with. I am now without one; and poor George supplies my want in that case somewhat awkwardly. Should the fit of the gout, I at present apprehend, come on, I should still have more need of such a servant.

I have written to you, to bring tea, linen, plate, and such other little utensils as you know I have not, and are fit for such a family as ours will be when joined.

I writ

I writ also for Daffy's elixir, two or three maps, and a late edition of Horace*, by one Wade, I think, which a French gentleman here has desired me to procure for him. And if any of the books lately printed on your side are sent to you by the gentleman I employed for that purpose, you will allow them a place in your baggage. I know not the character of the Bishop of Lichfield's † pieces in defence of the Gospel miracles. If they are in good esteem, pray bring them along with you.

I have seen the three angry pamphlets ‡ occasioned by a late Craftsman. There are those who take care that Paris shall not want such curiosities; and somehow or other, after having gone through several hands, they happen to reach me. A pad will be of no use now till spring. I have more horses already (by one) than I know how to keep. That one you left in the stable;

* "Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Lib. V. Recensuit, &c. Georgius Wade, S. T. P. 1731." 8vo.

† "A Vindication of the Miracles of our Blessed Saviour; in which Mr. Woolston's Discourses on them are particularly examined." Vol. I. appeared in 1729, whilst the author was Bishop of St. David's; vol. II. in 1731, when he was Bishop of Lichfield.

‡ There were at this time so many angry pamphlets published, that it would have been difficult to point out those here alluded to had it not been for the next paragraph. By the clue there afforded, we are satisfied they were the following: 1. "Remarks on the Craftman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons in his Paper of May 12, 1731," 8vo, supposed by Sir Robert Walpole. 2. "An Answer to one part of the infamous Libel, intituled, 'Remarks,' &c. in which the Character and Conduct of Mr. P. is fully vindicated," 8vo, by Mr. Pulteney. 3. "A final Answer to the 'Remarks,' &c. and to all the Libels which have, or may come from the same quarter as the person last mentioned in the Craftsman of the 22d of May," 8vo, by Lord Bolingbroke. R.

and there you will find him. I will take care to have beds enough to receive you and your company. But a good part of the house, you know, is naked walls. You, after you are come, will take care of the furniture. The prints had informed me of your parting with your office: for which step, I suppose, you have had good reasons. Your next will bring me word, I hope, of your obtaining the sign manual in such a way as may for the future be the least expensive to you. Had that matter been set in a true light at the first, I cannot but think it would have been complied with; and that no unnecessary addition would have been made to the great charge you must be at in coming to see me. If you now make the application intended, I persuade myself that it will succeed. I desire you, as soon as you have your answer on that head, to impart it to me.

The article of 1600 odd pounds *, mentioned in one of the three prints, was news to me. Methinks, the pay was not proportioned to the service. The gentleman employed could, I believe, scarce find a precedent for what was done, in all the journals bestowed on him.

There may be other things besides those mentioned in this letter, which I want, and about which I have before written to you: though they do not at present occur. If, upon reviewing my letters, you find any such, you will take notice of them, and provide accordingly.

* In Mr. Pulteney's Answer, p. 23, he says, he defies the whole world to prove that he ever received any thing from the Crown BUT a present which his late Majesty made him of the Journals of Parliament. To this *The Free Briton*, N° 83, answers, that this BUT cost the King 1637 l. 17 s. which was on the memorable occasion of drawing up, when Chairman of the Select Committee, that famous Report against the Bishop of Rochester. To this passage the Bishop seems to refer in the text. R.

You

You may perhaps, when you arrive, find me actually under a fit of the gout ; for some tendencies that way I perceive : but, in other respects, I am rather better in health than I used, or indeed than I ever hoped to be.

Adieu, dear Mr. Morice ! my blessing to you and to your children !

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXVII.

Copy of Mr. MORICE's Petition to the Duke of NEWCASTLE ; with Draught of an intended Sign Manual, which was rejected : dated 1731.

To his Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, &c.

The humble Petition of WILLIAM MORICE, Son-in-law of FRANCIS late Bishop of ROCHESTER, in behalf of himself, and his three Infant Children, Grand-children of the said late Bishop,

S H E W E T H,

TH A T your petitioner's family affairs requiring him to go over to his said father-in-law, in parts beyond the seas ; and he being desirous to carry over with him his said three children to reside, from time to time, with their said grand-father, who is in a very advanced age and declining state of health, humbly beseeches your Grace, that he may obtain, under his Majesty's roval sign manual, such leave and licence, for that purpose, during his Majesty's pleasure, as is reserved to his Majesty to give and grant by the act of parliament, passed in the ninth year of his late Majesty's

reign, for inflicting pains and penalties on the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester. Your Grace's goodness and favour herein shall be ever acknowledged by your Grace's most humble petitioner.

WHEREAS by an act passed in the ninth year of the reign of our late royal father, intituled, "An act, &c. [as in p. 35.] And whereas the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, in pursuance of the said act, departed out of this realm, and resides in foreign parts; and William Morice, Esq. son in law of the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester, being desirous to visit his said father, has humbly besought us to grant him such leave and licence as is for that purpose reserved to us to give and grant by the said act; and has further prayed us to grant the same licence in behalf of his three infant children, Francis, Mary, and Charlotte, grandchildren of the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester: All which we have taken into our royal consideration, and have been graciously pleased to gratify him in his request: We do, therefore, by these presents, give and grant unto the said William Morice, and to his said three children, during our pleasure, full liberty, leave, and licence, from time to time, to go and visit the said Francis late Bishop of Rochester their father, and as well during their stay, from time to time, in parts beyond the seas, as during their abode in this kingdom, freely to hold, entertain, and keep intelligence and correspondence in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with his said father, or with any person or persons employed by him, upon all lawful occasions: And we do also permit, license, and allow, all our subjects, of what degree, name, title, or quality soever, upon all lawful occasions,

occasions, to hold, entertain, and keep intelligence and correspondence with the said William Morice and his said three children, as well in foreign parts and places, as in this our realm. And we do further give and grant, during our pleasure, full liberty, leave, and licence, to the said William Morice, to take along with him servants, to whom we give full licence and liberty to go, abide, and return, as to them shall seem meet; so as the names of such servants, before they enter upon any such journey or voyage, be delivered to one of our Principal Secretaries of State, or to one of his Under Secretaries, and be by some or one of them approved of, as the servants intended for the service of the said William Morice and his three children. Given under our sign manual, at , this . . . day of , 1731, and in the fifth year of our reign.

CCCCLXVIII. To Mr. WILLIAMS.

November, 1731 *.

I THANK you, Sir, for both your letters; one of an elder date, from Rome; the other from Albano, of Oct. 10, which I received two days ago. The account you give me of the medal, or coin, with the Triumvirs heads on it, and the cypher of Florus the mint-master on the reverse, is very agreeable news to me; and I must desire you to pursue that discovery as far as you can; and to get me, if possibly you can, a draught of both sides of the coin. If Ficcoroni can procure it from Count Waldec, or it can be procured from the cabinet of Parma, from the printed catalogue of that

* Indorsed, "Some time in November 1731. To the Rev. Mr. Williams at Rome."

cabinet,

cabinet, or any other collection, I will gladly pay what is requisite to obtain it. I have seen, as I told you, in England, a brass coin with Augustus's head, after he was entirely possessed of the Empire, with a flower on the reverse; and these words, or words like these, under it, *LVCIVS FLORVS TRIVMVIR MONETALIS P.* It is in my Lord Pembroke's collection. This gave me the hint for further enquiries. I cannot go to libraries here where the Parma Catalogue may be found. You can more easily come at it where you are; and I pray you so to do, and to give yourself some trouble (if necessary) towards perfecting the discovery. I am not ignorant that they graved better in Trajan's time than in the time of Augustus; and there is no doubt of the one of these being rarer than the other. But neither of these circumstances determine my value, which is proportioned to my esteem of the person represented. And therefore, if you have really a Cicero that may be depended upon as antient, you will do me a pleasure to bestow it on me; I mean, by letting me know what it cost, and giving me an opportunity of purchasing it from you.

I know Mr. Waddle; and should be glad to see what he says, to prove the reality of that string of names from Fergus the First, to Iergus the Second. I dare say, if Lord Marshal* knew my desires in that respect, he would suffer a copy of the paper to be taken for me.

I will enquire into the truth of what you have been told about the late Duke of Wharton's † papers, and you

* See pp. 110. 194.

† See p. 110.

shall have an account of it. Your Irishman of Scotch extraction will, I believe, be found to have stretched a little in his narrative. They lay what things they please upon that poor Duke that is gone. He had real faults enough ; they need not load his memory with new ones. I thank you for all the other advertisements in your letter. You will find yourself utterly mistaken in one of them—the article from Spain ; for the fleet with the forces is failed, and Don Carlos has actually begun his journey.

I cannot enter into other particulars (for I am not a little indisposed), but I thank you heartily for all of them. If I did not comply with the request you made in the name of a good friend of mine, I have sent you my reasons, and I hope you (and he) are satisfied with them. I can do any thing for my friends that becomes me to do ; and they will not insist on what does not. This Autumn my health has been various ; nor have I been able to reap all the advantage I wished from this beautiful season. The Winter that approaches will, I fear, deal worse with me ; and every succeeding year (if I live to see any more) will bring new infirmities for it. I am come to a time of life when I can have no other expectations. Adieu, Sir ; and believe that, whatever changes may happen to me, there will be none in the desire I have to serve you all ways to the best of my power.

I am concerned for what you say of Mr. Forster's ill state of health. My service to him ; he had a letter from me last post.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER's Vindication of HIMSELF,
Bp. SMALRIDGE, and Dr. ALDRICH*.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1731.

I HAVE lately seen an extract of some passages in Mr. Oldmixon's History of England. The first of them is said to be taken from his Preface to that History, p. 9. and runs in these words :

" I have, in more than one place of this History,
" mentioned the great reason there is to suspect that
" the History of the Rebellion, as it was published at
" Oxford, was not entirely the work of the Lord Cla-
" rendon; who did indeed write an History of those
" times, and, I doubt not, a very good one; wherein,
" as I have been (I believe) well informed, the charac-
" ters of the Kings, whose reigns are written, were
" different from what they appear in the Oxford History,
" and its copy, Mr. Echard's. I speak this by hear-

* Of this " Vindication" (which was first printed at Paris in 1731, and produced two notable performances, one in " The Free Briton, Dec. 9, 1731," and the other a pamphlet by Oldmixon, improperly called a " Reply,") Dr. Burton says, " it is a performance which must please every judicious reader. A paper," he adds, " coming from such an hand, written with such a spirit of superiority and force of reason, with the good manners of a Gentleman, as well as the charity of a Christian, must of course provoke the censures and cavils of some people, who seem resolved to be displeased with every evidence brought to support the credit of Lord Clarendon's History."

" say,

“ say, but *bear-say from a person superior to all suspicion,*
 “ *and too illustrious to be named* without leave.

“ I also humbly refer it to the decision of *another*
 “ *very honourable person*, whether there is not, to his
 “ knowledge, such an History, in manuscript, still
 “ extant; and *to a Reverend Doctor now living*, whe-
 “ ther he did not see the Oxford copy, by which the
 “ book was printed, altered, and interpolated, while
 “ it was at the press.

“ To which I must add, that there is now in custody
 “ of a gentleman of distinction, both for merit and qua-
 “ lity *, a History of the Rebellion, of the first folio
 “ edition, scored, in many places, by Mr. Edmund
 “ Smith of Christ-Church, Oxon, author of that ex-
 “ cellent tragedy, *Phædra and Hippolytus*; who himself
 “ altered the Manuscript History, and added what he
 “ has there marked, as he confessed with some of his
 “ last words before his death. These alterations,
 “ written with his own hand, and to be seen by any one
 “ that knows it, may be published, on another occasion,
 “ with a farther account of this discovery. In the
 “ mean time, for the satisfaction of the publick, I insert
 “ a letter, entire, which I received since the last para-
 “ graph was written.

“ To Mr. OLDMIXON.

“ SIR,

“ ACCIDENTALLY looking on some of the sheets
 “ of your History of England during the reigns of the

* George Duckett, Esq. who was appointed one of the
 commissioners of the Excise March 20, 1722.

“ Royal

" Royal House of Stuart, at the bookseller's, I find
 " that you mention the History of Lord Clarendon,
 " wherein you justly question the genuineness of that
 " book. In order to put the matter out of doubt, I
 " here send you the following account.

" Mr. EDMUND SMITH, a man very well known to
 " the learned world, came down to make me a visit at
 " Gartham, about June, 1710; where he continued till
 " he died, about six weeks after.

" As our conversation chiefly ran upon Learning and
 " History, you may easily think that Clarendon's was
 " not forgotten. Upon mentioning that book, he
 " frankly told me, that there had been a fine History
 " written by Lord Clarendon; but what was published
 " under his name was only patch-work, and might as
 " properly be called the *History of AL-SMALL and AT-*
 " *TERBURY; for, to his knowledge, 'twas alter'd; nay,*
 " *that he himself was employed by them to interpolate and*
 " *alter the original* *.

* " The story was published triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be supposed to have been eagerly received: but its progress was soon checked; for, finding its way into the Journal of Trevoux, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once spoken to Smith, his company being, as must be inferred, not accepted by those who attended to their characters. The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton of Eaton; a man eminent for literature, and, though not of the same party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too studious of truth to leave them burthened with a false charge. The testimonies which he has collected have convinced mankind that either Smith or Duckett were guilty of wilful and malicious falsehood. This controversy brought into view those parts of Smith's life, which with more honour to his name might have been concealed." Dr. JOHNSON.

“ He then asked me, whether I had the Book by me ?
 “ If I had, he would *convince me of the truth of his*
 “ *assertion*, by the very printed copy. I immediately
 “ brought him the *folio* edition ; and the first thing he
 “ turned to was the character of Mr. Hampden, where
 “ is that expression, *He had a head to contrive, a heart*
 “ *to conceive, and a hand to execute any villainy* *. He
 “ then declared, *it was foisted in by those Reverends.*
 “ Sir, I have only to add this, that he not only *under-*
 “ *lined* this passage, as a forgery, but gave, during the
 “ short time he lived with me, the same remark to some
 “ hundreds more. I am, &c. GEORGE DUCKETT.”

In a second passage, said to be taken from page 227. of the History itself, Mr. Oldmixon is represented as expressing himself thus :

“ In the character of this great and excellent man,
 “ Mr. Hampden, which we could wish had escaped his
 “ (Lord Clarendon's) drawings, or the drawings of
 “ those clumsy painters into whose hands his work fell,
 “ there is something so very false and base, that such
 “ coin could only come from a College mint. (*In a*
 “ *word, what was said of CINNA might well be applied to*
 “ HAMPDEN; *he had a head to contrive, and a tongue to*

* The words are much softer in the History, where, instead of “ a heart to conceive,” we find “ a tongue to persuade ;” and instead of the word “ villainy,” that of “ mischief ;” as the citation is, in another part of this extract, truly made. Mr. Duckett, while he was charging others with the crime of falsifying Lord Clarendon's History, should have taken care to stand clear of it himself.—The whole tale indeed, by the report of Mr. Walmsley to Dr. Johnson, seems probably to have been fabricated by Duckett ; for Smith, with all his failings, “ was a man of great veracity.”

“ per-

" *persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief. His death,*
 " *therefore, seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.)*

" There are not words to express the *infamy of this*
 " *slander and imposture, nor the unparalleled wicked-*
 " *ness of those Doctors, who foisted so horrid a reflexion*
 " *into that character.* The person who did it was Mr.
 " Edmund Smith, of Oxford, author of *Phædra* and
 " *Hippolytus*, a tragedy ; who, at his death, confessed
 " to the gentleman, in whose house he died, that,
 " among the great number of *alterations and additions,*
 " which he himself made, in the *History of the Rebellion,*
 " by order of Doctor ALDRICH, Doctor ATTERBURY,
 " Doctor SMALRIDGE, successive Deans of Christ-Church,
 " this very saying of Cinna, applied to Mr. Hampden *,
 " was one ; and when he read it to *one of those Doctors,*
 " he clapped him on the back, and cried, with an asse-
 " veration, *It will do.* The confession Mr. Smith made,
 " and the remorse he expressed for being concerned in
 " this imposture, were his last words."

A great part of the first of these passages, including the letter, is translated *verbatim* into French, and published in a Journal, intituled, " *Bibliothèque Raisonnée des Ouvrages des Savans de l'Europe, pour les mois de Juillet, Aoust, Septembre, 1730. Tome 5^{me}, 1^{re} Partie. A Amsterdam, chez les Westeins & Smith, 1730. Art. 5. pag. 154, &c.*"

After which the Journalist adds the following reflection :

* Dr. Birch, in this point an unexceptionable evidence, declares in his " *Life of Hampden,*" p. 78, that " he saw the passage concerning Cinna applied to Mr. Hampden in Lord Clarendon's own MS."

" *Cetet*

“ Cette decouverte fait peu d’honneur aux trois Theo-
 “ logiens qui sont nommez dans la Lettre, qui ont
 “ pourtant tenu un grand rang dans l’Angleterre, &
 “ dans la republique des lettres. Comme Mr. ATTER-
 “ BURY, ci-devant Evesque de Rochester, l’un des
 “ trois, est encore vivant, il ne fera pas apparemment
 “ insensible à une accusation si grave : & le public attend
 “ de lui les éclaircissmens qui l’interêt seul de sa répu-
 “ tation semble en exiger. S’il se tait, dans cette ren-
 “ contre, il n’y a point de doute que la falsification est
 “ prouvée ; & quand mesme il ne ce tairoit pas, il faut
 “ que les éclaircissmens soient bien forts pour détruire
 “ ces faits.”

Being called upon in this public manner, I think my-
 self obliged to declare, that the foregoing account, in
 all its parts, as far as I am any ways concerned, is en-
 tirely false and groundless ; for I never saw my Lord
 Clarendon’s History in manuscript, either before or since
 the edition of it ; nor ever read a line of it but in
 print. It was impossible therefore, that I should deal
 with Mr. Smith in the manner represented, with whom
 (as far as I can recollect) I never exchanged one word in
 all my life ; and whom I know not that I ever saw till
 after the edition of that History. If therefore he ex-
 pressed himself to this purpose in his last moments (as I
 charitably hope he did not), he wronged me extremely,
 and died with a lie in his mouth.

This vindication of the truth and myself is necessary,
 since I happen to survive the two other worthy persons
 mentioned. Were they alive, they would, I doubt not,
 be equally able and ready to clear themselves from so

foul an aspersiō. As to one of them, Dr. Smalridge, the late Bishop of Bristol, no suspiciō of this kind can possibly rest on his memory, because he was not any ways concerned in preparing that history for the press; but as much a stranger to the contents of it as I myself was, till it came forth in print. I speak with the more assurance on this head, because my great intimacy with him, as my contemporary, both at Westminster and Christ-Church, gave me all the advantages requisite towards knowing the truth of what I say. With Dr. Aldrich, the third person accused, I was acquainted more at a distance: however, being called upon in the manner I am, I will add also what has come to my knowledge with regard to the share he and others had in the publication of that History.

The revising of the manuscript (written, as I have heard, not very correctly) was committed to the care of Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, by the late Earl of Rochester *, who himself also assisted in that revisal, from the beginning to the end of the work; so that any changes made in it must have had the consent of those three persons. They were men of probity and truth, and incapable of conspiring in a design to impose on the publick. I can cite nothing that is material in this point from the mouth of the Earl, with whom I rarely conversed; but the Bishop and the Dean, to whom I severally succeeded in the deanries of Christ-Church and Westminster, and in the see of Rochester, have occasionally more than once assured me, that no additions whatsoever were made to the Manuscript History: and even the Earl, in his preface to the first volume

* See vol. I. pp. 257. 318.

(for his I take it to be, though no name is affixed to it), has publicly protested his innocence in this respect, where he declares, that "they who put forth the "History" (he means himself and his brother, as appears from what follows) "durst not take upon them "to make any alterations in a work of this kind, so-
"lemnly left with them to be published, whenever it
"should be published, as it was delivered to them."

Could he, and the two other persons by him employed, be supposed to have made any additions, notwithstanding such assurances to the contrary, yet their good sense (if not their integrity) would have prevented, at least, their retouching those characters, which are allowed to be the most distinguished and beautiful part of the work, and to have something of original in them that is not to be imitated. The after-strokes of any less able pencil, intermixed with those of the first masterly hand, would soon be discovered: and yet, I am persuaded, the most discerning eye can find out no traces of such a mixture; no, not in the character of Mr. Hampden, even in those words, at the close of it, against which Mr. Oldmixon so warmly declaims: they are perfectly in the style and manner of my Lord Clarendon; they contain nothing new in them, but only sum up, in short, what he had scattered through different parts of the two first volumes. Let the reflections there made be never so severe, they may naturally be supposed, in the warmth of composure, to have come from the pen of an Historian, who had himself with zeal opposed Mr. Hampden's measures, and both seen and felt the sad consequences of them: but that the

Editors of his History, no ways concerned in those transactions, should, sixty years afterwards, coolly and deliberately make such a needless insertion, is not to be imagined.

The complaint on this and other heads should have been brought against these Editors while it was capable of being thoroughly examined; at present, it comes a little too late, unless it were better supported: their very characters to those who knew them, and the nature of the evidence to those who did not, will be judged a sufficient confutation of it: for, pray, what is this evidence? It consists in an *hear-say from a person superior to all suspicion*, it seems, but *too illustrious to be named*: in an appeal to *another very honourable person, to a reverend doctor now living, and to a gentleman of distinction both for merit and quality*; none of whose names are thought fit to be owned. The only one produced in the case is that of Mr. Smith, *the author of an excellent tragedy*; but certainly not an author of rank and weight enough to blast the credit of such an excellent history. Of what use can this testimony be to his purpose (even supposing the account of it exact) when it is undoubtedly false as to two of three persons it is levelled at, Dr. Smalridge and myself; and may therefore be justly presumed alike false as to the third, Dr. Aldrich? Mr. Smith appears to have been so little in the secret of the edition of that book, as not to have known even the hands through which it passed; and is not therefore to be relied upon in his accounts of any other circumstances relating to it, especially with regard to Dr. Aldrich, his governor at Christ-Church; for
whom

whom his personal aversion, and the true reasons of it, are too well understood to need explaining. I forbear saying any thing harsh of one not able to answer for himself; but many now alive, who knew them both, know how improbable, and altogether incredible it is, that Mr. Smith should have had the least share in Dr. Aldrich's confidence, on so nice, or indeed on any occasion *. The gentleman, who seems to be *convinced of the truth of Mr. Smith's assertions*, by his having pointed out and *underlined* the passages *in print* which he said he was employed (by the three successive Deans) to *interpolate and alter* in manuscript, must surely have been very willing to be convinced; otherwise he would not have taken a mere assertion for a proof in such a cause, and from such a person. The story of this death-bed declaration slept for about twenty years; near thirty have passed since the History of the Rebellion was published (I mean the first part † of it), and not a few since the death of every person that either was, or is falsely said to have been, concerned in that publication, myself only excepted. I might, probably, at the distance of Montpelier, where I was when Mr. Oldmixon wrote, never have heard of what he lays to my charge (intelligence of that kind being, as he knows, not very open to me);

* His irregularities had alienated the friendship of his superiors, and particularly of the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim to the office of censor, which was carried against him by Mr. Foulkes. Of his lampoon upon Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Johnson says, "he once heard a single line too gross to be repeated."

† The *second* part had been published 27 years; see vol. I. p. 318.

or, should it reach me, I might yet, in my present circumstances, be supposed not over-solicitous to appear in the disproof of it. The delay of the accusation, therefore, it without design, was not without its advantages; and had it been deferred a little longer, till I was not only out of the way, but out of the world, it had had a still fairer chance towards being uncontradicted, and consequently credited. I have lived to hear this idle tale, and to bear witness against it: there is no vanity in hoping, that, old as I am, I shall outlive the belief of it. An Holland Journal gave me the first notice how I had been treated, and by that means an opportunity of vindicating myself; which I was the rather determined not to decline, because I suffered in company with others, men of great note and merit, through whose sides the authority of a noble and useful part of our English History was struck at. Where I only am aspersed and wronged, I can, I thank God, more easily practise patience, and submit to indignities and injuries in silence. A foreign writer has used me, in this case, with greater civility and temper than Mr. Oldmixon, whom I know not that I have ever offended. I forgive him his ill words, and his hard thoughts; and only desire him for the future not to indulge himself in ill-natured relations of this kind, without better vouchers. His attack on me, and on the dead, who he thought might be insulted with equal safety, is no proof of a generous and worthy mind; nor has he done any honour to his own History by the fruitless pains he has taken to discredit that of my Lord Clarendon, which, like the character of its Author, will gain strength by
time,

time, and will be in the hands and esteem of all men, when Mr. Oldmixon's unjust censure of it will not be remembered, or not regarded. FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXX. To Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call upon me to say something; and the reputation of an History *, which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody after may venture to reprint in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it †. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely; if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault,

* Lord Clarendon's.

† The Bishop's name

for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing to me on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You founded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing?

“ Ipse quid audes ?

“ Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma * ? ”

Do you pursue the Moral Plan † you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die? and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the Catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours, when the glass

* “ What’s your own study? o’er what fragrant flowers
“ Now hover you ? ” DUNCOMBE, from Hor. 1 Ep. iii. 20.

† The Essay on Man.

begins to run low, and care not to mis-spend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation. They are not of so much worth, perhaps, in themselves, as those which preceded; but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others which are less entertaining.

Adieu, dear Sir; and forgive my engaging with one whom you, I think, have reckoned among the Heroes of the Dunciad *. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother. I send a paper for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth your while to convey it. My country, at this distance, seems to me a strange sight: I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it: I wish you would tell me.

You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it may be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again. After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which

* Oldmixon.

wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish will be like that of Father Paul, "Esto perpetua!" and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil * describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

"Sternitur——

"——et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos †."

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXXI. To Mr. WILLIAMS, at Rome.

SIR,

Dec. 10, 1731.

I HAVE illness in my family, and am myself far from well. Though a daughter of Mr. Morice has the small pox (which I never had) I cannot quit the house; but must risque the danger, if there be any to a man of my years and infirmities. The solicitude I am under must make my letter shorter. I thank you for Mr. Waddle's ‡ paper, which I have communicated to Mr. Inese, who does not seem at all alarmed by it. I shall be glad to receive the Intaglio you mention from the author of the paper, who, I suppose, will soon be here.

* ——his eyes

"He casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies."

DRYDEN, *Æn.* X. 1102.

† See vol. II. p. 285.

‡ See p. 122.

The

The intelligence you received and communicated to me some time ago, about a box of papers stopped in Spain *, and about the contents of those papers, is true. It was thought proper to detain them in safe and honourable hands, from whence they would be sure to reach him for whom they were designed. There is a strange mixture of things in them. All will go as designed. Mr. Morice returns his service to you. I hope you will perfect the discovery you have made of the medal of the Triumvirs heads †, and send me the account of it as fully as I have desired it.

There are strange things done at St. Medard. However, my faith is not yet strong enough to pronounce them to be miracles. They even decline in my opinion, since the violent agitations that appear in all those that frequent the tomb for the cure of their maladies. I am at a loss what to say or think of that matter.

I inclose a paper for Charles Radcliff ‡, Lord Derwentwater's uncle, in remembrance of the acquaintance I had with him at Brussels. Pray be so kind as to find him out, and get it delivered to him. The weather is excessive cold here; and I am expecting every moment to be laid up. Well or ill, I am faithfully yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

* See p. 123.

† See p. 122.

‡ He had escaped out of prison, after being condemned as a rebel; but was afterwards taken, and executed on Tower-hill in 1746.

CCCCLXXII. To Mrs. ———.

MADAM,

Paris, Feb. . . 1731-2.

HAD I not been for some time ill, very ill, almost to death, I had not so long deferred acknowledging the favour of your letters of Jan. 7, and Feb. 2; for, though you mention three, those two only, since I wrote last to you, have come to my hands. They were both of them very welcome, as every thing from you, Madam, at all times is, particularly in sickness, which makes one receive assistance from present, and reflect on absent friends with more tenderness. Your brother was remarkably kind to me in the case, came on purpose from St. Germain to be with me during the worst of my illness, and stayed in the house day and night, for above a week, till it began to decline; and then he and Mr. Morice, with his little family, left me. Both went away from hence on Saturday last, one to St. Germain and the other to England. Since that, I have been recovering, but slowly; and I am now, thank God, able to tell my distant friends, under my own hand, that though I am not yet well, I hope in a little time to be so.

The partridges, madam, were good, and came perfectly sweet; though at a time when such relishing things were forbid me, and when indeed I had little appetite for them: I ventured to taste these in spite of rules; and preserved a couple of them by potting, that I might, when I grew better, taste them more freely; as I shall do ere long.

I hope your situation, Madam, is agreeable to you; at least you do not complain of want of health in either of your letters. If you have had no great occasion for that complaint this winter, you will still have less, I hope, now the fine weather is approaching. I wish you, Madam, that and all manner of happiness; and am, with sincere esteem, Madam, your most obedient and ever faithful servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

I made your compliments, as you directed, to Mr. Morice; who desired me to return his. Miss Molly grew much healthier and fatter by the small-pox. Miss Charlotte ailed nothing all the while she was with me. They are returned for English education; which, in my mind, is preferable to that of France.

CCCCLXXIII. To Lord INVERNESS *.

MY LORD,

Paris, [Feb. 1731-2.†]

ABOUT the beginning of December last I wrote to your Lordship, and sent you a paper which I had lately printed here ‡. To that letter, though your Lordship used to answer all mine without delay, I had no manner of return. I heard indeed, soon after I had written to you, of what had happened on St. An-

* See p. 106; and vol. II. p. 236.

† Indorsed "Paris, March 3, 1732;" the day it was received by Lord Inverness, not that on which it was written. The Bishop died Feb. 15; and a letter from him written after the second day of that month has been already printed in p. 140. The present one is probably of still later date.

‡ The "Vindication, &c." in p. 124.

drew's

drew's day last at Avignon *, but I did not think a change of religion made any change in the forms of civility ; and therefore I still wondered at your silence. Perhaps a reflection on your not having consulted me in that great affair, though I was the only Bishop of the Church of England on this side the water, might make you shy of writing to me on any other account, and willing to drop the correspondence. You may remember, my Lord, that when you first retired from the K. at Pisa, and when you afterwards left Rome and went to Avignon ; on both these occasions, you opened to me by letter the reason of your conduct, and gave me an opportunity by that means of expressing my thoughts to you in the manner I used always to do, that is, frankly and without reserve. In this last step, my Lord, you have acted far otherwise ; and yet in this I had most reason to expect, that you would not merely have *informed* me of what had past, but even *consulted* me before you took your full and final resolution. My character and course of studies qualified me much better for such an application, than for passing my judgment in matters of state and political managements. If your Lordship entertained any doubts concerning your safety in that religion wherein you had been bred, I might perhaps, upon your proposing them, have been so happy as to have solved them, and shewn you that whatever reason you might have, as to this world, for quitting the communion you were of, you had none, you could have none, as to another.

* Lord Inverness's abjuration of Protestantism.

Since you were not pleased to give me an occasion of writing to you at this time, I have determined to take it, and to pursue my former method of telling you, with such *plainness* as perhaps nobody else will, what the world says of your late conduct.

My Lord, they who speak of it most softly, and with greatest regard to your Lordship, say, that it is a *coup de desespoir*; and that your Lordship perceiving the prejudices of the K's Protestant subjects to run high against you, so that you would never be suffered to be about his person and in the secret of his affairs with their consent, was resolved to try what could be done by changing sides, and whether you might not at long run be able to gain by one party what you had lost by another. They represent you as thinking the K's restoration not soon likely to happen; and therefore as resolved, since you were obliged to live in exile in Roman Catholic countries, to make the best of your circumstances, and recommend yourself, as much as you could, to the natives; that so, if his cause should prove desperate for a time, you might find your way back again into his service, when it would be no longer reckoned prejudicial to his affairs. And they quote some words, which they say fell from your Lordship, to this purpose: "That since you saw nothing was likely to be done for the K. you thought it high time to take care of your soul*." I hope in God they bely you,

* The zeal so eminently conspicuous in this Letter for the Protestant Religion is an irrefragable answer to the calumny of our Bishop's having been inclined to Popery. As to his political attachments, they by no means prove his having been engaged in a conspiracy against England. By being banished, he was absolved from his allegiance.

since

since it gives us, who are at a distance from the secret of affairs, but a very discouraging prospect of the K's restoration, of the probability or improbability of which you, my Lord, must be allowed a more competent judge. And withal, such a saying carries in it something more dishonourable to your Lordship, since it implies that, had the restoration been near and probable, you would not have troubled your head about matters of religion, but suffered your *soul* to shift for itself. They who thus interpret your last step proceed further, and say, that you intended by that means, if you could not find your way again into the general and open management of the K's affairs, at least to have that part of them attached to you which related to foreign princes' courts, to whom what you had done must have rendered you grateful; and thus, while your brother-in-law * should have the care of the domestic correspondence, and you all the rest, the whole would have run in proper channels. They affirm, that even upon your first coming back to the K. from Pisa, there was a general expectation at Rome, encouraged by the Court of Rome itself, that you would then have declared yourself a Roman Catholic, and that it was prevented only by the representations made at that time to your disadvantage from the K's friends, which occasioned your abrupt retreat to Avignon: and they suppose some private audiences you had at that time tended to this point; *that* happened then to be defeated, and the declaration itself was postponed to a more convenient op-

* The Earl of Dunbar.

portunity. This indeed clashes a little with the former scheme mentioned. God forbid I should expose * either of them ! I do not ; I merely relate them, and having done so, leave it to your Lordship to make such use of them as you in your wisdom shall judge proper.

There are others, my Lord, that reflect on your conduct still more unkindly, and put it in a more odious light. There are those (nor are they few) who are so prejudiced against you as to suppose (for none of them have pretended to prove) that you have played the same game as my Lord Mar† did, had a secret understanding with the Ministers on the other side, and received the reward of it ; these men, being, as they are, your professed enemies, stick not to say, that since you could not any longer derive merit to yourself from your management near the K. you were resolved to do as much mischief as you could to his affairs at parting, by an action which naturally tended to raise in the minds of his Protestant subjects such disadvantageous opinions of him as I need not explain, such as of all others will have the greatest influence towards hindering his restoration. They consider your Lordship as one that has studied your Master's temper, and perfectly knows it ; as one that never did any thing but what you judged would be perfectly agreeable to him, nothing but with his privity and by his direction. In this light, my Lord, when they see what you have lately done, it is no wonder if they draw strange inferences from it, and impute to your Lordship views which your heart, I

* Perhaps "suppose." † Of whom, see vol. II. p. 344.

hope, abhors. But they will certainly persist in that way of thinking, if they find that your Lordship has still credit with the K. and a share in his confidence ; and *this*, even at this distance, my Lord, will in a little time appear to watchful observers. They say it is a sure rule, not to do that which our worst enemies, provided they are wise and understand their own interest, would above all things have us do ; and yet your Lordship, they think, has acted after that manner on the present occasion, there being nothing that could either gratify your enemies more, or displease your friends (such, I mean, as are also enemies and friends to the r— cause) than the step you have taken ; and they will not believe, but that if you had meant the K. as well as you ought to do, this single consideration would have restrained you. They urge, that the difficulties into which the K. is brought by this means are exceeding great. Let him be ever so well persuaded of your civilities *, integrity, and zeal ; he yet cannot make a free use of them, without exciting new jealousies, on very tender points, and in very honest hearts, where one would wish that they might by all possible means be allayed. Let him have been ever so much a stranger to what passed at Avignon till it was over, he cannot yet prudently declare himself on that head, because of the inconveniences with which such a declaration, in his present circumstances, will be attended on the one side, as his total silence will be liable to misconstructions on the other : every way this affair will perplex him with

* Probably *abilities* ; but the communicator of the letter would not venture to make any alteration.

respect

respect to the different interests he has separately to manage. Abroad, if he were thought to be at the bottom of it, it might do him no harm; at home it certainly will, and there his great interest lies, to which he is above all others to attend. Nor will the judgement be passed on this occasion in haste, since it cannot be formed on any thing now given out, but will depend on future facts and appearances.

I have made little mention all this while of what your Lordship may think a full answer to all these reflections and refinements, that you have followed a motion of conscience in what you have done, and depended on that for your justification. It may, my Lord, and I hope will justify you before God, if you sincerely acted on that principle; but as for men, the misfortune is (and I beg your Lordship's pardon for venturing to tell you so) that not one person, whom I have seen or heard of, will allow what you have done to be the effect of conviction. In that case, they say, you would have proceeded otherwise than merely by advising with those into whose communion you were hastening; especially since it is supposed that your Lordship has not spent much time in qualifying yourself for the discussion of such points by a perusal of books of controversy. Men, they say, of sincerity and truth are often kept in a religion to which they have been accustomed, without enquiring strictly into the grounds of it; but seldom any man, who has a sense of piety and honour, quits a religion in which he has been educated, without carefully considering what may be said for and against it. Men indeed may be sometimes enlightened and convinced of

all at once by an over-ruling impresson from above. But, as these cases are exceeding rare, so I need not tell your Lordship, that in yours they that object to your proceedings are by no means disposed to make you such allowances. They think that, had you aimed only at satisfying your conscience, you might have done what you did in a more private manner, and enjoyed the benefit of it in secret, without giving a public and needless alarm; but, when you chose St. Andrew's day for entering on the work, Christmas day for compleating it, and the Pope's Inquisitor at Avignon to receive your abjuration, they conclude that you intended to make an *eclat*, and to give notice to all the world of your embracing a different communion; which might be useful indeed with regard to some political views, but could not be necessary toward satisfying those of mere conscience.

These, my Lord, are the reflections which have been made in various conversations, where I was present, on the subject of what lately passed at Avignon. Many of them cannot be more unwelcome to you than they are to me, who suffer in a cause which such steps are far from promoting. I am mortified, my Lord, to see it thus go backward instead of forward, and have a right to express my own free sense in such a case, though I have in this letter chiefly represented the sense of others. Losers must have leave to speak, and therefore I make no apology for the freedom I have taken. You seem to have approved it on other occasions; and will not, I hope, blame it on this, when it is equally intended for your information and service. At the distance we are
now,

now, and are likely to continue, I know not how to offer a better proof of the regard with which I am, my Lord, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

CCCCLXXIV.

Some Alterations of BUCHANAN'S famous EPIGRAM, proposed by Bp. ATTERBURY, and sent by that Prelate in a Letter written Feb. 14, 1731-2, the very day before he died, to the LORD MARSHAL *.

NYMPHA, Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
Missa per innumeros sceptræ tueris avos :

* George Keith, Earl Marshal, and Lord Keith. He succeeded his father William as Lord Marshal of Scotland, and Heritable Sheriff of the county of Kincardin, in 1712 : but joining in the rebellion, in 1715, with the Earl of Mar, his estate and honours were forfeited by an act of attainder, in 1716, with those of the Earls of Mar, Southesk, Linlithgow, Panmure, and Seaforth. He died at Neufchatel, June 17, 1778; and the title became extinct in this branch, but was claimed September 8, 1782, by George Keith, Esq. of Northfield, a descendant of Sir Robert Keith, which claim was heard before a respectable jury of noblemen and gentlemen, of which the Earl of Buchan was Chancellor, to examine the validity of his right to the title, dignity, and honour of Earl Marshal of Scotland; when the jury unanimously found, that the claimant, George Keith, is lineally descended as heir male of the body of Sir Robert de Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland, in the reign of King James II. which Robert left several sons. William, the first Earl Marshal, and John de Keith, of Troup, ancestor to the claimant, immediate substitute in the honours, failing issue of the said William, by which Mr. Keith claims as remainder-man, and heir of tailzie, conformable to a charter granted to his predecessor in the reign of King Robert Bruce. Such a connected chain of evidence, from 1413, is without a parallel even in the annals of the Scotch Nobility, much more in those of this country.

Quæ famam antevenis, meritis ; virtutibus, annos ;

Sexum, animis ; morum nobilitate, genus :

Accipe (sed facilis) * cultu donata Latino

Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.

Illa quidem, Cyrrha procul et Permesside lympha,

Pene sub Arctoï fidere nata poli.

Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere † foetum,

Ne mihi displiceant, quæ placuere tibi :

Sed quod ab authoris genio sperare nequibant ;

Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.

* Read, "cytharæ sociata Latinæ." ATTERBURY.

† " Among the several disputes between the Scotch and English, of the excellence of each respective nation, I wonder the celebrated Epigram of Buchanan, in which he dedicates his Psalms to Mary Queen of Scots, has not been produced ; for I hardly ever met with a Scotchman who was not ready to extol it, and yet have rarely met with one that understood it. I may presume then to say it is deficient in point of clearness ; and it has been proved not less so in point of elegance. The question is, what is the sense of the last couplet but one. The Editor of this, among the *Delectus Epigrammatum* for the use of Eton-school, interprets *exponere*, *Non ausus essem in publicum edere foetum non faventibus Musis*. But the sense is undoubtedly the very contrary. It is certain he published the book when he wrote that Dedication to it. *Exponere* is the same as *non tollere*, and alludes to the custom among the ancients of exposing those children to chance and fate whom they did not design to bring up. I would not, says the Poet, expose to destruction those poems which you were pleased to approve of. So much for the sense of the epigram : and when we have got it, I own, it is not worth searching for, except that it has given an opportunity to the ingenious pen of Bp. Atterbury, to throw new light and beauty over the whole, and to make the poverty of the Northern soil (which the Poet and the Reader too sensibly feel) subservient to the most delicate compliment to the beauty of his Royal Patroness. In-

stead,

“stead therefore, of the four last lines, substitute those of the
“Bishop :

“At si culta parum, si sint incondita, nostri

“Scilicet ingenii est, non ea culpa soli :

“Posse etiam hic nasci quæ sunt pulcherrima, spondet

“E vultu et genio, Scottica terra, tuo.”

These remarks are by my late learned friend Mr. BOWYER.

CCCCLXXV. Extract from the Daily Post Boy,
Tuesday, Feb. 29, 1731-2.

“Feb. 22. On Tuesday last died at Paris, the Right
“Reverend Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, late Bishop of
“ROCHESTER, aged near 70 years; a man universally
“esteemed for his great parts, learning, judgement,
“and eloquence; and for his easy, polite, entertaining,
“and instructive conversation. He has left his son-in-
“law, William Morice, Esq. executor, who sets out
“for France this morning to take care of his inter-
“ment, which (we hear) will be in Westminster-Ab-
“bey *.”

* “The ship Moore, from Dieppe, arrived in the river,
“having on board the corpse of Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of
“Rochester, which is to be interred in Westminster Abbey.”
Weekly News, March 30, 1732.

On an information, as it should seem, that a quantity of
lace was concealed in the coffin (which, as appears by the
office-books, was actually the case) the body was seized, and
carried to the Custom-house. This incident accounts for the
following intelligence: “William Morice, Esq. son-in-law of
“the late Bishop of Rochester, waited yesterday on the
“Commissioners of the Customs, for the goods and effects
“of the said late Bishop, which were brought over from
“France; and had them delivered to him.” Weekly News,
May 6, 1732.

152 ATTERBURY'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

The Bishop died at Paris the 15th of February, 1731-2; and his body was brought to England*, and interred on the 12th of May following, in his vault in Westminster-Abbey.

His bowels were in an urn, thus inscribed,

“ In hâc urnâ depositi sunt cineres

FRANCISCI ATTERBURY, Episcopi Roffensis.”

The inscription on the coffin was,

“ FRANCISCUS ATTERBURY,

Episcopus Roffensis,

Nat. 6 Martii, 1662.

Denat. 15 Februarii, 1731.”

The following lines seem to have been intended as a continuation of the Bishop's epitaph. Why they were not used, it is unnecessary to mention.

“ Natus Martii VI, MDCLXII.

In carcerem coniectus Aug. XXIV, MDCCXXII.

Nono post mense in Judicium adductus,

Novoque Criminum et Testium genere impetitus,

Actâ dein per Septiduum Causâ,

* It appears by the Craftsman of May 13, 1732, that “ great preparations” were then making for Bp. Atterbury's funeral; but that there was “ great opposition about his being interred in Westminster Abbey; which favour is at last obtained,” that writer adds, “ but we are not certain as to the usual church ceremony being read over the corpse.”

“ On Tuesday next the corpse of the late Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, is to be interred in Westminster Abbey, in a decent, but private manner.” Weekly News, May 13, 1732.

“ William Morice, Esq. is treating with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for leave to erect a monument in the Abbey, in memory of his father-in-law Dr. Francis Atterbury, formerly Bishop of Rochester, which it is thought will be complied with.” Universal Spectator, May 20, 1732.

Et everfis,
 Tum viventium, tum mortuorum Testimoniis;
 Ne deesset Lex, quâ plecti posset,
 Lata est tandem Maii xxvii, MDCCXXIII.
 Cavete Posterî!
 Hoc Facinoris
 Conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit,
 (Episcoporum præcipuè suffragiis adjutus,)
Robertus iste Walpole
 Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas!"

CCCCLXXVI. Extract from the Registry of the
 Prerogative Court of Canterbury *.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Francis Atterbury, sometime Bishop of Rochester in England, and now residing at Paris, being of health in body, and of sound and disposing mind and memory, but considering the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of the time when, do make and publish this my last Will † and Testament, in manner following.

Imprimis, I recommend my soul to Almighty God, hoping for salvation through the alone merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, in a firm belief of whose religion as professed in the Church of England, and in strict communion with that Church, I resolve, by God's grace, to live and die.

* " This has been collated, and agrees with a Copy of
 " the Bishop of Rochester's Will, found among the papers
 " of William Morice, Esq. and acknowledged by him to be
 " the said late Bishop's Will, on his the said William Morice's Examination before my Lord Duke of Newcastle
 " and my Lord Harrington, May 1, 1732. DE LA FAYE.
 " J. COURAND."

† See vol. II. p. 318.

And

And as to such personal estate as I shall die possessed of, or any ways interested in, I give and devise the same unto my only daughter Mary Morice, wife of William Morice, Esq. And I also give unto her, the said Mary Morice, her executors, administrators, and assigns, all my goods, chattels, plate, ready money, household-stuff, and utensils of household, and all other my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever, To have and to hold to her, her executors, administrators, and assigns, for ever: And I do hereby revoke, annul, and make void, all former and other Wills by me made, and do declare this to be my last. And I do constitute and appoint my son William Morice, and my said daughter Mary his wife, executors of this my Will.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this thirty-first day of December, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, *Episcopus Roffensis*.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the said testator, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses,

RED. EVERARD *.
F. PANTON †.
K. PANTON †.
WM. WALTER ‡.
JOANE JAMESON ‡.

* Sir Redmond Everard.

† The Bishop, at the time this will was dated, resided at Paris, in a house belonging to Mr. Panton; see above pp. 15, 16; and vol. II. p. 373.

‡ Walter and Jameson were the Bishop's domestic servants. See above, p. 38; and vol. II. p. 341.

Probatum

Probatum fuit hujusmodi Testamentum apud London. decimo die mensis Maii, Anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo tricesimo secundo, coram venerabili viro Gulielmo Strahan, Legum Doctore, Surrogato, & Juramento Gulielmi Morice, Arm', Executoris Superstitis in dicto Testamento nominat' cui, &c. de bene, &c. Jurat'.

W. LEGARD,	} Deputy Registers.
P. ST. ELOY,	
H. STEVENS,	

CCCCLXXVII.

Copy of a Paper that was folded up in the late Bishop of ROCHESTER's Will, and sealed up therewith in a blank cover (endorsed or superscribed *The Bishop's Will*) opened before Mr. Morice, at his examination, May 1, 1732, and acknowledged by him.

DELAFAYE*.

JN° COURAND.

MEMORANDUM, June the 30th, 1729.

I GIVE to William Walter all my wearing apparel and linen whatsoever.

I would have all my paper books, letters, and writings, put into the said Walter's hands, to be delivered by him to Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice.

My box of Sermon-notes I direct to be burnt without delay.

* Charles Delafaye, Esq. sometime a Member of All Souls College Oxford, and afterward Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, is buried in the Chapel of Christ College.

I desire

I desire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to give to Osbaldiston* and his wife such part of the *batterie de cuisine*, and furniture, which I have at Paris, as they shall not think fit to take over to England with them and use themselves.

I give to Mr. Salkeld four hundred livres, besides the quarterly allowance now due to him; and desire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to do him any further service in their power.

I desire Mr. Morice to review carefully all my papers, letters, and writings, and destroy all such as ought not to be seen.

I give to my ever honoured friend the Dutches of Buckingham my diamond ring; thanking her, with my last breath, for all the instances of her goodness to me, and not doubting but she will continue them also to Mrs. Morice.

I humbly beg of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, that he will, when he has occasion, take Mr. Salkeld into his family, whom he will find to be faithful and serviceable to him.

I would have the picture of Father Courayer, now in the hands of Mr. Leonard at Paris, given to the University of Oxford, if they shall think fit to put it up in the school's gallery †.

I give to Mr. Pope any book he shall think fit to choose out of my small collection, to be preserved by him in memory of me.

* See above, p. 40.

† See vol. II. p. 353.

CCCCLXXVII.

Dutcheſs of BUCKINGHAM * to Mr. MORICE.

S I R,

Friday morning, 9 o'clock, April [26], 1734.

I CANNOT help this morning enquiring after your health and Mrs. Morice's †, and returning you thanks for yesterday's trouble of various kinds ‡. You and ſhe have both acquitted yourſelves ſo perfectly well, that as a friend to you, as well as to thoſe you exerted yourſelf to oblige, I own, I am glad of the opportunity that happened.

Pray tell Mrs. Morice that Cuzzonne ſings to-morrow at Lincoln's-inn fields, and performs, as I hear, better than ever. I have two places, one in the firſt row for her; another where my ſon § uſed to fit, for

* Indorſed, " Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Buckingham; " the day after the election of Members for the county of " Middleſex." At this election, which took place on the 25th of April, Sir Francis Child and Mr. Pulteney were choſen without oppoſition; Mr. Barker, whom ſome of his friends intended to propoſe, having publicly declined the conteſt.

† Mr. Morice's ſecond lady was Miſs Anne Philpot, by whom he had two ſons, William and Thomas. She was buried under the cloiſters at Weſtminſter Abbey, where a flat ſtone to her memory is thus inſcribed:

" Here lieth the body of ANNE MORICE,
the beloved wife of William Morice, Eſq.

She died the tenth day of July 1743,

aged 37 years, 10 months, and 20 days; being born 26 Aug. 1705."

‡ Part of this trouble, we may preſume, was occaſioned by the Middleſex election.

§ Who ſet out for the continent the week before the date of this letter, accompanied by the Earl of Orrery, for the purpoſe of making a campaign in the army commanded by the Duke of Berwick upon the Rhine. The Dutcheſs went with them to Dover.

you. I am sorry I cannot this time ask Miss Morice's company; but, if the lady who will fill the first row comes not (for she won't be able to see over our heads any thing), I shall be glad Mrs. Morice will bring her; but, if it does not happen that the other lady does not go, I desire her coming another time.

I want extremely to talk over the matter you mentioned to me about your papers. Let me insist on you not to express any dissatisfaction where it may possibly come round to the person's * ears who has done it. It will be by enemies added to, so as to disoblige. I will answer for it, I will set that matter and yourself in a just light. The same person who may have done the contrary on occasions will not be able to succeed against their good judgement, when facts and representations are made by such as will be believed and can be awed by no one—to be sure not any of them—from speaking truths, to do proper justice to every one, much less to neglect those they profess a regard for. I am sure he once, on rightly representing, ordered them for you: why did you not take them then, and leave no room for fresh malice to work at distance from yourself and friends?

Let me know when I can see you, to talk over Barber's † matter, and see who we will get to give him votes; if he wants single ones, we will get what we can.

* Probably Sir Robert Walpole. See p. 153.

† The famous Printer, who, by his services to the Dutchess's friends, and a fortunate bargain in South Sea Stock, acquired a plentiful fortune, and had the honour in 1732-3 of being Lord Mayor of London. He was, at the time of writing this letter, a candidate to represent the City in Parliament; and was elected on the shew of hands at Guildhall; but a poll being demanded by his antagonists Perry and Wilimot, he ultimately lost his election.

At the Opera, we cannot open our lips but upon the musick. So you must come and drink coffee with me in the morning, or before; if you name the hour, you shall not wait a moment—but when one knows it not, one may chance to be lacing, or my head dressing, or finishing a letter of business. Your most humble servant,

K. BUCKINGHAM*.

CCCCLXXIX.

To the Author of the Daily Post, July 17, 1737.

S I R,

SUCH as were acquainted with the late Bishop Atterbury cannot be displeased with the following character of him, from the pen of a candid, learned Frenchman †. That justice is due to the memory of the dead, whether they were our friends or our enemies when living, is a maxim among all civilized nations, and always generously followed by every man of honour and virtue. Bishop Atterbury is now in no condition to hurt us by his politics. Whatever his principles were as to Government, he has long since given an account of them to the Supreme and Infallible Judge of all mankind. We have therefore nothing to do with any more of him at present, than to revere those shining talents, and that superlative learning, which rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of Britain, and the admiration of all her neighbours. When he was in France, what respect, what caresses,

* See the "Illustrations" at the end of this volume, N^o IV.

† The Abbé Granet. See vol. II. p. 475.

did he not receive from her Dignified Clergy ! What pains—what industry—what arguments—did they not employ to bring him over to their communion ! This was a point which they pursued several years together, even to his last moments, with an assiduity altogether as indefatigable as it was fruitless* ; and I am persuaded, they would have been as proud of gaining such a man, as Columbus was of finding out a new world. But though the French Clergy are indisputably the most learned body in the whole Roman Church, and, impartially speaking, not inferior in that respect to the Clergy of any national Church in Christendom ; yet all their reasons could make no impression on the invincible Atterbury. To their great regret, he died a sound and unshaken son of that Church of which he had been so many years a most worthy Bishop. But he never will die in the esteem of the French, several of whom I have often heard say, they were sorry his inflexibility had put it out of their power to pray for him.

What I have related I was in some measure a witness of ; though I never had any correspondence with the Bishop ; and from his repugnance to Popery, even at a time and in circumstances when most men are liable to be overcome by importunity, it is evident to demonstration, that he never had the least design or inclination in his conduct to contribute to the imposing it upon his country, whatever his enemies have been pleased to charge him with. My request therefore to you is, to be pleased to give this letter, and the following account of him, a place in your paper ; and by so doing you will perhaps oblige multitudes, besides, Sir, your most humble servant.

* See vol. II. p. 471.

“ These mistakes, as you see,” says the learned Author of ‘ *Observations sur les Ecrits modernes* ’ to his friend, “ are not to be charged entirely to the account of Abbé Granet; but there are others personal and particular to him. As for example, he ascribes to Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who died in Paris, February $\frac{4}{15}$, 1732, regretted by all the Learned, and all the first-rate Wits of that city, the famous Hardouin the Jesuit’s epitaph, inserted in the first tome of the ‘ *Nouvelliste de Parnassa*. ’ That attribution, nevertheless, is false; and I can assure you that the Bishop did not compose that ingenious little piece. Permit me to give you some further information. Those that were particularly acquainted with him know that he never meddled with our disputes, and that he spoke Latin with an elegance and purity which I dare say few men ever came up to. No man ever so perfectly possessed the belles lettres, or better knew the wit and delicacy of the Authors of the Augustan age, whom he continually read. He was, without contradiction, one of the greatest Wits in England. He had read our best Writers *, and especially the works of the great Bossuet †, and also of Boileau and Rousseau ‡. Though he did not speak our language, he knew its genius and its beauties. No fault in it escaped him, and I have been often astonished at his sagacity in that point. When Monsieur de la Motte declared openly against the rhyme of our versification, the Bishop conversed with pleasure on that subject; but though he was no more

* He is said to have assisted Abel Boyer in a translation of *Telemachus*. † See vol. II. p. 334. ‡ Ibid. p. 323.

in love with rhyme than that Academist, he said that M. de la Motte had not capacity enough to find in our language a harmony equivalent to it. Though he had principally applied himself to study the belles lettres, he had not neglected ecclesiastical erudition. At Paris he began a work to prove the Divinity and Authenticity of the Holy Books *, and went a great way in it. In 1731 he privately printed in that city a pamphlet, in quarto, in which he justifies himself † from what Mr. Oldmixon reproaches him with, in the preface of his History of England, of having corrupted Lord Clarendon's manuscripts. The author of 'the Bibliothèque raisonnée,' in publishing an extract of that History, gave the Bishop of Rochester a sort of defiance to answer it, and threatened him to take his silence as owning the falsification. I gave the English Prelate notice of what passed, and he thereupon resolved to publish that answer, which carries in it equal force and politeness. He had but an hundred copies of it printed off, the greatest part of which number was sent to London, where the piece was soon reprinted.

Bp. Atterbury was an amiable, learned man, polite, and of a most agreeable conversation. He had nothing in him of that savage rudeness which generally characterises the learned. While he was in France, he wrote Letters both in Latin and English to several persons whom he honoured with his friendship. It is to be

* It is to be lamented that no traces of this work have yet been discovered, though search has been diligently made for it. See vol. I. p. 483.—The papers mentioned in vol. I. p. 234. may perhaps contain what is here alluded to.

† See this at large above, p. 124.

wished they would print them *. I shall with pleasure furnish those he wrote to me, and Abbé Des Fontaines can also produce a great number of his letters. Forgive me, I beseech you, this long digression, in favour of the greatest man I ever knew."

Dr. RICHARDSON, in his enlarged edition of "Godwin de Præsulibus," thus elegantly describes our distinguished Prelate: "Illi defuncto [Sprat] mox
"sufficitur Franciscus Atterbury, sacrae Theologiae
"Doctor, vir neque dicendus neque tacendus sine cau-
"telâ; quem non omnino laudare tam inhonestum
"foret, quam ultra modum laudare periculosum.
"Adolescens in Æde Christi Oxon. ingenii elegantis
"perinde ac acuti exemplo multiplici se commendavit;
"in aciem Reip. prodiit sui temporis concionator diser-
"tissimus; et, quod de eo publicè profitebatur testis
"sane idoneus, vir fuit 'in nullo literarum genere
' hospes, in plerisque artibus et studiis diu et feliciter
' exercitatus in maximè perfectis literarum disciplinis
' perfectissimus †.' Acri et irrequieto ingenio magna
"semper, et plerunque nova moliens, ita tamen ut
"publici potius quam privati boni honestà specie præ-
"texeretur: verùm in omnibus ferè quæ attigerat locis
"ambitione flagrans ingentem invidiam partium con-
"citavit. Non necesse habeo controversias, quas qui-
"dem multiplices acerrimè agitavit, enumerare; sat
"erit adnotâsse illum jam ingenii et eruditionis famâ
"florentem, post longum honorum Ecclesiasticorum

* Q. Are any of them now existing? See vol. II. p. 476.

† See Dr. Smalridge's "Speech," vol. IV. p. 292.

" decursum, quinto Julii 1713, jam tum Decanum
 " Ecclesiæ Westmonast. ad Episcopatum Roffensem
 " fuisse consecratum. Augusti vicesimo secundo * 1722,
 " conjurationis five princeps five conscius in judicium
 " publicum, utpote læsæ majestatis reus, coram supe-
 " rioris domûs Parliamenti tribunal sistitur; et cum
 " legum jam latarum voce damnari non posuit, specia-
 " lis lex eâ ipsâ de causâ ferretur pœnas illi arrogans,
 " non extremas quidem, sed exilium perpetuum.
 " Itaque ergo Lutetiæ Parisiorum exul obiit decimo
 " quinto Februarii 1732. In fano Westmonasterienfi
 " corpus sepultum jacet."

" BISHOP ATTERBURY was a fine speaker, and as
 correct and elegant a writer as this age has produced:
 he had a sprightly invention, a clear and distinguishing
 judgement, a peculiar delicacy of thought, and such
 a masterly turn of expression, as was able to sustain the
 greatest, and elevate the weakest subjects. In all kinds
 of writing he is a perfect pattern for style; his manner
 being every where beautiful, and suited to the nature
 of his compositions.

" In his sermons he is clear and elegant, moving and
 sublime. Never, perhaps, was there a more accom-
 plished Preacher than this eminent Divine; he had a sweet
 voice †, a charming address, and such a graceful appear-
 ance, as engaged the attention of his audience at his

* Here (as is observed by Widmore, p. 170) is a small
 mistake. He was committed to the Tower Aug. 24, 1722;
 but was not brought to the House of Lords till May 6, 1723.

† See the quotation from Mr. Polwhele, in p. 176.

first speaking. No one could better inform the understanding, no one more forcibly affect the passions, than this noble Orator. By the exactness of his method, and the propriety of his sentiments, by the weight of his arguments, and the force of his reflections, he not only instructed, but fully convinced his hearers of the truth and importance of what he preached. Nor was he less successful in his application to the passions; in this respect he was a great master, and could make what impressions he pleased: those pathetical strains of oratory that ran through all his discourses never failed to influence the wills of his auditors, and captivate the affections at pleasure.

“ And in his controversial writings he is inimitable; for have we any thing of the like nature written with equal strength and beauty in the English tongue? So much fire and spirit, amidst such an accuracy and propriety of thoughts and diction, is rarely to be met with in the compositions of the most eminent Moderns.

“ The arguments of this Author are managed with the utmost dexterity, and adorned with all the delicate wit and keen satire that debates are capable of. The strength of his genius, the warmth of his invention, and the beauty of his language, give him such a superiority over those he was engaged with, that when truth was thought to be on the side of his antagonists, he had always the appearance of it.

“ Even his Familiar Letters are admirable, and written with all the elegance of the epistolary style. We have here such a mixture of genteel wit and good sense, adorned with such a careless accuracy, such a

beautiful negligence of phrase, as is no where to be met with but in the celebrated epistles of the Ancients. Nor was his eloquence confined to his native tongue, he having a thorough knowledge of the purity and propriety, the force and elegance of the learned languages. His Latin compositions are written in so pure and elegant a style, as comes very little short of the dignity and standard of the Ancients. "There is nothing forced or unnatural (says the Author of his Life *), nothing laboured or affected, in what he says; but every thing comes from him with that ease and freedom, and volubility of diction, that fall of period, and turn of expression, as if he had been a native of ancient Rome, contemporary and rival to the famous Tully. No man (to conclude with the words of the same Author) had a finer taste, or was better acquainted with all kinds of polite learning, than Dr. Atterbury. No man was a greater master of the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the writings of all eminent Divines, both ancient and modern, than he; no man understood the points of dispute between us and the Church of Rome, as well as Dissenters of all other denominations, better than he: but that which gave him a particular lustre above his brethren, was the sublime manner in which he always treated a subject, the clearness and connexion of his reasoning, the strength and purity of his style, and that peculiar art whereby he first instructed the understanding, and then, by a pleasing violence, seized upon the passions, and led them captive where he would, and just as he pleased." BOSWELL, Method of Study, 1738, Book I. p. 281.

* Stackhouse.

“ S C A R C E had the Genius finished, when I beheld the gate, by which the President entered, unfold, and through it discovered a long range of magnificent apartments nobly illuminated: upon this, my conductor told me that he must now leave me; that I should soon see the reason, but he would return in an instant; that I might in the mean time be very easy, because I was imperceptible to every eye. Having spoke thus, he vanished; and I could perceive the President and all the other members turn their eyes with a respectful awe towards the illuminated apartments, through which I saw a venerable form advancing, attended by my kind guardian; it was that of a man who had reached his great climacterick; his air was noble and composed, yet there was a vivacity in his looks, and the majesty of his appearance was tempered with an inexpressible benignity. He was dressed plain, in a purple suit; and he took his seat in a chair of the same form with the President's, but removed from the table where the rest sat. He was scarcely seated when I found my conductor again by my side, who prevented my impatience to know who this extraordinary personage was, by saying, ‘ That is Francis Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester! He appears here, continued he, in a lay habit; and the particular honours that are paid him, both by the assembly and myself, are due not only to his extraordinary parts, but to the generous cares he bestowed on

embellishing this fabrick. He has always declined to take his seat at the table, because he was no professed Poet; but the little he has done that way shews how easily he might have shined in that province; in this dome, where politics and faction are buried, he enjoys the ease he always desired."

"Apotheosis of Milton," in the *Gent. Mag.* 1738, p. 522.

"THE Dean we heard the other day together is an Orator. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage; and adding to propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has charmed many of his audience who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections, which he can form, are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to shew the beauty of holiness, until he hath

hath convinced you of the truth of it. Would every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and shew so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world but because it is spoken *extempore*: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their tears, but by power over their imaginations." TATLER, N^o 66.

"When my *Favonius* is acknowledged to be Doctor SMALRIDGE, and the amiable character of *The Dean* to be drawn for Dr. ATTERBURY, I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality." Ibid. Preface to vol. IV.

"AMONG the many great Preachers of our age, no one, that ever I knew, had happier talents than Dr. ATTERBURY. His person was very well made; he had a gracefulness in his behaviour, and a kind of majestic gravity in his looks, that bespoke him reverence wheresoever he came. His voice was not strong; but there was something so sweet in his pronunciation, and so insinuating in his address, as gained him the possession of an audience whenever he began to speak: besides this, he had a quick penetration, an exquisite understanding, an easy comprehension, a sprightly fancy and imagination, and solid judgement and good sense; all united and combined together. In his Sermons, he

* See vol. I. p. 507.

is

is every way unexceptionable and praise-worthy. There is that exactness of method, and justness of thought, those weighty arguments, judicious reflections, easy address, and unaffected eloquence running through the whole, as denote him the celebrated Preacher that he was, and not undeserving this commendation of his friend Smalridge: "With what applause has he often
 " preached before the people, the magistrates, the
 " clergy, the senate, and the court! how oft has the
 " late Queen Mary (now gathered to the Saints above)
 " been charmed with his eloquence! and what address
 " did he use in tempering the soul of her Sister *, when
 " she was almost oppressed and overcome by her late
 " affliction †!" The truth is, his talent, in this regard, was so very remarkable, that it may not be improperly said, that he owed his preferment to the pulpit, nor any hard matter to trace him, through his writings, to his several promotions in the Church.

" In 1692, when he was only Student of Christ Church, he preached before Queen Mary, on the 29th of May, a Sermon about the Duty of Praise and Thanksgiving, which, in all probability, recommended him to be Chaplain to their Majesties; and it was his famous Discourse on the power of Charity to cover Sin, that induced the Governors of Bridewell-hospital to chuse him their Preacher, and recommend him to the lectureship of St. Bride's ‡.

* Queen Anne.

† The death of the Prince of Denmark, vol IV. p. 296.

‡ Here is a mistake in point of time. It has been already shewn, vol. I. p. 17, that he held St. Bride's in 1691; and Mr. Boyle directed a letter to him at Bridewell-house in 1693 (ibid. p. 40). The Sermon above mentioned was preached in Bridewell-chapel, Aug. 16, 1694.

" Sir

"Sir John Trevor, a great discerner of men and their abilities, was so struck with his fame, and charmed with his eloquence, that he made him Preacher of the Rolls-Chapel in 1693*.

"While

* Stackhouse has erred widely here; he says it was in 1709.—In the first Sermon published by Atterbury ("on Praise and Thanksgiving," before the Queen at Whitehall, May 29, 1692) he called himself "Student of Christ Church." The next was, "The Power of Charity to cover Sin," preached before the President and Governors of Bridewell and Bethlehem, in Bridewell Chapel, Aug. 16, 1694, being Election-day; published at their request. He had been chosen the preceding year "Minister and Chaplain" to the Hospital. The third was preached before the Queen at Whitehall, October 21, 1694, and "published by her Majesty's command," under the title of "The Christian Religion increased by Miracles;" since changed to "The miraculous Propagation of the Gospel." In the title-page of the fourth, which was preached before the Queen at Whitehall on the Sunday following, and "published by her Majesty's *special* command," his name first appeared as "Chaplain in Ordinary to their Majesties."

I have been thus particular, in order to ascertain the date of his becoming Chaplain, which seems to have been immediately after the Sermon of Oct. 21, 1694. The earliest that appears of those preached at the Rolls Chapel was that of Dec. 4, 1698. In the same year he preached on St. Cæcilia's day, and also on the death of Lady Cutts; before the House of Commons, May 29, 1701 (he was then D. D.); and again, on the Queen's Accession day, March 8, 1703-4; before the Lord Mayor, at St. Paul's, May 30, 1703; before another Lord Mayor, on his election, Sept. 28, 1706, and again, on a Fast-day, April 9, 1707; at St. Paul's, on the funeral of Mr. Bennet, Aug. 30, 1706; a Spital Sermon, at St. Bride's, on Easter Tuesday, 1707; and another on the same day in 1709; the *Concio ad Clerum*, May 17, 1709; a sermon at the anniversary of the sons of the Clergy, Dec. 6, 1709; in Westminster-Abbey, on the martyrdom of Charles I. Jan. 30, 1714; again, May 13, 1714-15; on Whitsunday, 1716; Nov. 1, 1717; on Easter-day, 1718; and Nov. 1, 1718. The rest of his printed Sermons were preached either at the Rolls
(of

“ While he continued in this station, the Convocation-controversy sprung up, and his Vindication of the Rights, Powers, and Privileges, of that Venerable Body (which he published in 1700) gained him great applause among his brethren, and proved a successful step to his future preferment.

“ In 1701, he preached before the Honourable House of Commons, and gave such an accurate description of our Constitution, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, and such a fine commendation of King William, as was a great means to continue him Chaplain after the Queen's decease, and when others were removed from that honourable office.

“ Queen Anne, upon her accession to the throne, made him her Chaplain; and advanced him afterwards to the Deanry of Carlisle, very probably, for the amiable character he had given her in his sermon before the House of Commons, on the 8th of March 1703-4.

“ Sir Jonathan Trelawny, then Lord Bishop of Exeter, made him Archdeacon of Totness 1700, and Canon-Residentiary of Exeter 1707, for the reason he assigns in his elegant dedication to that Prelate*.

“ The Convocation of the Clergy chose him unanimously their Prolocutor 1710, in thankful remembrance of the honour he had done them, when he magnified their office, and evinced the dignity of the

(of which the latest date is 1711), or at the Chapels Royal of St. James or Hampton Court, amongst which is the memorable one on the death of Prince George of Denmark, Oct. 13, 1708. The latest is dated March 20, 1718-19.

* Printed in vol. I. p. 406.

Priest-

Priesthood in a florid discourse before the Sons of the Clergy, not many months before.

“ It is certain, that his elegant and pathetic Sermon upon the death of Prince George, designed to move the passions, and calculated for the consolation of the Queen, had this effect, that it gained him the Deanry of Christ Church 1711, notwithstanding the competition of Dr. Smalridge, no contemptible candidate, and the warm applications that, by men of power and authority, were made in his behalf: and it is not unlikely that the remembrance of the same Sermon pleaded in his favour, and mightily befriended the Earl of Oxford's recommendation of him, when the Queen was pleased, in 1713, to promote him to the Bishoprick of Rochester, the height of his preferment, but not of his ambition.

“ Thus happily was Dr. Atterbury endowed with the gifts of nature, and the embellishments of erudition. He had an affluence of fortune, and the favour of great men; the applause of his brethren, and the patronage of two Crowned Heads to glory in; a tide of preferments successively coming in upon him, and a sphere of action, considering his several dignities in the Church, commensurate to his spirit.”

STACKHOUSE.

Of Dr. Atterbury John Dunton says in 1705, “ He is a zealous Defender of the Church of England (as thinking it the *purest* Church upon earth); he has a mighty sense of the worth of souls, and of the vast importance of those truths which he delivers to them.

He encourages piety, wherever he comes; and, though a Court Preacher, has too unblemished a candour, to be capable of those arts and practices that a false and deceitful world does account wisdom. To conclude: He is a good liver, and an eloquent preacher, and converses with persons of all conditions without lessening his character." Life and Errors, p. 450.

By *well-natured* GARTH he is thus severely characterized:

"*Urim* was civil, and not void of sense,
 Had humour, and a courteous confidence :
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks ;
 The hallow'd *Rose* declares him orthodox.
 He pass'd his early hours, instead of prayer,
 In Madrigals, and *Phyllising* the fair.
 Constant at feasts, and each *decorum* knew ;
 And soon as the *desert* appear'd, withdrew.
 Always obliging, and without offence,
 And fancy'd for his gay impertinence :
 But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed,
 He threw off *Sloth's* dominion, and would read :
 Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well ;
 In *Convocation*-language could excel.
 In volumes prov'd the Church without defence,
 By nothing guarded but by Providence ;
 How grace and moderation disagree,
 And violence advances charity.
 Thus writ, till none would read, becoming soon
 A wretched scribler, of a rare buffoon."

Bp.

Bp. BERKELEY styles Atterbury "a most learned and fine gentleman, who under the softest and politest appearance concealed the most turbulent ambition." *Gent. Mag.* vol. XVIII. p. 310.

Dr. YOUNG says, Bishop Atterbury was an admirable Orator both in the pulpit and in the House of Lords, &c. one of the best he ever heard. Mr. JONES, MS.

DR. DODDRIDGE *, in his unpublished Lectures on Preaching, gives a short view of the characters and qualifications of the most celebrated Divines of the last and present age, both Conformists and Nonconformists. Under the former head, he thus describes Atterbury as a Preacher :

"The glory of English Orators! His language in its strictest purity and beauty: nothing dark, nothing redundant, nothing defective, nothing misplaced. Trivial thoughts avoided; uncommon ones introduced; set in a clear and strong light in a few words; a few admirable similes; graceful allusions to Scripture beyond any other writer. On the whole, he is a model for courtly preachers."

* "If this testimony," says my late ingenious friend Mr. BADCOCK who furnished it, "is of any service (though indeed Atterbury's fame needs none) you may introduce it in your intended publication. It is chiefly remarkable, as it is the testimony of a DISSENTER."

Sey.

Seymour, in his "Survey of Kent," p. 438, speaking of Bp. ATTERBURY, says, "He was envied and admired
 " by his enemies; and will be remembered as long as
 " polite learning, true eloquence in the pulpit, and
 " the senate, shall be held in esteem, notwithstanding
 " his deprivation, his exile, and his political errors."

The Author of the "Art of Preaching" says,

— There are, who by ill Preaching spoil
 YOUNG's pointed sense, or ATTERBURY's style.

And Mr. POLWHELE, among the just commendations bestowed in his "English Orator" on an accomplished living Prelate, tells us that

"— graceful HURD may reason in a style
 " Of elegant deduction, as a voice
 " More musical than ATTERBURY's holds
 " The still attention."

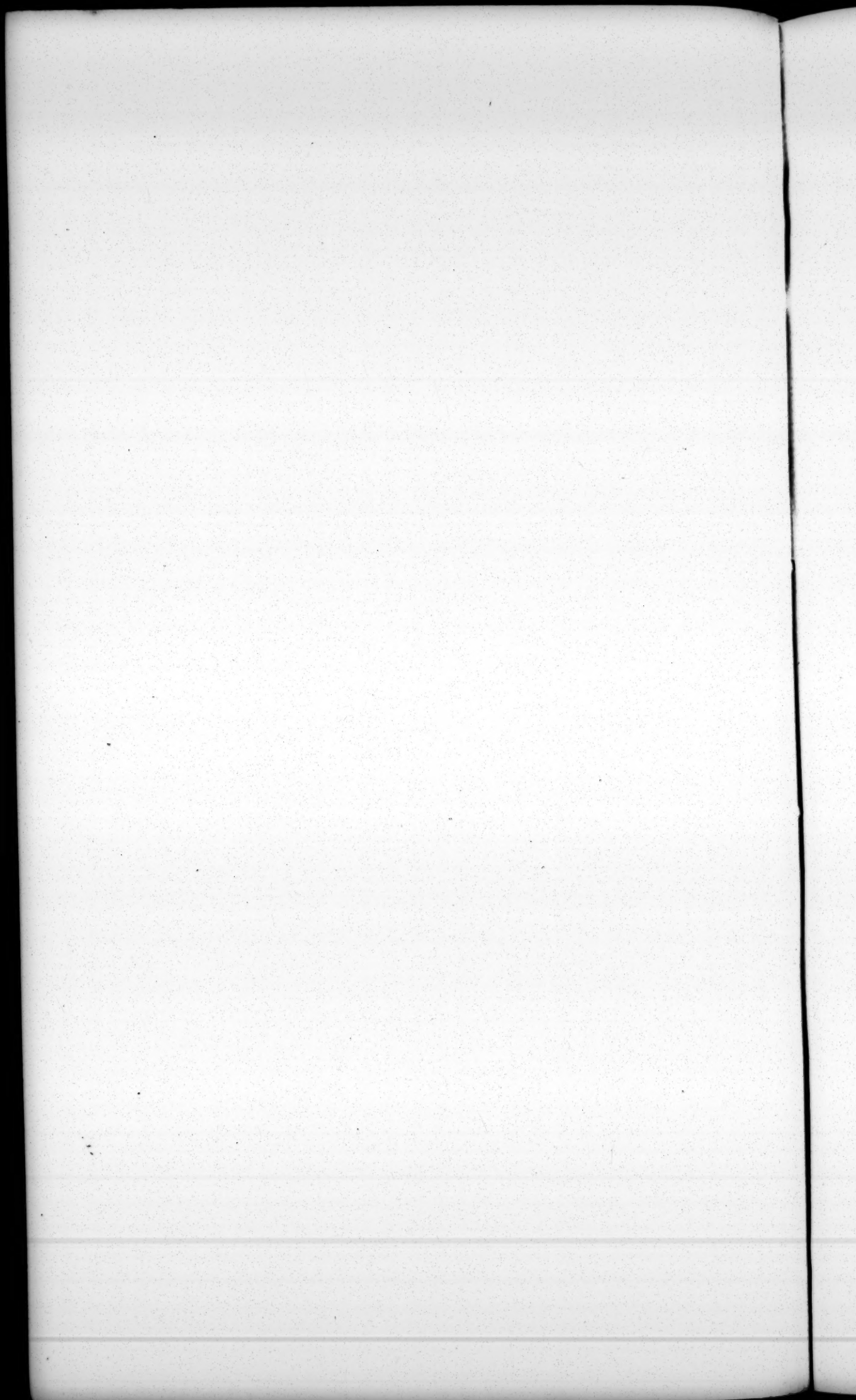
B I S H O P
A T T E R B U R Y ' S
L E G A C Y
T O
A L L T R U E E N G L I S H M E N ,
I N F I V E E S S A Y S , viz.

- I. On the *Excellency* of the *English Constitution*.
- II. The *Errors* and *Corruptions* of the *Church of Rome*.
- III. The *Rule of Doing* as we would be *Done unto*.
- IV. The *Excellency* and *Advantage* of *Private Prayer*.
- V. Considerations on a FUTURE STATE.

T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D ,
M A X I M S , R E F L E C T I O N S A N D O B S E R V A T I O N S ;
D I V I N E , M O R A L , A N D P O L I T I C A L .

F A I T H F U L L Y E X T R A C T E D F R O M H I S
L O R D S H I P ' S W R I T I N G S .

F I R S T P R I N T E D I N 1733.



TO WILLIAM MORICE, ESQ.

S I R,

THE design of these pages is no other, than to benefit mankind; if the observations and reflections of so good a discernor will have any influence upon their depraved appetites.

The liberty I have taken with the writings of this Great Man will, I doubt not, be excused, when it is an attempt of making more extensive those excellent precepts which he inculcated only within the narrow bounds of the pulpit.

It was the opinion of the reverend and pious Mr. Herbert, that,

“ A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies;

“ And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.”

Which is only saying, in other words, “ That the different method of conveying instruction will be regarded, with the utmost attention, by the same persons in *one way*, which would be heedlessly neglected and despised by them in *another*.”

Besides, what I have attempted is no other than what has been done by the works of several other Divines (particularly those of Archbishop TILLOTSON and Dr. SOUTH); the reducing of whose maxims, into the compass of small volumes, have been looked upon as useful and commendable undertakings.

If I have not failed in the performance, I dare venture to affirm, That what is herein offered will not appear inferior to any thing which has been produced of the like kind.

Herein will be found, That the Duties of the Christian, and the accomplishments of the Gentleman, are explained with an equal lustre; and likewise, what is herein advanced in defence of our Established Church and Constitution, will be an indisputable proof, that Bishop ATTERBURY was no PAPIST, nor could have the least tendency towards, or affection for, the Principles of the Church of Rome, which he hath so judiciously and nervously exposed.

In justice to his Lordship's memory, before I conclude, I must inform you, That, in some places, I have added a line or two of my own, for the better connecting of passages taken from several discourses, which are here reduced under one head; and in other parts of this collection I have, now and then, taken the liberty to speak in the Preterperfect Tense, where the time obliged the Preacher to speak in the Present; having no other motive for so doing, than to make this little tract appear regular and uniform.

PHILALETHES,

F I V E E S S A Y S.

I. *On the* EXCELLENCY *of the* ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

IT is natural for men to think *that Government* the *best* under which they drew their first breath, and to propose it as a model and a standard for *all others*. But if any people upon earth have a just title thus to boast, it is we of this island; who enjoy a constitution, wisely moulded out of all the different forms and kinds of Civil Government, into such an excellent and happy frame as contains in it all the advantages of those several forms, without sharing deeply in any of their great inconveniences. A constitution nicely poized, between the extremes of too much liberty, and too much power; whose several parts have a proper check upon each other, when any of them happen to tread awry; which yet is sure, in dangerous conjunctures, to give way to the common good of the whole. A constitution where the Prince is cloathed with a prerogative, that enables him to do all the good he has a mind to; and wants no power, but what a good PRINCE would not, and an ill one ought not to have: where he governs, though not absolutely, yet gloriously, because he governs men, and not slaves; and is

obeyed by them chearfully, because they know, that in obeying him, they obey those laws only, which they themselves had a share in contriving. A Constitution, where the external government of the Church is so closely interwoven with that of the State, and so exactly adapted to it in all its parts, as that it can flourish only when that does; and must, as it always has hitherto done, decline, die, and revive with it. In a word, where the interests of Prince and Subject, Priest and People, are perpetually the same; and the only fatal mistake that ever happens in our Politicks is, when they are thought to be divided.

It is objected, indeed, to this admirable model, that it is liable to frequent struggles and concussions within, from the several interfering parts of it: but this, which is reckoned the disease of our constitution, may rather be thought a mark of its soundness, and the chief security of its continuance. For it is with Governments exactly contrived, as with bodies of a nice frame and texture, where the humours being evenly mixed, every little change of the proportion introduces a disorder, and raises that ferment which is necessary to bring all right again; and which thus preserves the health of the whole, by giving early notice of whatever is noxious to any of the parts: whereas in Governments as well as bodies of a coarser make, the disease does often not begin to shew itself till it has infected the whole mass, and is past a cure; and so, though they are disordered later, yet they are destroyed much sooner. Accordingly we know, that under this disadvantage, if it be one, our Constitution has now
lasted

lasted pretty entire through many ages; for, excepting the short interruptions which *Conquest* gave (which, however, have not been either so many, or so great, as some would make them), it has continued much the same, in the main parts and branches of it, from the earliest times of our *Saxon* Ancestors, down to these days. A clear proof, that it is a Government suited every way to our temper, and to our clime; that it is perfectly made for us, and we for it; and that God, therefore, never punishes us more sorely, than when he deprives us of it for a time; nor ever confers a greater blessing upon us, than when he restores it.

As he did on *that* happy* day; when, after the confusions of a long civil war, attended with the destruction of an excellent church, the murder of a gracious Prince, and the grievous tyranny of our fellow-subjects, he was pleased at length, to give us back again, what we had so lightly departed from, our old *English* Government and Laws, and, together with them, what we then boasted of in name only, the true liberty of the Subject, and the real freedom and honour of Parliaments. And to *that* day, therefore, we owe all the benefits we have since reaped from the Regal administration; all the peace, plenty, and happiness, we have enjoyed, or our posterity after us shall enjoy under it.

To the influence of *that* day it is owing, that “ we
“ have had at the head of our Troops, and our Coun-
“ cils, a PRINCE, in whom were happily joined to-
“ gether the extremes of martial and political virtues;

* May 29, 1660.

N 4

“ who

“ who knew as well how to govern a free people by
 “ their own laws and customs, as to command Legi-
 “ ons; who, whether in the Cabinet, or in the Field,
 “ was still equally in his sphere, and was always indif-
 “ ferent, therefore, either to war or peace, any farther
 “ than the one or the other should conduce to the good
 “ of his people, and the general interest of mankind.
 “ Under the auspicious conduct of that PRINCE, the
 “ *English* Parliament was looked upon as Arbiters of
 “ the fate, and Governors of the balance of *Europe*:
 “ their resolves had as wide an influence as the firmest
 “ leagues and confederacies; and their very councils
 “ were more formidable than the hostile preparations
 “ of others.” To this never-to-be-forgotten PRINCE*
 (at least, while there is any gratitude remaining in the
 heart of an *Englishman*, for the great deliverance
 wrought by *him* for us), succeeded a QUEEN, who
 wore the crown of her Fore-fathers, to which she was
 intitled by blood, and which was placed on her Royal
 head, not only with the free consent, but with the
 universal joy and acclamations of her subjects. She
 ruled a willing people, not by the terror of rods and
 axes, but with the indulgent tenderness of a common
 parent. She desired rather to be loved than feared by
 them; and took the truest way towards securing their
 utmost love, by shewing, in every step of her gracious
 conduct, that she entirely loved them: she had no in-
 terest, could have no interest, separate from theirs;

* See his Sermon before the House of Commons, May 29, 1701, when he was Chaplain in ordinary to King William.

and upon whom malice itself could never fasten a suspicion of her pursuing any measures which aimed rather at her own glory or advantage, than the common good of *England*.

The Law was as much a rule to her, as to the least of those who obeyed her; the fixed measure, not only of her governing power, but even of her will to govern; and she made no other use of that power with which the Laws had invested her, than to give life and force to them.

The blessing of her mild and merciful Government descended from the throne upon her people, *as the small rain cometh down upon a fleece of wool*, without vehemence, or noise; *like the drops of rain that water the earth* gently and insensibly. She drew up the free-offerings of our love and duty, only to return them back again in showers of Royal Bounty; which made glad the land, and produced a mighty increase.

Some of the *Roman* Emperors were usurpers and tyrants, who acquired dominions by invading the liberties of a free people, and were arbitrary and lawless in the exercise of it. Their will and pleasure was the sole standard of justice; fear was the foundation of their Government; and their throne was upheld only by the Legions which surrounded it. *Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero*, had no personal merits or virtues to recommend them. They were not only bad Princes, but bad men; infamous for their lust, cruelty, and other vices.

How different from their case was ours, whose eyes beheld on the throne a QUEEN, who deserved to sit there,

there, as well by her virtue, as by her birth; who, in that public and exalted station, preserved all the innocence and sanctity of a private life; who was superior to all the temptations which a great power could suggest, and which nothing but as great goodness could ever overcome; and to whom, therefore, her subjects seemed to be almost as much obliged for the shining pattern of unaffected piety which she set them, as for all the other blessings of her prosperous reign.

She was, by her office and by her inclination, the defender and friend; the patroness and nursing-mother of God's Church established amongst us. In this Church she was baptized and bred, and, therefore, naturally loved it; she was made early and thoroughly acquainted with its doctrine and government, and consequently valued it; she had been a religious frequenter of its worship, and a steady adherer to its interest; and was prepared, in the late times of distress and danger, to suffer with it and for it.

Under her Administration, all the members and ministers of the Church of *England* might justly promise themselves, not only the opportunity of *leading quiet and peaceable lives*, but farther advantages; not merely protection, but all suitable instances of Royal favour and encouragement.

Witness her most Gracious act of Princely bounty and compassion to the poor Clergy of our Church; an act unequalled by any Prince, nay by all our Princes since the Reformation; and which (I was going to say) may atone for acts of very different kinds done in some of their reigns. It grieved her religious heart to see,
that

that those *who wait at the altar* should not *partake with the altar*, in such a measure as is requisite to preserve the respect due to their character, and to give encouragement and success to their labours.

She seemed to hear them complaining in the pathetic words of the Psalmist; "Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us, for we are exceedingly filled with contempt; our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud." To rescue them, and the Religion they taught, from these disadvantages, she extended her beneficence in the most ample manner, and took care to have the good effects of it perpetuated to future ages: scarce any but a Royal heart was capable of entertaining so large a design, as none but Royal hands were in any degree equal to the execution of it.

The benefaction is, indeed, worthy of her from whom it sprung; and carries in it marks of a wisdom as extensive as her goodness. For it is not confined, though given to those who minister in holy things; the happy fruits and effects of it will, through this channel, be conveyed to all ranks and orders of men among us. All will share in that munificence, which redounds to the service of Religion, the common inheritance and blessing of all; and which gives life and weight to the instructions of those, who, as meanly as they may be thought of on other accounts, are yet *the Ambassadors of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God*.

An unenvied bounty, therefore, it needs must be; a Good which cannot decently *be evil spoken of*, even by
such

such (if there be any such) who wish not well either to the objects, or the Bestower of it.

A PRINCESS less solicitous for the good of Religion, though intent on such a work, would yet have deferred it till the expensive war, wherein we were engaged, was brought to a close. But the compassion and godly zeal of our gracious Sovereign would not be checked by that consideration: the love of doing good overcame all the difficulties which lay in the way towards doing it. She thought, that to consecrate one part of her revenue to so pious a use, would draw a blessing on all the other branches of it; that the *cruise of oil* would not fail ever the sooner, for bestowing a portion of it on a Prophet, or any of the Sons of the Prophets; that the earnest prayers of those whom she thus relieved would be as serviceable to her in the war wherein she was engaged, as the income itself; and that her charity would, in the expression of the Son of Syrach, "fight for her better than a mighty spear, and a strong shield."

To conclude, the height of public credit in her time, and the eagerness with which all her subjects pressed to fill her coffers with their loans, were not signs that she had, by any act of misapplied bounty, lost the least ground, either in the favour of Heaven, or in the affections or esteem of her people*.

* See his Sermon, preached before the House of Commons, March 8, 1703-4.

E S S A Y II.

On the ERRORS and CORRUPTIONS of the CHURCH of ROME.

§ 1. **G**REAT and groundless reproaches have, in some respects, been cast on the *Church of England*, as if there were still some remains of *Popery* in it. Poor vicarages are really such; which took their rise from the pretended vicar of Christ (the Pope) who endowed Abbeys and Monasteries oftentimes with the spoils of Church-livings, for the support and maintenance of his spiritual tyranny. It was the great blemish of our Reformation, that, when religious houses were suppressed, some part, at least, of their revenues was not restored to its original use*.

§ 2. *Of their ENTHUSIASM.*

AWAY with those extravagant flights of *Devotion*, which some pretended saints (but real enthusiasts) of the Church of *Rome* have indulged themselves in; who make it necessary for every Christian, in order to perfection, to divest himself of all manner of regard for himself; nay, to despise, to hate, and to abhor himself in the utmost propriety of the expression. Certainly, if what these Mystical Divines say be true, impossible it is for a perfect man to love his neighbour at all, since he is not allowed, by their scheme, to love

* See his Sermon, preached before the House of Commons, March 8, 1703-4.

himself; and yet is bound to love his neighbour as he loves himself, or (which is all one) to do as he would be done unto, by our Lord's express determination *.

§ 3. *Of their pretended Miracles, &c.*

MIRACLES are the immediate act of Omnipotence, and, therefore, not to be employed, but where the importance of the occasion absolutely requires them: much less are they to be employed where they are neither requisite, nor likely to succeed; as the case is, where those, who are not convinced by the old *Miracles*, demand new ones. We have, therefore, great reason to look upon the high Pretensions, which the *Roman Church* makes to *Miracles*, as groundless, and to reject her vain and fabulous accounts of them. Half the Saints which have place in her peculiar calendar were, if you will believe her, converted by MIRACLES: *Apparitions, Visions, and Intercourses of all kinds* between the *Dead* and the *Living*, are the frequent and familiar embellishments of those *pious Romances, her Legends*; which exceed the Scripture itself in wonders, and do, indeed, by that means contradict the doctrine and design of it: for where *Moses* and the *Prophets* are received, there a continued succession of *Miracles* are needless; and, consequently, not to be expected, believed, or pretended. With the strictest justice, therefore, we ought to condemn the folly and impiety of those persons (for such there have been) who have obliged themselves, to each other, to

* See his Sermon before the Queen, November 5, 1704.
appear

appear after death, and give an account of their condition in another world; and the worst use that hath been made of these ill contracts is, that the surviving party hath hardened himself upon the other's failure. It is stupidly foolish thus to venture our salvation upon an experiment, which we know not whether God will suffer, and which we have all the reason imaginable to think he will not suffer to take place.

They who attend sick beds will tell you, that men, upon the near approach of death, have been rouzed up into such a lively sense of their guilt, such a passionate degree of concern and remorse, that, if ten thousand Ghosts had appeared to them, and Hell itself had been laid open flaming to their view, they could scarce have a fuller conviction, or a greater dread of their danger: and yet, no sooner had the distemper left them, but their good thoughts and resolutions began to leave them too, till they had at last, perhaps, forgotten their first fears and agonies, as much as if they had never felt them; their solemn vows and promises, as thoroughly as if they had never made them. Thus, in all likelihood, would it be with the *Libertine* who should have such a visit (as he had contracted for) from the other world. The first horror and astonishment it raised would go off by degrees, as new thoughts, new diversions, came on; it would be driven out by business, or pleasure, or the various accidents of life that might afterwards befall him; till at last he came, perhaps, to reflect upon it, as if it were a story only which he had heard, or read, and in which he himself was no ways concerned.

Christ Jesus, and his apostles, did this very thing which is required by the *Libertine* to be done; raised men and women from the dead, not once only, but often, in an indisputable manner, and before many witnesses. St. *Peter* raised *Dorcas*. Our Saviour raised the *Ruler's* daughter, the *Widow's* son, and *Lazarus*; the first of these, when he had just expired; the second, as he was carried to the grave on the bier; and the third, after he had been some time buried; and having, by these gradual advances, manifested his divine power, he at last exerted the highest and most glorious degree of it, and raised himself also, by his own all-quickenings virtue, and according to his own express prediction. We did not, indeed, see these things done; but we have such authentic accounts of them, that we can no more doubt of their being done, than if we had actually seen them. For though no evidence affects the fancy so strongly as that of sense, yet there is no other evidence which gives us full satisfaction, and as clear a conviction to our reason. So that there are some distant matters of fact, of the truth of which we are as certain, as we are of what happens before our eyes; the concurring accounts of many such witnesses, as were every way qualified to inform us, and could have no interest in deceiving us, and sealed the truth of their testimony with their blood, rendering it (*morally*, or as we might speak) *absolutely* impossible that those things should be false. And what can we say more for the evidence that comes by the senses? For can any thing be more certain than that which it is impossible should not be true? And of this nature are
many

many of those *miraculous facts*, upon which the truth of our Religion is founded; particularly, that most important *Miracle* of all, the Resurrection of our Lord: it is so convincingly attested, by such persons, with such circumstances, that they who give themselves leisure to consider and weigh the testimony, at what distance soever they are placed from the fact itself, cannot help closing with it, nor entertain any more doubt of the *Resurrection*, than they do of the *Crucifixion* of Jesus. And therefore, I say, if this miracle of *Christ's* rising from the dead, *heretofore*, be not sufficient to convince a resolved *Libertine*, neither would the raising of one *now* from the dead be sufficient for that purpose; since it will only be doing that over again which hath been done already; and of the truth of which (all things considered) we have as much reason to be satisfied, as if we ourselves had stood by and seen it.

Now if the proof of a future state, by an immediate appearance of one from the dead, be (in truth and at the bottom) but equal to that single proof of Christianity, our Lord's *Resurrection*; how little probability is there, that he, who is not wrought upon by the one, would be convinced by the other?

Let us, from these considerations, be led to reverence the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, in all his transactions with men! Let us learn, not to dispute the methods of his providence, but humbly and implicitly to acquiesce in them, and to adore them! Let us satisfy ourselves, that every thing is certainly ordered by him, after the aptest, and best, and most becoming manner, though our first apprehensions

should suggest otherwise to us; and that no contrivance, no policy, no prudence whatsoever, can, in any respect, deviate from his scheme, without leaving us in a much worse condition than it found us *!

§ 4. *Of their* RECLUSENESS.

IT hath been disputed which is a state of the greatest perfection, the social, or the solitary; whereas, in truth, neither of these estates is compleat without the other; as the example of our blessed Lord (the unerring test and measure of perfection) informs us. His life (which ought to be the pattern of ours) was a mixture of contemplation and action, of austerity and freedom: we find him often, where the greatest concourse was, in the market-places, in the synagogues, and at festival entertainments; and we find him also returning from the crowd into the desert, or the garden, and there employing himself in all the kinds of religious exercise, and intercourse with God, in fasting, meditation, and prayer. In imitation of his spotless example, we may doubtless lead public lives innocently and usefully; conversing with men, and doing good to them; mutually sowing and reaping the several comforts and advantages of human society. But because the pleasures of conversation, when too freely tasted, are intoxicating and dangerous; because the temptations we there meet with are many and mighty; and even where the *Spirit* is *willing* to resist, yet the *Flesh* is often *weak*; we ought, therefore, to lessen the

* See his Sermon before the Queen, October 28, 1705.

too great complaisance we are apt to have in such satisfactions, by fit intermissions of them, to strengthen ourselves for such public encounters by our religious prayers; to retire from the world sometimes, and converse with God and our own consciences; examining the state, and fortifying the powers of our souls, in secrecy and silence.

The great, but much-neglected duty of *religious retreat* and *recollection* is incumbent upon us; but not that sort of *retirement* which is so much esteemed and practised in the church of *Rome*; where all perfection is reckoned to consist in solitude, and no man is allowed capable of arriving at the height of virtue, who doth not strip himself of all the conveniences of life, and renounce all manner of acquaintance with the world, and the things of it: I see not wherein this state of life claims the pre-eminence over all others, how it is founded in nature and reason; what particular example, precept, or direction, there is in the Gospel, inviting us to it. *John* the Baptist, indeed, is there represented as sequestering himself from human converse, and spending his time *in the Wilderness*: but as he is said to have come *in the Spirit and Power of Elias*, *Luke* i. 17; a Spirit far different from the *Spirit* of the Gospel, *Ibid.* ix. 55; and did, therefore, professedly imitate that Prophet, in his severe manner of life and diet, and garb, and behaviour, and doctrine; so his example belonged rather to the *Mosaic* state, under which he lived and taught, than to the Christian dispensation, which began where his preaching ended. Nor did even the Baptist himself propose his own prac-

tice as a pattern to his followers: on the contrary, when *the People, the Publicans* and *the Soldiers*, enquired of him, "What they should do to flee from the wrath "to come;" he did not exhort them to go out of the world into the wilderness, but gave them such directions only, as related to a faithful discharge of their duty, in their several stations and callings; and when, afterwards, our Saviour began to enter on his ministry, and to appear *as* our Saviour, by publishing the Gospel of his kingdom, we find nothing, either in his actions or his doctrine, to countenance that recluse and solitary state which some since, who would be thought best to have imitated his example, and obeyed his precepts, have so zealously espoused and practised.

Far be it from me, however, to condemn all those holy and good persons, who have betaken themselves to this solitary and austere course of living. Doubtless, many of them were actuated by a sincere, but misguided principle of piety; the fruits of which, though mixed with a great alloy of superstition, did yet, in divers respects, redound to the credit of Religion, and the good of mankind. But supposing these to be real, yet they were, I say, uncommanded instances of virtue; not possible, or, if possible, not fit to be practised by the far greater part of Christians. The *Retreat* therefore, which I am speaking of, is not that of *Monks* and *Hermits*, but of men living in the world, and going out of it, for a time, in order to return into it: it is a temporary, not a total *Retreat*; such as we may shake off, or re-assume at pleasure, according as we have need of it, or an opportunity for it; such as is

consistent with all the business, and even with the innocent pleasures of life; and it is so far from interfering with the duties of our public offices and stations, that it disposes and enables us for the better discharge of them *.

§ 5. Of their false Notions of CHARITY.

PUBLIC and useful Charities do more real honour to the Reformed Religion, which gave birth to them, than redounds to the Church of *Rome*, from all those monkish and superstitious foundations, of which she vainly boasts, and with which she dazzles the eyes of ignorant beholders. Our charitable foundations are not like *theirs*, whose number †, wealth, and splendour, exceed all the demands, and the design of Charity; and raise envy, rather than compassion in the breasts of beholders. There are, indeed, superfluous charities; conveniences to private persons, but of no real advantage to the publick: instead of being receptacles to the truly poor, they tempt men to pretend poverty, in order to share the advantages of them. Our charitable institutions are of another nature and tendency; calculated not for ostentation, but use; to answer the chief ends of human life, and the necessary wants of human nature.

* See his Lent Sermon preached before the Queen, March 23, 1704-5.

† The "number, wealth, and splendour," of charitable foundations that have been instituted in this country since our benevolent Bishop wrote the above sentence, adds considerably to the force of his argument.

§ 6. Of their Arts of *Seduction*, &c.

WE live at a time when Popery, which is so far shut out by our laws as not to be able to re-enter openly, is yet stealing privately in by the back-door of Atheism, and making many other secret and unperceived advances upon us. Its emissaries are very numerous, and busy in corners to seduce the unwary. And among all the popular pleas, which they employ to this purpose, there is none more ensnaring (I speak by experience) than the advantageous representations they make of the public charities which abound in *their* communion. Many ways there are of exposing the vanity of such pretences: but I have found none more successful, than to direct the persons, who are struck with the specious appearances of charity in *that* Church, to the real and substantial effects of it in ours; those noble monuments of "Glory to God, and Good-will to men," which the piety of our *Protestant* Ancestors raised; and which since have received as great additions and improvements, as the renowned City itself to which they belong. I mention them together, because I take the one of them to have sprung, in some measure, from the other; and the present prosperous estate of this great *Emporium* to be owing not more to the industry of its inhabitants, than to those shining instances of Charity in which they excel; there being no surer way towards increasing riches, than by sharing them with the poor and the needy *.

* See his Spital-Sermons, 1707 and 1709.

§ 7. Of their *Uncharitableness* and *Cruelty* to those who differ from them.

THE treason of the *Gun powder-plot* is sufficient to raise in us a due abhorrence of the ungodly principles and practices by which the *Papacy* hath enlarged its interests, and established its spiritual tyranny over the understandings and consciences of men. The treason of *that* day was a contrivance, wicked and cruel beyond example, and beyond expression: such as the ears of any honest Heathen would, when they heard it related, tingle at; such as, if perpetrated in the infancy of Christianity, would have gone near to have arrested the course of it, in countries as yet unconverted; and to have rendered even the miracles done for its confirmation, insignificant and vain: in a word, such as nothing but the malice of one of that *Order* *, which hath been, ever since its first erection, the scourge and pest of mankind, could have projected; nor any but some of its *Bigoted* and *Furious* votaries durst to have executed.—Blessed *Jesu*! that ever men, more particularly calling themselves by thy name, and pretending more immediately to devote themselves to thy service, should so far forget the law of humanity and kindness, which was visible in every part of thy behaviour, while thou wast on earth, and is still legible in every page of thy Gospel! that they should be misled, by the perverse comments of their own casuists upon this law, so far as to believe, that a *Massacring Spirit* was recon-

* The *Jesuits*, who style themselves, *The Society of Jesus*.

cileable to the *Spirit of Christianity*, and that the genuine principle of it should lead, or permit men to overturn States and Kingdoms! Such ill-effects may spring from the best of causes, Religion, when perverted and abused: such horrid impieties may men arrive at, when they have once fixed this persuasion firmly in themselves; that, how vile soever the attempts are, in which they engage, yet, if the end be good, it justifies and sanctifies the means; and that the plainest rules and duties of the Gospel do not bind those who are, as they imagine, propagating the interests of it.

To this day's *double Deliverance* * it is owing, that we are freed from the fears of *Papal* superstition and bondage; that we enjoy all our religious and civil liberties, all that is dear and valuable to us, in respect of this world, or another; and even that we see *Her* on the throne of Her Ancestors (designed *that* day for slaughter) who, by sitting there, protects and secures us in all these enjoyments †.

ESSAY III.

On the RULE of *doing* as WE would be *done* unto,
against the LIBERTINISM of the Age.

THE professed contemners of *Revealed Religion* would be thought to have a mighty reverence for *Reason* (since by the help of *Reason* it is, that they endeavour to throw off *Revelation*); and while they have

* King William landed on Nov. 5, 1688.

† See his Sermon before the Queen, Nov. 5, 1704.

this,

this, its eldest and most unquestioned law, it should, methinks, be very sacred to them. What! shall the great masters of exact thought, and idolizers of Reason, live in a perpetual contradiction to the first principle of it! Now, will they, who have so little light to guide themselves by (that of Nature alone) neglect to make use of that little which they have? And yet, perhaps, there is no sort of men whatever that offend so broadly against the evident righteousness of this rule, as those who pretend most to magnify the principle from whence it flows. There are none who pursue their pleasures so keen, and sooth up all their passions so carefully; are every way so selfish, and so directly set in opposition to this generous and equal maxim, as the men, who will tell you, they adore plain *Common sense*, but cannot digest a *Mystery*. From whence it is manifest, that their disesteem of *Faith* proceeds not from any just esteem they have for *Reason*, or any regard they bear to its laws; but merely from a spirit of *Libertinism*, and a desire of coming under as few obligations as possible. It is not a *Freedom of thinking*, which they aim at; but a *Freedom of living*, and of doing what they please, without the controul of law, or fear of punishment. And in order to this, one good step is to shake off *Revealed Religion*; and such an one, as is usually followed by another, the parting with all Religion, even that which Nature itself prescribes. To these reasoners, therefore, it may be said, that the rule of "Doing as they would be done by," is not (what they are so jealous of) any imposition upon their understandings, any puzzling mysterious doctrine; it is
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all pure light and evidence, "and in it no darkness at all," [1 John i. 5.]. Why then do they not submit to it? Why do they, of all men living, do as they would not be done by? oppress and trample upon their inferiors, revile their betters, and supplant their equals? carry on their unlawful desires, without stint or bounds, to the injuring the property of those who are too weak to contend with them? to the defaming their neighbour's reputation, or defiling his bed? Why, in a word, do they make themselves the only centre of all their actions, wishes, and designs? and regard nothing, that is without them, any farther than it may be useful to their purposes and enjoyments? Let us see this lofty race of men in good earnest stoop to this plain dictate of Reason; and then we shall be inclined to think them sincere, when they pretend to hearken to the voice of *Reason*, and *that* only; and may have room to hope, that the good God, who sees them honestly practising all those virtues which flow from this rule, will improve upon that foundation, and in His own time graft Grace upon Nature.

But if we profess ourselves to be the disciples of Christ, can we think ourselves really to be what we profess, while we openly and avowedly transgress this great precept of Christ; the very hinge upon which the morality of his Gospel turns? We may boast, if we please, of our having all knowledge, and all faith, and of our understanding all mysteries; but if we do not govern our lives by this truth, which is evident by Nature, it will be to no purpose that we firmly assent to those truths,
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which are revealed to us by Grace. We deny Christianity if we reject these; but if we live in contradiction to that, we renounce the principles of human nature itself; without supposing which, there can be no Christianity. Let us profess and believe what we will, unless we do also as we would be done unto, all our Faith and Religion is vain. Nor is it vain only and unprofitable in respect of ourselves; it is also of pernicious consequence to others, who, from such instances as these, will take occasion to disparage the efficacy and influence of Revealed Religion, and to harden themselves in their Infidelity. The ridiculers of divine faith, the despisers of mysteries, never exercise their scornful talent with greater pleasure or success, than when they attack the principles of Christianity, by comparing them with the practice of Christians; especially in this capital article of all schemes of Religion, "The doing to men as we would be done unto;" and can point out our manifest and scandalous violations of this plain rule of Reason, while we pretend to embrace all the sublime doctrines, and to inherit all the glorious advantages of a Divine Revelation. The Heathen Emperor *Severus* shall rise up in judgement with such a generation of Christians, and condemn them; for he, by the light of Nature, was taught highly to reverence this precept: it was legible on the walls of his palace, and on the banners of his army; it was engraved in his very heart, and transcribed from thence into his practice. Would to God that many of those pretended Vicars of Christ, who have since erected their thrones in the chief seat of this Prince's empire, had equally succeeded him in an
awful

awful and conscientious regard for this excellent maxim, and had been, in that respect, as good Christians (or, rather, as good Heathens) as he was ! They would not then have become the authors and fomenters of all that discord and confusion, all those wars and massacres, those conspiracies and rebellions, with which they have for many centuries past shook the thrones of Princes, and disturbed the quiet of this Western world. Nor would they, in order to cover and palliate those wicked attempts, have openly encouraged the casuists of their communion to publish such loose and scandalous systems of morals, as, instead of being comments on this rule, are a perfect contradiction to it ; and are calculated not to bring up mens obedience to the terms of the Gospel, but to bring down the Gospel terms, as near as can be, to the infirmities and failings, nay, to the corruptions and vices, of human nature.

The *Rule* which makes what other men desire of us, the measure of our dealing toward them, is to be understood, not of vicious and excessive desires, but of such only as are fit and reasonable ; such requests as we can, in our calmest thoughts, justify to ourselves ; such as, we are sure, may be made without indecency, and cannot be refused without inhumanity.

It may be thought, that the rule, thus tempered and qualified, will not be of any special use or moment to us, in the direction of our practice ; inasmuch as the lines of duty do not seem to be more clearly marked out by this method of comparison, than they would have been by a direct injunction of our dealing with others, as right reason and our consciences inform us
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that we ought to deal with them. For after all, when we have made other mens case ours, we are still left to judge what, in equity and reason, we might expect from men, before we can determine after what manner we are to behave ourselves towards them: and, therefore, which way soever we take the measure of our duty, we must, in order to the fixing of it, always finally appeal to the bar of equity and reason.

When we determine amiss concerning the obligations incumbent upon us in respect of other men, it is by reason of that strong weight of self-love, which hangs like a *byass* on our minds, and secretly sways them towards that side on which our own interest lies. To set this error right, we suppose ourselves to be the men who are so to be dealt with; and then the same selfish principle makes that appear very hard and unreasonable, which before it inclined us to approve. And thus our warped and perverted judgement, by being bent as much towards the opposite side, recovers its straightness. The *Rule*, therefore, is at the bottom a wise art of rebating one degree of our partiality by another: it enables us to take two several views of our duty, to eye it under different lights, and to see it, by that means, more distinctly and fully. And in this sense, "measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves with ourselves *," we take the surest way to be both *Just* and *Wise*.

There is no one so absurd and unreasonable, as not to see and acknowledge the absolute equity of this

* 2 Cor. x. 12.

Rule, the doing in all cases, and to all persons, even as we would be done unto, in the *theory*, however he may swerve and decline from it in his practice; and to agree upon it as that golden mean, which, if universally observed, would make the world universally happy; every man a benefactor, a good angel, a deity as it were, to his fellow-creatures; and earth, the very image and fore-taste of Heaven!

The proprieties and advantages of this *Rule* are alike easy and obvious to all understandings; to the meanest and most ignorant men, as well as to those of the greatest parts and improvements.—Human laws are often so numerous as to escape our memories; so darkly, sometimes, and inconsistently worded, as to puzzle our understandings; and their original obscurity is not seldom improved by the nice distinctions and subtle reasonings of those who profess to clear them: so that under these several disadvantages, they lose much of their force and influence, and, in some cases, raise more disputes than perhaps they determine. But here is a *Law* attended with none of these inconveniencies; the grossest minds cannot misapprehend it; the weakest memories are capable of retaining it; no perplexing comment can possibly cloud it; the authority of no man's gloss upon earth can (if we are but sincere) sway us to make a wrong construction of it. What is said of all the Gospel precepts, by the Evangelical Prophet, is more eminently true of this, “It is an high-way;” “and the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.” Isaiah xxxv. 8. *

* See his Sermon before the Queen, Nov. 5, 1704.

E S S A Y IV.

On the EXCELLENCY and ADVANTAGE of PRIVATE PRAYER.

OF all the duties of the *Penitent*, that which *Privacy* best qualifies us for, is PRAYER; which it enables us to perform in such a manner, as is likely to be most prevalent and effectual. Great, indeed, is the excellence and advantage of *Public Devotions*, as they testify our common reverence of the Divine Being; as they are best fitted to implore, or to acknowledge public blessings; and as they excite a public emulation in the breasts of sincere worshipers. However, in some respects, they must yield the pre-eminence to closet prayer; particularly in this, that they are not so well calculated as *that*, to procure ease and repose of conscience to the sinner, and to adjust particular accounts between God and our souls. For it is of special use to this purpose, in these three respects; as it affords the best opportunity of being *Fixed, Fervent, and Circumstantial* in our addresses to God.

In the solemn service of the Sanctuary, let us endeavour never so much to prevent *distractions*, we shall now and then be sensible of them: outward objects will break in upon our senses, and divert the application of our minds; even the length of the office, and the daily returns of the same forms, will, to persons not rightly qualified and disposed, occasion spiritual
languors

langours and wanderings. But all these obstacles are removed, all these inconveniences are prevented, when we pray in private. We are then placed immediately under the eye of God, which awes us, and under no other eyes which might divert or discompose us; we are then at liberty to make choice of our own thoughts, and our own words; and, while we are chusing them, we cannot but attend to them. We can break off from the duty whenever we find our attention flags, and return to it at a more seasonable opportunity.

Nor are we capable, at such times, of being more *Fixed* only, but likewise more *Fervent*, and *Inflamed*. True Religion is ever modest, and reserved in its demeanor, when it appears in public; jealous of doing any thing that may favour of vanity and ostentation; unwilling to allow itself in any such earnestness of speech, or singularity of behaviour, as may call off the eyes and ears of others to observe them: it contents itself, for the most part, with a composed and serious look; with a simple and unaffected carriage. But when public regards and restraints are taken off, the pious soul may then let itself loose into the highest fervors of zeal, into the freest raptures of thought, and into a suitable vehemence and warmth of expression; there is no sort of holy address which it may not make use of, no outward signs of devotion and reverence which it may not abound in. We may then, without observing ceremonies and forms, throw ourselves, as it were, into the Divine embraces, as a friend runs into the arms of his friend, when nobody is by to interrupt their mutual endearments.

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There is yet another great advantage that attends our private devotions: they give us leave to be as *express* and *particular* as we please in our representations. In the Church, the Sinner and the Saint, men of all ranks, distinctions, and attainments in virtue, must join in the same common forms: and though each of them may, by a sudden glance of mind, adapt the general words to his own circumstances; yet one branch of the service presses too fast upon another, to admit of any pause between them. And they, therefore, who lie under the load of any particular guilt, rise not from their knees with so much comfort, as they would have done, had they been at liberty to dwell upon it, and confess it in all its aggravations. This liberty, their closet, and that alone, can afford them: there they may expatiate as much as they please upon their wants and unworthiness; there they may pour out all their complaints, and open all their griefs and fears, and send up all their thanks and acknowledgements; there importunities are not forbidden, Repetitions are not unbecoming; but they may persist *knocking* till it is *opened* to them, and *asking* till they have *obtained*.

Indeed, the greater our sphere of public action is, the less time we can allow ourselves to spend in these religious exercises; but still some of it is due to them; nor can any secular cares or avocations wholly excuse us from paying it. Our Blessed Lord, we are sure, had very great business to transact with mankind, and a very short time in which to finish it; and yet, during his three years conversation on earth, we find him often exchanging the duties of the active and public state for

those of the solitary and private; "sending the multitudes away, and going up into the mountain, apart, to pray." And we are sure, that in *this*, as well as *other* respects, "He left us an example, that we should follow his steps *."

ESSAY V.

CONSIDERATIONS on a FUTURE STATE.

IF all the benefits we expect from a Christian institution were confined within the bounds of this present life, and we had no hopes of a better state after this, of a great and lasting reward in a life to come; we Christians should be the most abandoned and wretched of creatures: all other sorts and sects of men would, evidently, have the advantage of us, and a much surer title to happiness than we.

Were there no life after this, men would be more miserable than beasts: for, in this life it is plain, that beasts have, in many respects, the advantage of them; inasmuch as they enjoy greater sensual pleasures, and feel fewer corporal pains, and are utter strangers to all those anxious and tormenting thoughts, which perpetually haunt and disquiet mankind.

The pleasures of sense are, probably, relished by beasts in a more exquisite degree than they are by men; for they taste them sincere and pure always, without mixture or alloy, without being distracted in the pursuit, or disquieted in the use of them.

* See his Lent Sermon before the Queen, March 23, 1704-5.

They follow nature in their desires and fruitions, carrying *them* no farther than she directs, and leaving off at the point, at which excess would grow troublesome and hazardous ; so that their appetite is not destroyed, or dulled by being gratified, but returns always fresh and vigorous to its object. Hence their organs are generally better disposed than ours, for receiving grateful impressions from sensible objects ; being less liable to be vitiated by diseases, and other bodily accidents, which disorder our frame, and extremely lessen the complacency we have in all the good things of life that surround us. Nor are the pleasures which the brutal part of the creation enjoy, subject to be lessened, any ways, by the uneasiness which arises from fancy and opinion. They have not the art of growing miserable, upon a view of the happiness of others ; it being the peculiar privilege of *Thinking Beings*, when they are otherwise sufficiently blessed, to create trouble to themselves, by needless comparisons.

They are under no checks from reason and reflection, which, by representing perpetually to the mind of man the meanness of all sensual gratifications, do, in great measure, blunt the edge of his keenest desires, and pall all his enjoyments. They are not aware of a superior good, or of any higher end, to which they might be ordained. They feel no inward reproaches for transgressing the bounds of their duty, and laws of their nature. They have no uneasy presages of a future reckoning, wherein the pleasures they now taste must be accounted for, and may, perhaps, be outweighed by the pains which shall then lay hold of them. None of

their satisfactions are impaired by the fear of losing them, by that dread of death, which hangs over the mere natural man, and, like the *Hand-writing* on the *Wall*, damps all his mirth and jollity; and by which he is, as the Apostle speaks, "all his life-time subject unto bondage;" (Heb. ii. 15.) that is, in a mean, dejected, slavish state of mind. In a word, they have no concern for what is past; no uneasy expectations of what is to come; but are ever tied down to the present enjoyment; and in that they are vigorously and totally employed.

In these respects it may be truly affirmed, that men would be really more miserable than beasts; and that the best of men would be often the most miserable. For their principles give them not leave to taste so freely of the pleasures of life, as other men do; and expose them more to the troubles and dangers of it. The great and prevailing principle of good men is, to sit as loose from those pleasures, and be as moderate in the use of them, as they can, in order to maintain the empire of the mind over the body, and keep the appetites of the one in due subjection to the reasoning powers of the other. A truly good man thinks himself obliged, not only to forbear those gratifications which are forbidden by the rules of Reason and Religion, but even to refrain himself in unforbidden instances, when, by allowing himself in what is innocent, he would either run the risque of being farther betrayed into what is not so, or would breed matter of offence to his weak and misjudging neighbour. He lives not for himself alone, but hath a regard, in all

his actions, to the great Community wherein he is inclosed; and gives the reins, therefore, to his appetites, no farther than the indulging them is consistent with the general good and happiness of society.

He is so far from grasping at all the advantages and satisfactions of this world which are possible to be attained by him, that he thinks the bounding of his desires and designs within the line which his birth and fortune have marked out, to be a great and indispensable duty: He hath "learnt, in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content;" and doth not, therefore, eagerly aspire after an higher condition of life, is not over solicitous to procure to himself a larger sphere of enjoyment.

It is impossible for a man to have a lively hope in another life, and yet be deeply immersed in the enjoyments of this; inasmuch as the happiness of our future state so far exceeds all that we can propose to ourselves at present, both in degree and duration, that, to one firmly persuaded of the reality of that happiness, and earnestly desirous of obtaining it, all earthly satisfactions must needs look little, and grow flat and unsavory. We should bear the uneasinesses that befall us here with constancy and patience; as knowing, that though our passage through this world should be rough and troublesome, yet the trouble will be but short, and the rest and contentment we shall find at the end will be an ample recompense for all the little inconveniences we meet with in our way towards it *.

* See his Sermon, at the funeral of Mr. Bennet, the bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, August 30, 1706.

MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS,

A N D

OBSERVATIONS;

DIVINE, MORAL, AND POLITICAL*.

I. **T**HE fate of mankind is in the hands of PRINCES; and *whose Welfare*, in great measure, depends upon *their* actions and conduct.

II. SOVEREIGN PRINCES and STATES are the chief instruments which Divine Providence employs in its administrations here below; and by which it brings about all those mighty events that fix, or unsettle, the peace of the world. When these great wheels move irregularly, the whole machine of State is presently rendered unserviceable, and numberless depending motions are either stopped or disordered.

III. The *Execution* of all LAWS is intrusted with *Princes*; and are the source of every advantage that redounds to mankind from society, which, without them, would not be preferable to solitude. To the influence of *Laws* it is owing, that we can call any thing our own, even life itself, and are sheltered from the at-

* See his Sermon before the House of Commons, March 8, 1704.

tacks, which the lusts and passions of men, restrained by nothing but the principles of Reason and Religion, would be every day making upon us; that we are polished in our manners, bred up in all the arts of civil life, which can render us useful, or agreeable to each other.

IV. Of LAW, and JUSTICE, said the excellent Mr. *Hooker* long since, (with a compass of thought, and a force of words, peculiar to him) “no less can be acknowledged, than that her SEAT is in the Bosom of God; her voice, the harmony of the world; that all things in Heaven and earth do her homage; the very least, as feeling her care, and the greatest, as not exempt from her power; both angels and men, and creatures, of what kind soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with one uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.” He therefore, upon whose authority and will the observation of human laws depends, hath the happiness or misery of mankind in his power; *the earth and all the inhabitants thereof* would be dissolved, did not such persons *bear up the pillars of it*: nay, even the example of Princes is, itself, a living law to their subjects, which fashions them, by degrees, into a likeness of manners, and spreads its influence insensibly, but powerfully, through cities and kingdoms.

V. The reign of a *good Prince* is the most universal and comprehensive blessing, which either man can ask, or God bestow; and for which we have as much reason to be thankful, as for the light of the Sun, for temperate weather, and fruitful seasons.

VI. An *Ill Prince* cannot help doing a great deal of good, by preserving some degree of order and government, which preserve the world. But when *Virtue* ascends the throne, it dispenses blessings without number, and without measure; and diffuseth its influence on all around, and beneath it.

VII. As the virtue and vices of all who govern operate on all inferior ranks of men in the way of natural causes, so have they another and more extraordinary effect; inasmuch as God doth often take occasion to reward or punish a people, not only by means of *Good or Ill Princes*, but even for the sake of them.

VIII. Whether it be, that the good or ill conduct of rulers is sometimes owing to their people, and may therefore justly be imputed to them; or whether (as in the case of visiting the sins of parents upon their children), by making them mutually liable to the consequences of each other's actions, God intended to imprint a mutual concern and endeavour for each other's welfare, and to unite them together in the strictest bonds of interest and affection: Whatever the reason of God's dealing in this manner with Princes and States may be, sure we are, that he *doth* thus deal with them, and that this is one chief article in that scheme of political justice, by which he governs the world. And can there be a better argument for our interceding with God, in behalf of "Kings, and all that are in Authority," than to reflect, that we are really, at such times, interceding for ourselves, since we may be chastised for their transgressions, and reap the rewards of their piety and goodness?

IX. The

IX. The cares of Empire are great, and the burden which lies upon the shoulders of Princes weighty. With what difficulties is their administration often clogged, by the perverseness, folly, or wickedness of those they govern ! How hard a thing do they find it, to inform themselves truly of the state of affairs ; where fraud and flattery surround, and take such pains to mislead them ! How nice a task is it, to distinguish between the counsels which are given out of private interest, and those which a care of the public good suggests ; and to steer their course aright, between the extremes of allowing too much liberty, and affecting too much power ! To what daily dangers are their persons exposed, from the attempts of treachery and violence ! How particular and pressing are the temptations to which the height of power they have attained makes them liable ! They are above the reach of fear, reproof, and most of those outward checks which God has placed as guards upon private men's virtue ; and are, on that account, in great danger of letting loose their appetites and passions into all manner of excesses, without an extraordinary degree of God's restraining grace, which, therefore, it becomes and concerns us to beg of him for them.

X. The providence of God doth, in a very peculiar manner, interpose towards swaying the wills and affections, and directing or over-ruling the intentions of those who sit at the helm : he gives a bent to them, this way or that, which they take as certainly and easily as a stream is divided into the channels which the hand of the workman prepares for it.

XI. Human

XI. Human power, left to itself, would make wild work in the world; the chariot of Government would be often and dangerously misguided by rash, unskilful drivers, did not an invisible hand hold the reins, and gently direct the course of it.

XII. A spirit of meekness, submission, and respect to our superiors, if generally exercised, makes crowns fit easy on the heads of Princes, and renders them and their subjects equally a blessing to each other.

XIII. Such as sincerely pray for the prosperity of a State, are not likely to disturb it themselves, or to push on others into attempts against the peace of it: they come out of the Church still more devoted to their Prince and country than they went in; more eager and better qualified to discharge their duty to the publick in their several places and stations.

XIV. The happiest of mankind are often subject to this *great infirmity*: that, overlooking those solid blessings which they already have, they set their hearts upon somewhat which they want; some untried pleasure or advantage, which, if they could but taste, if they could but obtain, they should then be certainly and compleatly blest. And yet no sooner have they climbed that hill, which thus determines their view at a distance, but a new prospect is opened to them, and they find themselves as far removed from the imagined point of happiness as ever*.

XV. When the providence of God concerns itself in producing surprizing events, it is in order to have its influence on things below observed and acknow-

* See his Sermon before the Queen, upon the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, 1705.

ledged; which would go near to be forgotten, did he not, by some remarkable instances of his interposition in human affairs, now and then raise men up into a lively and vigorous sense of it.

XVI. When the great scene of Government is shifted all at once, and the causes that visibly contribute to it bear no proportion to the effect produced; then we look out for others of a more extended force; we perceive a divine providence interesting itself in our affairs, and adore the footsteps of it.

XVII. If we forget God's administration of the great affairs below, when they go on evenly and regularly, he is pleased, by awakening notices, now and then, to put us in mind of it; to present to our view some astonishing revolution of State, like a glaring comet, hung up in the air, whose irregular motion and appearance shall sooner lead our thoughts up to the Author of nature, and imprint a deeper awe of him upon us, than the sight of the whole Host of Heaven, in orderly array, continually moving round us.

XVIII. Since the age of miracles ceased, as it did when the testimony of the Gospel was fully sealed, the chief way, in which God hath been pleased to give extraordinary indications of his power and providence, hath been by such *Signs of the times* (such *Wonders of Government* as the *Restoration*) which were not calculated, like the other miracles, for any particular purpose or period; but have been in the world as long as kingdoms and nations have been, and are to last together with them,

XIX. The

XIX. The justice of God's dealing with particular men may be manifested here, or hereafter, as he thinks fit; for their duration is eternal: and should their successful crimes, or unmerited afflictions, be winked at in this world, it sufficeth, if such irregularities are set right in another. But as to societies and combinations of men, which are of a shorter date, another rule must take place; and, therefore, the justice of God's administration, in regard to such communities, must be manifested either here, or not at all.

XX. The *Jews* were so remarkably separated from other nations, and kept so entire within themselves, by the express commands of God, and by a fence of many peculiar rites and ceremonies; and the history of the various and strange vicissitudes they underwent, from their first erection into a people, down to their final excision, is so punctually registered and transmitted to us; that we may in them, as in the glass of Providence, distinctly see all the several ways and methods of God's dealings with great States and kingdoms, and be fully instructed in the rule of his raising or depressing, prospering or punishing them, by the interposition of a Divine Power, as visible almost as the virtues or vices that occasioned it.

XXI. Those unexpected turns of state and deliverances, which the arm of God sometimes brings to pass, he does it to baffle the mistaken policy of men, and to discover the vanity and emptiness of all those pretences to a deep and consummate wisdom, which the falsely wise of this world please themselves in, and value themselves upon.

XXII. Men

XXII. Men of ability and experience in great affairs, who have been long at the helm, have hit often in their conjectures and reasonings upon things, and have been very prosperous in many of their projects, are apt at last to give themselves the honour of all their good luck, and to grow vain upon it.

XXIII. Were it not for such surprizing revolutions of affairs, which disappoint the devices of crafty statesmen, and make the heads of the ablest and most experienced lookers-on giddy at the sight, God would, in the opinion of many of his creatures, be shut out from the government of the world, and the honour of his conduct would be devolved upon some of the mean and subordinate instruments of it, those poor *Insects*, that sit upon the wheels of State, and imagine themselves to be the authors of all its motions, and able to check, or to quicken them at their pleasure * !

XXIV. Reputation is the great engine by which those who are possessed of power must make that power serviceable to the ends and uses of Government. The rods and axes of Princes and their Deputies may awe many into obedience ; but the fame of their goodness and justice, and other virtues, will work on more ; will make men not only obedient, but willing to obey, and ready to come into every thing that is done or designed for the publick advantage by those who they are satisfied sincerely mean it.

XXV. An *Established character* spreads the influence of such as move in an high sphere all around and beneath them ; it reaches farther than their own care and

* See his Sermon before the House of Commons, May 29, 1701.

providence, or that of their inferior officers, can possibly do: it acts for them, when they themselves cease to act, and renders their administration both prosperous and easy.

XXVI. The *Actions of men in high Stations* are all conspicuous, and liable to be scanned and sifted. They cannot hide themselves from the eyes of the world, as private men can: even those who attend on their state and dignity, and make up their honourable train, are, as it were, so many spies placed upon them by the publick, to observe them nearly, and report their character. Praise, therefore, or blame, being the necessary consequence of every thing they do, they have more reason to act always with an immediate regard to the opinion of the world, than other men have; and to resolve to make all *those actions* worthy of *observation*, which are sure to be *observed*.

XXVII. Great *places* are never well filled but by *great minds*; and it is as natural to a great mind to seek honour by a due discharge of an high trust, as it is to little men to make less advantages of it. On all these accounts, *Reputation* becomes a signal, a very peculiar blessing to *Magistrates*; and their pursuit of it is not only allowable, but laudable, so it be carried on by methods which are every way innocent and justifiable, and with a view of making a good use of a good character, when established: so that be not rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good, and as an encouragement to proceed in doing it: in a word, so *Honour* be not *sought after* by
the

the *violation of conscience*, or the *Praise of Men* preferred, in any respect, *to the Praise of God* *.

XXVIII. Honour, profit, and pleasure, are the three great idols, to which the men of this world bow ; and one or all of which is generally aimed at, in every *Human Friendship* they make †.

XXIX. The first step towards happiness is to correct our false opinions concerning it, by learning to esteem every thing, not according to that rate and value which the world, or our own mistaken imaginations may have placed upon it, but according to that which, in itself, and in the accounts of right reason and Religion, it really bears ‡.

XXX. False and foolish opinions have gotten footing, and thriven in prejudice to true Religion and sound morality ; because there was something in them which flattered either our vanity, our lust, or our pride, and fell-in with a darling inclination. And to this single art Mr. *Hobbes* owed all his reputation, and his followers : it was not his philosophy, and his boasted reason, that drew men in, but the skill he had in fitting his principles to men's constitutions and tempers. He knew what would take, and be liked ; and he knew how to express it after a taking manner ; and no wonder then, if it were greedily entertained. To talk against received opinions, and in behalf of some beloved vices and frailties ; to dress up his discourse in all the natural beauties of language, and to give it,

* See his Sermon on the election day of Lord Mayor, September 28, 1706.

† See his Sermon before the Queen, Oct. 31, 1708.

‡ See his discourse on the death of Lady Cutts.

beside the air (and he gave it nothing but the air) of demonstration, this he saw would be a sure way of engaging the men of wit and pleasure on his side; and this, therefore, he followed with application and success.

XXXI. When Christianity *first* set out, it took none of those methods of recommending itself, and enlarging its interests: on the contrary, it proposed plain naked truths, without colours and disguises, or any regard to what was agreeable and pleasing. It held forth high and inconceivable mysteries, which the pride of man would make him apt to suspect, because he could not perfectly comprehend; and it preached up harsh and ungrateful doctrines, which did violence to men's natures, and which it was death to them to think of entertaining. And yet, I say, under this great disadvantage, it made its way, and prospered.

XXXII. Nothing recommends a new doctrine so much, or goes so far towards promoting an universal reception of it, as its falling-in with the corrupt desires and inclinations, the passions and prejudices of men: for men are, without difficulty, brought to believe an opinion true, which they wish true before-hand. And this was the way in which that cunning impostor, *Mahomet*, set up for a new Prophet. He made his doctrine as relishing and palatable as he could; contrived it on purpose, so as that it might gratify men's lusts, and appetites; and, especially, that it might comply with the loose and wanton manners of the *East*, where he erected his standard.

XXXIII. It

XXXIII. It is another great advantage to a rising opinion, if it be espoused by men of authority, repute, and parts; who may either force its way into the world by dint of power, or bring it about by arts of management and contrivance. In this manner *Mahomet*, likewise, hewed out his way by the power of the sword; took advantage from the divisions and weakness of Christendom, to arm a savage multitude, and make large inroads upon it; and having, first, brought into subjection the bodies of men, had no hard task afterwards, to inflame their souls.

XXXIV. In like manner the Papal Usurpation hath prevailed. The Bishops of *Rome* got zealous Princes into their interest, and made them blindly obedient to the Holy See; and then, by their help, imposed their own decrees upon whole unwilling provinces and kingdoms. And, as some of their encroachments thus got footing, so many others, we know, were brought in at first, and have been supported ever since, by the highest and most refined arts of policy. That See hath never wanted, from the very moment since it first set up its pretences, a number of skilful managers, who have continually pleaded its cause, and carried on its interests, with all the industry and zeal, of which human wit is capable: it hath ever had the warmest and ablest (I had almost said the wisest) heads employed in its defence, and hath taken care to make sure of them by bountiful rewards, dealt out in proportion to their services; and by making a zeal for the Papal Chair a sure and never-failing step towards all manner of honours and advantages: and no wonder, therefore,

if its delusions have spread so far and wide, and infected such numbers.

XXXV. Another expedient which promotes the progress of a new Religion is, if it be brought into the world in dark and barbarous times; when men are either too rude and illiterate, to be able to weigh, and to dispute the truth of it; or too much sunk in sloth and vice, to be willing to do it. And *this* again cannot but put us in mind of the *Romish* superstitions: for it is plain, that they took *that* time of settling and spreading their Empire, which, of all times since the coming of Christ, was the most ignorant, and the least inquisitive; when men were vicious, lazy, dispirited, fearful, and credulous; when gross darkness sat upon the face of the *West*; when the irruptions of the *Goths* and *Vandals* had destroyed all the old learning, as well as the old buildings, and left nothing but ignorance and barbarity behind them.

XXXVI. God pitched upon that particular point of time, for the manifestation of his Gospel, when good sense and learning and wit were at the highest. When the *Roman* Empire was in its full glory, and, together with it, all the arts and sciences flourished; when the world enjoyed a profound peace, and was at liberty to examine the truth of an opinion, which set up with such pretences: then did the glorious light of the Gospel shine forth, and dazzle the eyes even of those who were thought to see best and farthest. And soon after the Apostles opened their Heavenly commission, and executed it publicly; challenging those who looked on, with all their curiosity, subtlety, and spite,

to disprove or blemish it. The doctrine of the cross shewed itself bare-faced to all the Wits and Sages of both *Rome* and *Athens*; and defied their doubts and their reasonings.

XXXVII. A farther help towards establishing any new opinions in Religion is, if they be not proposed to men all at once, but insinuated into them only by insensible steps and degrees: and this method hath often made its way for the belief of the most monstrous doctrines, and the entertainment of the wildest absurdities. Witness (once more) several articles in the *Roman Catholic* faith; which, had they been offered to the minds of men at first in their full latitude, had been rejected with indignation and horror; but, being proposed at half views, and advanced by little and little, were also gradually admitted by men not well aware of their utmost import and tendency; every first step into error smoothing the way towards a second, and so on, till the passage was widened enough for the grossest contradictions to enter in at it.

XXXVIII. Far from this *Artificial method* of winning belief was the Religion of *Jesus*. Upon its first appearance, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, it offered itself to the view of men at full length, and in all its proportions. No moral precept was reserved for a more convenient time, no doctrine (no great fundamental doctrine) was disguised or concealed. The message it brought, it delivered plainly and openly at once; the most unwelcome practical truths, as well as those which were better known and received; the sublimest points of faith, together with such as were more easy and credible.

XXXIX. The Christian Religion, from small and weak beginnings, spread itself far and wide, after a sudden and strange manner; and this it did against all probability, and contrary to all the rules of success, which all other rising opinions have ever set up with *.

XL. Of all false Religions, the *Mahometan* came the nearest to the Christian, in the swift manner of its propagation; for in a small time it over-ran a great part of the *Eastern* world. But this success, how extraordinary soever, had nothing Miraculous in it; nothing but what may easily be accounted for, by reflecting on the circumstances (already intimated) with which the propagation of that imposture was attended. Such as, the loose manners, and lamentable divisions of the Christians of that time; the suitableness of *Mahomet's* doctrine to the sensual inclinations of men, especially of those *Eastern* people, to whom it was first addressed; and the method he used of procuring submission to it, by the dint of the sword, not by the power of persuasion and argument. A Religion that gave a full indulgence to the ambition, the lusts, and cruelty of mankind, could not fail of gaining Profelytes; and when a warlike and savage race of men, united by the hopes of rapine and spoil, set upon a dissolute, divided, and weakened enemy (as the Christians then were), the success of such an enterprize was sure and easy; and on the success of *Mahomet's* arms the success of his Religion depended. When, by an uninterrupted course of victories, he had laid the foundation of the *Saracen* Empire, it was no wonder that a new Empire

* See his Sermon before Queen Mary, Oct. 21, 1694.

should be able to introduce a new Religion: the increase of the one, was naturally followed by a proportionable enlargement of the other; which, therefore, I say, had nothing *Miraculous* in it; nothing that rivalled, or any ways resembled the success of the Gospel.—That “Stone, which was cut out of the mountain, without “hands” (i. e. without visible causes and instruments proportioned to such a work), “and broke in pieces all “other kingdoms,” and, at last, became itself “a great “mountain, and filled the whole earth.” [Dan. ii. 34, 35.]

XLII. The imperfect propagation of the Gospel, and the prevalence of *Mahometism* over it, are some of the darkest secrets of Divine Providence. But the causes that contributed to produce this great revolution are manifest: they were plainly the vices and discords of the Christians of those times, that gave the enemies of our Faith courage to attack it, put weapons into their hands, and furnished them with all manner of advantages over it. *Christ* came into the world on purpose to subdue the power, and destroy the kingdom of *Satan*. He displayed the banner of *his* cross, and summoned all nations to repair to it, who accordingly obeyed the signal. But while the extremest parts of the earth were meditating a submission, while *his* greatest enemies were hastening to put their necks under *his* feet, a stop was put to their intentions and *his* triumphs, by the mutinies and desertions of *his* own soldiers.

XLII. For near three hundred years after *Christ*, no *Roman* Emperor embraced the faith; though they were (several of them) men of great moral virtues, and

“not far from the kingdom of God,” as to their personal qualifications and characters; such, particularly, were *Vespasian*, *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Adrian*, and the two *Antonines*. Yet it pleased the Divine Providence, that even those good Emperors, instead of embracing and protecting the Christian Faith, should discourage and persecute it; so that the “Kingdom of Christ,” which was “not of this world,” might not be beholden to any of the kingdoms of this world for its establishment; but spread and fix itself every where, not only without the aid of Princes, but against their will; in spite of their fiercest opposition, nay, even by the means of it. *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate* began this opposition; and the *Roman* Emperors, till *Constantine*, continued it. Nevertheless the word of God went on, conquering, to conquer, till it had subdued even those subduers of the world, to the obedience of the Faith.

XLIII. The very existence of the world is a proof that it was at first *Miraculously* created; and so, even the existence of the Christian Religion (as at present spread and professed in the world) is a proof that it was, at first, *Miraculously* planted. For the second creation by *Jesus Christ* can no more be accounted for by natural causes, than the first; and carries in it as evident marks and impressions of an omnipotent power*.

XLIV. Pride makes a man seem sufficient, in his own eyes, for all manner of speculations and enquiries, and, therefore, puts him indifferently upon the pursuit

* See his second Sermon, upon the Propagation of the Gospel, 1694.

of all knowledge, and the determination of all doubts, without giving him leave to distrust himself in the least, or once to consider which way his genius and abilities lie.

XLV. The proud man, not being duly qualified for every search, or, if he were, yet not having leisure and opportunity enough to go through with it, is fain to take up with slight and superficial accounts of things; and then what he wants in true knowledge to make up in downright assurance. As soon as he hath touched on any science, or study, he immediately seems to himself to have mastered it; is as positive in his opinions, and as hardy in his assertions, as if the thoughts of his whole life had been directed *that way only*. Which is, as if a coaster, who had gone from port to port only, should pretend to give a better description of the inland parts of a country, than those who have travelled it all over.

XLVI. It is the mischievous nature of pride to make a man grasp at every thing, and, by consequence, comprehend nothing effectually and thoroughly; and yet (which is worst of all) inclines him to despise and contradict those that do. It gives him just understanding enough to raise an objection, or a doubt, but not enough to lay it; which, as it is the meanest and most despicable, so it is also the most dangerous state of mind a man can be in; and by so much the more dangerous, as the subject upon which his enquiries turn is more important, and the errors more fatal which he runs into, for want of a due knowledge of it.

XLVII. He that is but *Half a Philosopher* is in danger of being an *Atheist*: an *Half-Physician* is apt to turn *Empiric*: an *half-bred man* is conceited in his *Address*,

and *troublesome* in his *Conversation*. Thus it is in all matters of speculation or practice: he that knows but a little of them *, and is very confident of his own strength, is more out of the way of true knowledge, than if he knew nothing at all. Now, there is, I say, a natural tendency in pride towards putting a man's mind into such a situation as this, and therefore it must needs be a quality very opposite to the search and attainment of true wisdom.

XLVIII. The proud man dares trample on those truths which the rest of the world reverence; and can sit down quietly in the assurance, that he alone is in the right, and all mankind beside in the wrong.

XLIX. If a proud man be once in the wrong, it is scarce possible he should ever be set right again: he is placed above the reach of that great means of amendment, *Reproof*; and, therefore, as his pride led him into a mistake at first, so will it be sure to keep him there, and to harden him in his way, against whatever wise men can think or say of him.

L. A general undistinguishing suspicion is altogether as apt to mislead a man, as too easy and unwary credulity.

LI. An extremity of suspicion, in an inquirer after truth, is like a raging jealousy in an husband, or a friend: it leads a man to turn all his thoughts towards the ill natured side, and to put the worst construction upon every thing; and, in consequence of that, for once that he is really in the right, in his guesses and censures, to be very often and very much in the wrong.

LII. Wit, as it implies a certain uncommon reach

* "A little Learning is a dangerous thing" says Pope, who has more than once been obliged to our Bishop for hints in some of his best Poems.

and

and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent; very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it. But *false-wit*, or a way of exposing things sacred and serious, by satire and profane drollery, by passing a bold jest upon them, and ridiculing arguments instead of confuting them, betrays a man into a thousand errors, for one that it discovers to him.

LIII. Men of quick and lively parts, are apt to give themselves a loose beyond plain reason and common sense, and to say many things, not exactly right and true, in order to say somewhat new and surprizing: their great aim is, in general, *to please*, and in order to it, they must bend all their wit that way to which the corrupt nature of man is inclined, and be sure always to speak *against* the opinions that are most general and prevailing. This gives them a light and trifling, instead of a serious and manly frame of spirit; and makes them think, they have answered all the wisest reasons that can be brought for any thing, if they have but clapped a *nick-name* upon it, and dressed up a grave and venerable truth, in so odd a disguise, as to raise mirth and laughter from it.

LIV. Look round the world, and you shall seldom find a man, *Loose* in his *Principles*, who is not so, likewise, in his *Manners*. There may possibly be, now and then, in an age, an instance of some *cold Pblegmatic* man, that shall set up for over-turning Religion and morality, merely for the sake of contradiction, or to get himself a name by it; without the design of indulging his own appetites in so doing: but this is a very rare case; such, generally, being "Men who
" walk after their own lusts."

LV. A *Scorning humour* hath been most prevalent in those ages of the world in which the love of pleasure, and the arts of ease and luxury, did most abound, and is commonly incident to men at that time of their lives, when their lusts are most ungoverned, and their blood boils hottest. It is chiefly the young, robust sinner that indulges himself in it, *whilst* he is in the midst of his enjoyments; for though a man may continue in the practice of this impious folly to the very end of his life, yet the habit itself is generally formed much earlier.

LVI. The *Sensual Man* is, of all men living, the most improper for inquiries after truth, and the least at leisure for it. He is never sedate and cool; and therefore not able to fix his intention to a point, and go through with it. He is never disinterested and impartial, and therefore not capable of deliberating freely. He is already under the dominion and power of his own lusts; and, perhaps, likes to be so, and is very unwilling to shake off his chains.

LVII. The witty *Libertines* of *Old* must have parted with much of the esteem they had, and with most of their pleasures, if they had once admitted the truth of Christianity; and therefore they agreed in running down the reputation of that, lest they should lose their own.—Alas! *Porphyry* must have been contented; to confess the vanity of Philosophy and *Lucian* must, in great measure, have foregone his skill in Satire *.

* See his Sermon before Queen Mary, October 28, 1694.

ABSALON ET ACHITOPHEL,

POEMA ; Latino Carmine Donatum *.

“ Hæc placuit semel ; hæc ITERUM repetita placebit.”

HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 365.

[THAT once has pleas'd ; THIS will for ever please. DUNCOMBE.]

Oxon. Typis Litchfieldanis ; prostant apud Johannem Crosley, 1682.

AD LECTOREM.

En tandem, *Amice Lector*, (quod dudum pollicitus sum)
poema suis absolutum numeris ! cui tamen superva-
caneum duxi, moræ excusandæ gratiâ, aliquid præfi-
gere. Id unicè sollicitum me habet, ne tale fortasse
videatur, quod nec jam debuerit emitti. Vale.

NONDUM mystarum pia fraus eluserat orbem,
Nondùm uni conjux porrexerat ora capistro :
Sed similem amplexa est, naturâ urgente, maritum
Sponsaque, & innocuo residens in fornice pellex.

Tunc,

* Of the original poem, Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Dryden, says, “ Absalom and Achitophel is a work so well known, that particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible ; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers ; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.”

Anthony Wood tells us, that Atterbury was assisted in this translation by Mr. Francis Hickman. They were both

Tunc, qui Judaicas rerum flecebat habenas
 Jessides, cœlo carum caput, integer ævi,
 Igne pari nuptas arsit servasque, Tonantis
 Ectypa fiderei, brevibus transcripta tabellis,
 Diffundens lati vaga per confinia regni.

young Students of Christ-Church, Atterbury being then but of two years standing, and Hickman only of one year. Another Latin version of this poem, published at Oxford under the title of "Absalon & Achitophel; Carmine Latino Heroico; Oxon. typis Litchfieldanis; prostant apud Ricardum Davis, 1682," was written by Mr. William Coward of Merton College (afterwards a physician, and well known by his writings as a Freethinker). Of the two translations Wood gives this concise account, under the article COWARD: "He hath translated into Latin Heroic verse the English poem called Absalom and Achitophel, Oxon. 1682; in five sheets in quarto, written by John Dryden, Esq. Poet Laureat to King Charles II. Mr. Coward being schooled for it in the college, and his poem not being taken in the University, the title of it was caused by Thomas Ward of New Coll. to be put in Thompson's Intelligence* of the 13th of June 1682, as to have been written by Walter Curle, of Hartford, Gent. The translation of the said poem, done by Francis Atterbury, and Francis Hickman, of Christ-church, was extolled more than that of Coward." In the epistolary dedication to Coward's poem, addressed, "Amico meo charissimo G. C. A. M. e Coll. M." and signed "G. C. Dat. Hartford Idib. Aprilis, 1682," the Writer professedly declares, that he had paid but little attention to quantity. The reader will be surprized, after this information, to be told that Coward's version has, to this moment, been unjustly mistaken for Atterbury's; that it was printed at large for his by Curll; and a specimen of it not only was printed in Stackhouse's Life of him, but continues even in the improved edition of the "Biographia Britannica." It hence becomes an act of justice to preserve the genuine poem in this collection of the Bishop's Miscellanies.

* In the news-paper Wood refers to, called "The Loyal Protestant, and true Domestic Intelligence, or News both from City and Country," the advertisement runs thus: "Absalon et Achitophel, Carmine Latino Heroico: Or, the Poem called Absalon and Achitophel translated into Latin Heroic Verse, by Walter Curle Gent. Printed for Richard Davis in Oxford, and to be sold by Walter Davis near Pater-noster-row, 1682."

Imperii socios Michal gestabat honores,
Sollicito (heu!) nimiùm tellus ingrata colono;
Sed reliquis impar: regi nam plurima mater
Pensabat steriles numerofo pignore curas.
At quoniam non æqua Venus genialia casti
Fœdera concussit lecti, male defuit, idem
Qui foret & sceptri Jeffæi, & sanguinis hæres.
Hanc inter florentem annis titulisque catervam
Absalon emicuit princeps, quo pulchrior alter
Non fuit Abramidûm, Judæa neque induit arma.
Credibile est, tantum cùm, non lævo omine divûm,
Moliretur opus, majore libidinis œstro
Impulsum, haud solitæ Veneri indulfisse parentem;
Ni forte egregium os, & pulchræ frontis honores
Sors dederit, certi non irrita pignora regni.
Illum etiam imberbem longè distantibus oris
Bellica clarabat virtus, cùm vindice ferro
Sustinuit patrii socialia fœdera regni.
Pace, ducem excutiens, duri Mavortis amorem
Dedidicit, dextrâque potens tractabat inermi
Idalios arcus, & amica Cupidinis arma.
Quicquid agat juvenis, nativo ac simplice cultu
Splenduit. Olli omnis gestusque, & norma loquendi,
Sponte suâ effluxit, mollique in pectore spirans,
Gratia purpureos oculis afflavit honores:
Et pulchrum enituit proles confessa parentem:
Jeffidæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
Hinc illi Annabalem, generoso sanguine cretam,
Conjugio junxit stabili, propriamque dicavit.
Omne nefas (quis enim vixit sine crimine?) cæcum
Vel latuit, vel dixisses latuisse, parentem.

Si

Si fortè exundans juvenili effervuit æstu
 Sanguis, & immistas spumanti gurgite sordes
 Eluit, effrænis pia lex hoc imputat annis.
 Usque cadas, Amnon; læsæ tamen hostia famæ
 Concidis: hoc tacitam prætexunt nomine culpam.
 Sic meritò plausúque virúm, studiisque faventúm
 Incaluit felix, annis labentibus, heros;
 Dùm placidos longâ populos in pace regebat
 Jeffides. Sed enim nihil omni ex parte beatum est:
 Explorat justos duro sub verbere numen;
 Castigatque malos.—

Abramidæ duri, genus intractabile semper,
 Et varium; quos jam series exhausta favorum
 Incassum obruerat; longo gens ebria luxu,
 Ætheriisque tumens epulis, regumque deúmque
 Contemptrix; olim formare edocta, novæque
 Jam bene tornatos incudi reddere divos:
 Heu! nimiùm, nimiùmque excussis libera frænis,
 Exanimes captant umbras, & somnia ficti
 Servitii. Sed cùm latè regna omnia circum
 Prospicerent duri flagris subjecta tyranni
 Immunes ipsi; tum primùm accensa libido
 Tesqua inculta sequi, & sylvestribus horrida dumis:
 Tum primùm laudare viros, qui, more ferino,
 Indomitum nullis agitant sub legibus ævum.
 Scilicet hi, postquam cecidit pater, Isbosethum
 Impulerant raptis facilem decedere regnis:
 Hi regem, Hebronicis ageret cùm finibus exul,
 Excipiunt reducem, & juncto clamore salutant.
 Hi tamen ingenii motus; nil præstitit unquam
 Intemerata fides. Verso nam cardine rerum,

Arte laboratum mox damnant numen, & aris
Impositos queruli tandem indignantur honores
Quid vetuit fragiles fœdare in pulvere divos,
Quos manibus struxere suis? si fortè juvenci
Immanem aurati formam induat, & popularem
In vitulum liquidi vanescat regis imago.
Haftenùs ambigui divisa opprobria vulgi
Sparguntur; nondùm collectis viribus agmen
In scelus ibat ovans, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Pars populi, quorum melior sententia menti,
Quos & certa quies, & pax tranquilla juvaret,
Præteritique memor flebat, metuensque futuri.
Necdùm etiam exciderant animo discrimina regni
Pristina, adhuc tristes inhonesto vulnere malas
Spectat; adhuc veteris terrent vestigia cædis,
Servatique iterùm bellis civilibus anni.
Quo gemitu conversi animi in meliora ruebant,
Et dubiam justo firmabant pondere lancem:
Quæque erat in vultu Jeffæo gratia, belli
Præripuit causas, & acerbi pectoris iras.
Sed cùm animos stimulet peccandi occulta libido,
Mox flatu Satanas sopitos ventilat ignes:
Lenonisque modo, optatos indulget amores.
Hinc *Causæ Veteris* fœcundo è femine FÆDUS.
Vera an falsa licet jungantur fœdera, plebem
Evchere ad fasces gaudent, excindere regem.

Urbs antiqua fuit (Jebici tenuere coloni)
Arx Syriæ indomitæ, nomenque & munia debens
Civibus indigenis: sed cùm, volventibus annis,
Paulatim invaluit cœli delecta propago,
Vis juris mensura fuit. Tùm, udice ferro,

Continuò

Continuò fluere, ac retrò sublapſa referri
Res Jebiùm ; fractæ vires, averſa Dei mens.
Laſſati tandem bellis, fatiſque repulſi,
Haud ſponte Iſaciis ſummittunt ora lupatis.
Erepti cenſus, omniſque avulſa poteſtas ;
Amiſſis creſcunt nova veſtigalia campis :
Et, quod adhùc gravius (crimenque caputque malorum)
Cœlicolùm cineres, uſtique injuria divi,
Sollicitant miſeros : ſedet hoc ſub pectore vulnus,
Incenditque animos. Diverſo fidere ritus
Quanquàm obeant myſtæ varios, fraus omnibus una eſt.
Stet licet ignavum de faxo aut ſtipite numen,
Haud minùs hoc ipſum telis animiſque tuentur
Cultores, quàm ſi cælato viveret auro.
Atque adeò ſuper his, quanquam infenſiſſimus ordo,
Rabbini piaudunt : neque enim culpæ licebit,
Si divum audaces, à quo veſcuntur, adorant.
Hinc illæ lachrymæ, hinc, patriæ communis Erinnyſ ;
CONCILIUM horrendum ; cujus pars altera veris
Nititur indiciis, fictâ pars altera famâ.
Exceptum immodicis nunc plaufibus, & vice verſâ,
Nunc actum immodicis clamoribus : inde reſellunt
Defuncti, hinc vivi jurant in FœDERA teſtes :
Necdùm vulgus iners metuendi viſcera monſtri
Rimatur : (non eſt ea cura) ſed indigeſtos
Arripit, atque avido ore incoctos devorat artus.
Vera fides rerum fictâ ſub nube laborat :
Scilicet arripit populo, ſapientibus idem
Qui fuit indepreſus, & irremeabilis error.
Sera dies parili culpâ notat, omnia ſeu quis
Excipiat bibulâ, clauſâ ſeu reſpuat aure.

Niliacos coluit ritus Jebusita sacerdos :
Sanctum illic gustu viguit sub iudice numen.
Quantus adorati sapor est, quæ gratia divi,
Cum famulis victum pariter cultumque ministret !
Hos ubi telorum pia vis obtrudere divos
Non valuit (neque enim turmæ par unus ovari
Congreditur) sacras artes, nova pectore versant
Confilia ; & , cum non stricto decernere ferro
Auderent, solidis stant obnixa argumentis.
Infert se nebulâ septus mirâ arte sacerdos
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli ;
Usque venenatæ fatalia spicula linguæ
Perque aulam infamem jactans olidumque lupanar.
Hinc justâ templi custos excanduit irâ,
Ereptum plorans lanato cum grege vellus.
Fama volat fœtos nitrato turbine scloppos
(Hæc quanquam seris procusa nepotibus arma)
Intendisse necem regi : me iudice, crimen
In dubio est : sed cui notum, quo tristis Erynnys
Præcipitet Jebios cædisque insana cupido ?
At conjurati sceleris quanquam exitus impar
Principiis, vanusque furor ; tamen usque reliquit
Triste mali augurium, & diræ vestigia cladis.
Febris ut exesas cum torreat igne medullas,
Qui parco tremulam lavit modò flumine venam,
Nunc tumidus latè furit, & spumantibus ardet
Visceribus sanguis, plenoque exuberat æstu ;
Tunc membris excussa quies, tunc aggere rupto
Profilit, atque immane fremit circumfluus humor.
Haud aliter placido imperio quæ prima malorum
Causa fuit, prisco torpere haud passa veterno

Excivit partes varias ; subitoque tumultu
Divisum traxit studia in contraria vulgus.
Multos laude cliens accenderat ; & sua multis
Scilicet arrisit sapientia : protinùs ollis
Invisæ, quas non licuit gestare, secures.
Pars, quos impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ
Obruerat summi turbatos culmine regni,
Ceus Lemures, animum diræ formidine culpæ
Confirmant. Aliis, quos seditione potentes
Antiquâ, urgebat meriti vicinia fati,
Ignovit læsi regis favor ; inque merentes
Admovit folio, & socios indulgit honores.
Proh mentis scelus ingratae ! proh pectora nullis
Devincta officiis, nullæ subjecta catenæ !

Vir gregis, & scelere ante alios immanior omnes,
Achitophel, fera invisum per secula nomen ;
Arcanos versare dolos non futilis auctor.
Ingenium huic velox, audacia perdita, virtus
Nescia stare loco ; laudumque immensa cupido :
Idem & dedecoris vindex acerrimus. Olli
Dum nimis angustis animi vis ignea claustris
Irrequieta furit, pygmæos deterit artus,
Particulas animans nimia virtute pusillas.
Ipse gubernator, tollentibus æquora nimbis,
Bella notis indixit ovans ; sed viribus impar,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare, gaudet hiantem
In brevia & fyrtes præceps urgere carinam.
Scilicet ingenii soror est insania ; utrinque
Et gracilis cognata secat confinia limes.
Unde etenim ille, opibus pollens, titulisque *superbus*,
Occultas struat insidias, animumque fatiget

Con-

Confiliis, feramque daret per membra quietem?
Unde illum infano juvet indulgere labori,
Noctes atque dies nequicquam pectore curas
Versantem, cum nunc gelidus tardante senectâ
Sanguis hebet; frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires?
Nempe ut divitias hæc per tormenta coactas
Hæredi tradat fatuo, quem mente finistrâ
Informes curas, & rerum ænigmata volvens,
Progenuit pater; hinc rudis indigestaque moles
Profilit, horrendum ac visu mirabile monstrum,
Plebeii illa eadem regnique & patris imago.
Quin & mente duplex, & inexorabilis irâ
Æstuat, Isacius ardens miscere ruinâ,
Ad sua ni domitas diducat flagra, cohortes.
Hinc triplicem rupto divulsit fœdere nodum,
Ire foràs raptos sceptri venalis honores
Jussit, & externo patriam servire tyranno:
Concussæ penitùs regni tremuere columnæ.
Inde metu trepidans, famæ tamen usque petitor,
POPULICOLÆ arripuit sacrum & venerabile nomen.
Nec cuiquam labor est, dùm publica jura capeffit,
Antiquum scelus, & privatam eradere labem.
Tunc data libertas odiis, tunc fræna furori,
Cum sceleris liceat populos habuisse patronos.
Turba filet: ne si commissa piacula duris
Castigent trutinis, justoque examine librent,
Fortè suum pandant alieno in crimine crimen.
Sed tamen & meritæ sunt hîc sua præmia laudi.
Odimus incenso jactantem verba senatu;
Prosequimur plausu scandentem immune tribunal.
Causæ ille ancipiti vigiles intendit ocellos;

Et nunquàm ad positos vendit suffragia nummos.
Litibus implicitum nullo gravis ære clientem
Eripuit; tetricis non frons stetit aspera rugis :
Sed visu facilis, dictuque affabilis iras
Succidit rostri, & clamosæ jurgia linguæ.
Quod si paciferæ mentem explevisset opimam
Cura togæ; si non glebæ prædivitis uber
Infelix lolium, & steriles fudisset avenas;
Haud pater erepti plorâssent funera nati,
Nec querulo attentos movisset pollice divos;
Achitophel sacras daret alta in carmina vires,
Illo Jessææ tremerent sub nomine chordæ.
At levis ambitio gaudet, post terga relinquens
Securum virtutis iter, per lubrica ferri,
Ardua per, per iniqua &, fortunâ auspice, labi.
Achitophel studiis torpere ignobilis otî
Haud ultrâ patiens, & inerti incumbere famæ,
Abnegat auricomos ramis decerpere fœtus,
Ni decus arboreum populari dissipet aurâ.
Regem ergo, offensæ veteris reus, hostis arenam
Provocat in mediam; & striculis stat cominûs armis :
Elatoque regens animosum umbone popellum,
Ipse sub orbe latet. Gratam dehinc FœDERIS ansam
Arripuit; vano populum sermone replebat
Gaudens, & pariter facta atque infecta canebat.
Tùm monstris terrere novis, & spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas; immania ferre sub auras
Confilia, & Jebiûm laudantem jura tyrannum.
Irritant animos hæc (quanquam vana serantur)
Murmura sollicitos, & jampridem arma frementes.
Scilicet implicitos dubiâ vertigine gyros

Volvit (ut emensum cùm Luna redintegrat orbem);
Et jam bis denis, vaga gens, redeuntibus annis,
(Naturæ imperio) regalem alternat honorem.

Deerat adhuc *Causæ* princeps; fortissimus unus
Absalon ante alios placuit: non ut nova possit
Fama ducis nomenque virum volitare per ora:
(Nam neque patriciis amor est, nec lurida bilis)
Sed quia, plebeios titulo poscente favores,
Captaret supplex tumidi suffragia vulgi;
Si fortè imperii paulatim elapsa potestas
Regales turbæ informi submittat habenas.
Illi ergo Achitophel, nactus mollissima fandi
Tempora, compositis permulcet pectora dictis,
Occultum inspirans ignem, fallensque veneno.

“ O decus Abramidum, quo jam nascente cometes
Tranavit liquidas augusto firmate nubes!
O lux Ifaciæ, spes O fidissima terræ!
Alatâ populum nebulæ qui protegis umbrâ,
Et regis ambiguos nocturnâ lampade gressus!
Par Mosis ductor! cujus non debile sceptrum
Melle novo, niveoque undantes flumine ripas
Admovet, atque ipsum vinc'lis ligat Ennosigæum *!
Te, te venturum per sæcula longa nepotum
Præfagus cecinit non infausto omine vates.
O desiderium populi commune, tuæque
Vox patriæ! Juvenes de te sua somnia narrant,
Delirique senes; te publica vota parentem
Ritè vocant; in te gens inclinata recumbit;
Explerique animum nequit, ardescitque tuendo.

* Sc. Neptunum.

Quà tendis, pictam solennes ordine pompæ
Sponte viam sternunt, blæfæque ad compita linguæ
Usque tuum ingeminant repetito murmure nomen.
Expectate diu juvenis ; quid fera moraris
Gaudia ? quid regni decus imperiumque paterni
Temnis, & oblatas nondum moderaris habenas ?
Usquè adeò cordi est nudis gaudere faventùm
Laudibus, & plausæ sonitum virtutis amare
Exanimem ? ignavùmque agitas inglorius ævum ?
Donec, quæ tremulos radiis præstrinxit ocellos
Gloria, languescit moriens ; dubiòque recessit
Lumine, & in tenues paulatim evanuit auras.
Crede, puer (nec vana loquor) se sponte resolvent,
Si non maturas decerpseris arbore fruges.
Nempe omnes æquo sortimur numine divùm,
Seriùs aut citiùs, fausti dispendia fati :
Cujus ut ambages, & perplexum, arte magistrâ,
Insequimur cursum, (Deus est sua cuique libido)
Sors ruit in præceps, & per devexa viarum
Radit iter liquidum ; levique in tramite labens
Fertur in oppositam, celeri pede lubrica, metam :
Indeprensa tamen, levibus perniciosior Euris
Te fugit ; & longo cita deferit intervallo
Attonitis inhiantem oculis, & multa volentem.
Eja age, præcipiti nunc, nunc ruit obvia passu,
Dona manu, & fluxos pandens in fronte capillos.
Ille tuus genitor, si non, felicibus usus
Auspiciis, raptos sceptri afferuisset honores,
Exul adhuc Gathicas chelyn increpuisset ad oras,
Perfusus nequicquàm oleo labente capillos.
Te patris juvenile decus, te pristina virtus

Excitet,

Excitet, emeritæ nolentem accedere laudi.
En, grave ut Hesperiiis jàm jàm caput occulit undis !
En, ut crescentes decedens duplicat umbras !
Qualis nunc senior, quantùm mutatus ab illo
Davide, quem turba, ad ripas effusa, ruebat
Expectans reducem : cùm littora fervere latè
Prospiceres, omnémque rapi Jordanis arenam.
Sorte pari, angelicæ quondam jactantior aulæ,
Desuper impulsus ruit è superis laribus dux :
Sorte pari, æthereos vanescere sensit honores
Languidus, & vastam traxit per inane ruinam.
FÆDERE concusso (quo non præsentius ullum
Sub reditu rebus dubiis affulserit omen)
Quis populi rumor ? quæ nunc opprobria jactat
Vulgus iners ? uno quondam constricta manip'lo
Agmina discussit Boreas ; & turbine cæco
Aura levis vacui torquet ludibria cœli.
Nec metus est armis regem se opponere nostris,
Præfidiis orbum, atque hostili indagine septum.
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, & fœdera jungant
Niliacæ gentes : at non Hebræa juvenus
Arma & opes Pharias, at non socialia castra
Indignans feret, atque externi opprobria Martis.
Diversas agit intereà sub pectore curas,
Et notâ Pharaon molitur fraude supino
Insidias regi, crescenti incendia bello.
Sed neque Jessæi comites socia agmina jungent
Laturi auxilium Jebiis, gentique nefandæ.
Esto tamen, pariles mittant in prælia turmas :
Mox fractæ studiis, & adhuc Mavorte secundo
Diffilient vires, Jessidæamque relinquent

Hinc illinc aciem florentes ære catervæ.
 Me duce, subsidunt proceres regale perosi
 Imperium; sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.
 Auspice me, junctis feriunt clamoribus auras
 Religio & nullo constricta licentia nodo.
 Quod superest, si te firmantem publica cernant
 Armis arma tuis, pariterque in bella ruentem,
 Quæ virtus alacres quæ spes arrecta cohortes
 Excitet! & quantis surgat tua gloria rebus!
 Nec laudis sonitum, & tenuem sine corpore vitam
 (Qualis vere novo hilares flos pascit ocellos
 Pictâ veste decens, & versicoloribus alis)
 Porrigimus; solido sceptri donabimus auro.
 Atque equidem ut fatear, longè fastigia regni
 Præstat, & oblatam, populo plaudente, curulem
 Scandere, quàm si atavos & avorum antiqua sonares
 Nomina, Noxi jactans chirographia ligni."

Finierat. Quid non juvenilia pectora cogit
 Laudis sacra fames, blandis accensa faventum
 Plausibus, & famæ stimulis excita futuræ?
 Imperii in terris quanquam non æqua libido,
 Igneus est olli vigor, & cœlestis origo.
 Cùmque animos, superis gratissima cura, viriles
 Tangit honos, tantum nimis alto pectore spirant
 Æthereum sensum, & divinæ semina flammæ.

Igne calens multo juvenis, mentisque animique
 Æmulus angelici, virtutis calle relicto,
 Fertur in obliquum; penitusque in corda receptæ
 Indulget famæ, popularique intumet aurâ.
 Assensu tandem dubio dum fluctuat heros,
 (Nam vel adhuc patriæ subiit pietatis imago)

Incipit

Incipit effari.—“ Quid me pro legibus arma
Ferre juvet trepidis, libertatemque tueri?
Ritè parens magnâ populos ditione gubernat,
Ritè fidem vigil & sacratas protegit aras.
Dilectum caput, Isacias justissimus unus
Qui tenuit virgas, & servantissimus æqui;
Cui Deus imperium firmat, cui militat æther.
Quis pecus ereptum vacuis nunc plorat in arvis?
Cui sua non justæ deferatur causa querelæ?
Millia quot facilis pesti devota futuræ
Jussit adhuc spirare, & amicâ vescier aurâ?
Quanto ille obnixus nostris molimine custos
Invigilat curis! placidam quæ gratia frontem
Temperat, & raro perfusos sanguine fasces?
Sin nulla effrænas mollit clementia gentes,
Usquè suum Divo defendit iudice crimen
Jessides. Sed enim patrias acuisse secures
Quid juvet, & duri flagro insonuisse tyranni?
His Nilum premat imperiis; his sæviat armis
Trux Phraeo: Juvet hunc magnâ dominarier aulâ;
Hunc refides frænare animos, & inertia corda.
Si tamen invisas genitor molitur habenas,
Abramidis fatuos sub pectore suscitât ignes
Invida temperies cœli, & Sirius ardor.
Mene acies ergo ducentem, me quoque tanget
Communis furor, & scelerati insania belli?
Judæos (esto) summi de culmine regni
Trudat, & ereptâ Jebios in sede reponat;
Flere meum est: ultrâ ferar? imperiosa coercet
Luctantes natura manus, & temperat iras.
Plebiscita suo licet asseruisse tribuno:

Sanguine sed dextram hanc patriæ jus imbuit ; & quæ
 Dimittent alios, capient me bella nocentem.
 Me pater extensæ cumulado munere dextræ
 Occupat ; et votis nondum spirantibus instat.
 Quò potuit facilis civem perducere princeps,
 Ascendi, supràque nihil nisi regna reliqui.
 “ Illa sed” (ingemuit, mediâque in voce recessit)
 “ Marte ferox, & stirpe prior, sibi vendicat heros.
 Nam pater ut placidâ demùm sopitus in urnâ,
 Fila manu increpitans, cœlestem perfonet aulam,
 Angelici pars una chori ; mox integra proles
 Arripiet sceptrum, vel lævi tramitis hæres.
 Ille odiis quanquam populi jactatus iniquis,
 Usquè tamen fidens animi stetit omnia contra,
 Securûsque sui. Rerum qui sanctior ordo
 Hunc colit, & magnæ (fortissima pectora) turmæ
 Insignem virtute ducem, ac fulgentibus armis :
 Turba gravem bellis dextram, & Mavorte secundo
 Terribilem celebrant externa ; domestica, fidam :
 Obsequii, princeps ; laudum præconia, spargit
 Pérque orbem, pérque astra superbæ buccina famæ ;
 Hunc facilem plebs dura canet, cùm fronte serenâ
 Surgentes animos, & amico temperet æstus
 Lumine, Jessæ stirpis non degener hæres.
 Ergóne me parcas, & ineluctabile fatum
 Incusare juvet, quòd non arriserit æther
 Nascenti, magno nec turgent sanguine venæ ?
 Quanquam (O!) si dederit mihi me, si numen anhelanti
 Aut aliud genus, aut alias sub pectore flammæ
 Sortitum, haud dubiâ submersum stirpe vigorem
 Fregerit : & tantos animæ restinxerit ignes !

Fallor ?—

Fallor?—

An tumidus fervet circum præcordia sanguis?
Illa patris virtus materno in limite claudi
Indignata furit. Quid inertì compede cingor
Semideus? parilem quid non infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet?
Est hic, est animus, focii qui corporis ægras
Vix patitur sordes; qui claustra invisâ refugit;
Imperiiq; capax arrectæ immurmurat auri:
Regna petas, tantæ liceat succumbere culpæ:
Regnandi superis non est ingrata libido.”

Quem simul ac nutantem orci umbrarumque fatelles
Viderit, ut cessit vix tandem frigida virtus,
Instat anhelanti præceps, urgétque, præmitque,
Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.

“Haud tantas hominum divûmque æterna potestas
Ingenti frustrâ cumulat sub pectore dotes.
Quæ te fata manent! quali tibi surgere regna
Auspicio cernes! non his virtutibus alto
Mercedem imperio dederit fors æqua minorem:
Sic mea fulsisti, sic te tua lingua refellit.
Sed neque me patrii tranquilla potentia regni
Sollicitat: quanquàm sublimi fronte verendi
Regibus, & valido debentur sceptrâ tyranno.
Quid quamvis lascivo indulget vota popello,
Et cumulat, quos non licuit meruisse, favores?
At protensa manus pronos in munera reges
Arguit, & faciles; genii, non pectoris, index.
Tùm datur excussis latè discurrere frænis,
Cùm manibus laxas auriga remittat habenas.
Quin age, fundat opes, exhaustæque incubet arcæ;

Et

Et frustra cautum compellet voce senatum,
Donec, qui misero ficlus protenditur, unà
Divulsum trahat imperium, & venalia jura.
Moliri infidias, & ruptæ fœdera pacis
Excute, his humeris, siqua est, ea cura recumbet,
Et cùm æger loculo quadrans suspiret in imo,
Nos petet; & sumptis ponet REGALIA nummis.
At nudo si quis lateri bonus hæret Achates,
Fautor (ne dubites) Jebiorum, & verna Canopi,
Audiet invisi: donec stipantibus orbum
Jessiden turmis fœdæ vaga buccina famæ
Concinat, & naso populus suspendat adunco.
His super, hæredem (mihi formidabile nomen)
Suspectumque dedi; & verbis odia aspera movi.
Ipsa suum virtus nostris subjecta querelis
Præcipitat dominum: ruit ingens mole suâ vir:
Dum toto juvenes spargunt convitia pago;
Atque hostem latè clamat longæva senectus.
Venalis prostabit honos, cadet hostia plenis
Jus & fas oculis; nostroque litabitur auro.
Inde tuum leges & plebiscita coacta
Firmabunt titulum; Jessidæosque favores
Eliciet duris urgens in rebus egestas.
Sin ruat in lævum tantæ fiducia causæ;
Sceptra tamen juncti dederint suffragia vulgi:
Scilicet imperii (populi grave pignus) eodem
Quo dantur fasces possunt authore revelli.
Nec, quanquàm recto missus de tramite, plebem
Jus habet in dominam, quem fors male destinat, hæres
Quid quamvis avido solium prohibemus? at uno
Vulnere communem juvat avertisse ruinam.

Pridem

Pridem animos experta suos Hebræa juvenus
Haud feret humanis proscindi terga flagellis,
Quæ prius ætherias audens excussit habenas.
I nunc, & curas, & jus obtende paternum,
Armorum scelus, & venturæ opprobria famæ:
Vox populi, facilem cui nec Deus abnuît aurem,
Spemque dabit menti dubiæ, solvêtque timorem.
Neve animos valeat pietas simulata viriles
Flectere; Naturæ sunt hæc documenta magistræ:
Nempe catus genitor, longum quò proroget ævum,
Oscula filiolo libans in imagine vivâ
Se fovet, inque suis se tantùm amplectitur ulnis.
Vel patrium donis paribus testatur amorem,
Vel dubias ultrà cesset prætereundæ fraudes.
Haud vano patrem lusit Deus omine, sceptrum
Qui dedit, æterni monumentum & pignus amoris.
Credibile est imis pastorem arsisse medullis,
Cui tam formosi pecoris dedit esse magistrum.
Quòd si te gremio libuit fovisse paterno,
Te caram ante omnes sobolem, quid sceptrum merenti
Abnegat; invisusque in regnum quæritur hæres?
Ergone se curam cœli, pietatis alumnum
Jactat? & hæredem titulo fraudare patronis
Diis placuit? Fratri rerum commissa potestas,
Te sterilis glebæ, emensi te jugera campi
Agnoscent dominum; et, pleno dare vela favori
Si juvet, accipies, quâ jam pater antè solebat
Stridenti miserum citharâ disperdere carmen.
Quinetiam folio qui proximus imminet hæres,
Per tenues nebulas, per ficti nominis umbras,
Aëriasque superficies vestigia longè
Observata memor legit; & prospectat euntem:

Et,

Et, quanquàm obductum premat alto corde dolorem,
Usque agit infidias ; et, quas tacet, asperat iras.
Utque leo, quem jàm collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, incautam fortè catervam
Si videt, ille dolos oculis meditatur apertis,
Et vigil obliquo declinat lumina somno ;
Rugitus premit horribicos, & contrahit ungues :
Tandem ubi palantes juxtà conspexerit hostes,
Profilit è latebris, & fulvæ verbere caudæ
Ductores ipsos cœlo capita alta ferentes
Sternit humi præceps ; neglectum vulgus, & omnem
Hùc illùc miscet nemora inter frondea turbam.
Ergo age, rumpe moras ; certandum est cominus armis ;
Sat paci precibusque datum. Stet frangere bello
Hostiles acies, aut certæ occumbere morti.
Stringe manu ferrum : defensæ sanguine vitæ
Absolvat natura scelus. Torpescere vulgo
Nec vacet, & duros armorum expendere casus,
Ne taciti sudent, ne provida pectora terror
Occupet ; & nondùm commissio Marte recedant.
Admotam arripias falcati temporis ansam ;
Dùmque pater superest, dubii jus afferre regni :
Neu quis scire dolos possit, te finge parentis
Devotum caput armato custode tueri ;
Quem conjuratis in aperta pericula turmis
Hìnc raperent hostes, hìnc cæcâ fraude clientes.
Et quis Jessææ referet penetralia mentis ?
Fortè vetat timor, & placito luctatur amor.
Usquè licet juncti communia fœdera lecti
Incendant animum, & stimulos sub pectore versent ;
Vincit cura sui, fraternæque impetus iræ.
Atque adeò vetitos jubet extorquere favores,

Ipse minax : ut quæ dubiis succumbere votis
Ardet amans meretrix ; et, quos fugit, allicit ignes.
Sit via vi : mistâ cum jam subriferit irâ,
Aggredere ; & gratas luctanti immitte catenas.
Quâ regem spolias, tibi fas sperare salutem ;
Et captiva suum comitantur jura tyrannum."

His dictis blandâ lapsus per viscera flammâ
Incensum miro juvenem inflammabat amore.
Purus adhuc sceleris (nisi quod scelus esset amari),
Nec fastu tumidus, fuso nec sanguine gaudens,
Vixerat (heu !) quantâ notus super æthera famâ,
Si purum hausisset venis & sanguine regem ;
Natalesve forent, cœlo ridente, minores.
Digna quidem incaluit generoso in pectore virtus,
Quæ gravidam imperiis gentem frænaret ; & omnem
(Ni patriam mallet) sub leges mitteret orbem.
Cum tamen ingentes animos habet alta libido
Imperii, præstat madido deflere reatum
Lumine quàm nigro scelus insignire lapillo.
Olli nempe animo spes larga infederat imo
Plebejos tentandi aditus : sic posse revelli
Rivales ad sceptrâ manus. Hinc ducere turmas
In scelus ardentes placuit, Fœdusque malignâ
Arte sequi ; & rabido simul insanire popello.

Has dum facundo meditatur pectore fraudes
Achitophel, querulas vocat ad sua castra cohortes ;
Atque animat junctas studia in contraria partes.

Prima mali labes, procerum manus emicat ardens,
Quos plebeius amor, verique simillimus error
Impulit in lævum ; quos nullo clausa potestas
Limite sollicitat, regnique extensa libido.
Hos patriæ sanctus rapuit per cæca viarum

Libertatis honos, atque Omnipotentis alumnum
Jus populi, donec laxum ingemuiffe videres
Imperium, et ruptâ penitus compage revelli.

Auri sacra fames alios jubet impete cæco
Civiles miscere manus; & publica jura,
Temporibus dubiis, privatæ obtendere fraudi.
His gravis imperii moles, & inutile pondus
Arguitur princeps, sceptro qui nixus inerti
Nunquàm larga sui reparet dispendia damni.
Frugi homines! patrio JEFFIDEN pellere regno
Aggressi, nimio quia constitit imperitari.
Horum pone legunt (ut mos) vestigia linguæ
Venales, rauci vaga tintinnabula vulgi.
Hæc leviora tamen.—Solymæum protinus agmen
Ancipites stringunt gladios, & utrinque laceffunt
JEFFIDEN, paritèrque viro, paritèrque tyranno
Inferfi; pia gens, jampridè excire tumultus
Edocta, & motis in seditionibus audax.
Ollis, rex patrias si fortè reviserit oras,
Protinus arrectæ surgunt in vertice cristæ,
Incaluere animi: sed & hos tamen usque juvaret
Oscula victrici fixisse trementia dextræ.
Æmula gens scelerum, Jebicæ quæ pestis honorem
Indignata, pares in fœdera miscuit artes,
Et malè rivales animosi pectoris iras.
Has rapit, has animat bella in civilia turmas
Mystrarum lymphata cohors, quos tempore longo
Raptus honos agitat, vetitique injuria fani.
Ergo iterant solitas artes, & compita rauco
Guttore pervolitant; sanctique afflaminis œstro
Bacchantes, grati poscunt moderamina cœli:
Cum soliti junctis sævire in regna flagellis

Linigerique greges, trabeataque turba vocarent
 In prædam, partémque Deum. Nam sceptrâ nepoti
 Quis negat Aronico, pietas si sceptrâ rependat ?
 Hi ducunt agmen. Qui quanquàm haud nare sagaci
 Vestigent aditus omnes, omnémque pererrent
 Arte locum ; magnis tamen æthera vocibus implent,
 Et penitus rupti quatiunt fundamina regni.
 Pone subit tardis inhians ad pulpita verbis
 Sancta cohors, veterisque tenens vestigia flammæ :
 His gravis est rerum facies, & lucidus ordo ;
 Evertisse juvat structas ad sidera moles :
 Nec tamen everfas juvat instaurare ruinas.
 Plenior hinc numerus densatas explicat alas ;
 Mentis inops, linguâ melior : quos cæca libido
 De patribus, populóque, penatibus, & magnis diis
 Sollicitat, natúsque intra cunabula fervor :
 Quos uffit Jebici pariter, Stygiique tyranni
 Immortale odium, & nunquam sanabile vulnus.
 His, licet invitis (neque enim, se iudice, quenquam
 Sanctorum invasit fidei malè lubricus error)
 Cœlestes facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.
 Ecce faces belli !—Sunt & Lernæa propago,
 Sunt & multifidæ fœcundo è vertice cristæ,
 Quas nimius memorâsse labor.—

Ante aciem fulgent proceres.—Stat limine primo
 Hortator scelerum Zimri *, cui pendula motu
 Mens fluitat dubio, tanquam contraxerat omnem
 Hinc illinc genium, & quocunque sub æthere nati
 Pectoris ambagem. Dicto sermone moveri
 Difficilis, pravique tenax ; sed moribus anceps

* Dux Buckinghamiensis.

Alternis animum nunc hùc, nunc dividit illùc,
 In partésque rapit vicibus; pérque omnia versat:
 Et, priùs emensum quàm Luna recurrat in orbem,
 Rem populi tractat, tibicinis, atque chymistæ.
 Mox Veneri indulget, laurusve ad carmina mordet,
 Aut pictis inhiat tabulis, aut pocula torquet.
 Adde vagos cerebri lusus, quibus impetus idem
 Et dedit, & rapuit, vix dum spirantibus, ortum.
 O felix animi rabies! qui semper, & omni
 Nocte, diéque potest alienos fumere mores.
 Olli (dum argutum mentis dstringat acumen)
 Vel placuit plenis præconia spargere buccis,
 Mordacesve sales verso suspendere naso.
 Hoc stetit in votis, patrios disperdere census,
 Immeritos magnis opibus donare clientes.
 Vix tandem, ut loculis elapsa pecunia plenis
 Fluxerat, ignavæ sensit ludibria turbæ:
 Dum suus huic lepor arrifit, cultoribus aurum.
 Dein multo solitum buccas inflare cachinno
 Aula fugat.—Cæcos tùm primùm excire tumultus,
 Et rapere incensos castra in contraria cives.
 At non plebeiis unquàm bellator in armis
 Emicuit princeps: tanto par solus honori
 Signifer Achitophel: lateri cui proximus hæret
 Absalon, & socias molitur pectore curas.
 Ergo ubi jàm misero peccandi sola voluntas
 Sur'puerat sceleris labem, non sponte malignos
 Deferuit cœtus, pridem desertus ab illis. [norea
 Stemmata quid referam? Quid carmine digner ho-
 Patricios, seriémque rudem?—Fulgentibus ordo
 Emicuit melior cristis, cui bellica virtus,

Aut plebs, aut citharæ cordi. Dein agmina stipant,
 Et procures titulo tenùs; et, bona turba, mariti.
 Exulet his ergo (proh turpia nomina!) chartis
 Frigidus in venerem Caleb *, & membrofior æquo
 Balamus †. Sed & hunc oblivia longa recondant,
 Qui ‡ nova pafchali condivit fercula cœnæ.
 Cana fides multos, & junctæ fœdera dextræ;
 Hos fua defendit folido munimine virtus:
 Hos prohibent meritis fcclerum faftidia flagris.
 At procul hinc, procul ite foràs vos, ultima duri
 Fæx populi, parcus cui finxit corda Prometheus,
 Et cautus nullos princeps indulfit honores.

Nec Jonam § noftris vacat inferuiſſe libellis,
 Quanquàm humeris tenùs a collo palearia pendent;
 Quanquàm jus dederit fccleri, legùmque finifter
 Interpres plebeiam ænigmatè fanxerit iram.

Proximus huic (longo nec proximus intervallo)
 Stat Shimeï ||, facro jampridèm percitus œftro;
 Et regale caput Stygiæ damnare paludi
 Auſus, adhùc nudis tenerâ lanugine malis.
 Sed caro fccleri venerandæ intacta crumenæ
 Obſtat religio; & metuentem ſabbata vincit
 Auri ſanctus amor, lucrique arrecta cupido.
 Ille quidem teſtes jurare & fallere divos
 Horruit; at regum ſi deteſtabile nomen
 Auribus imbiberit, ferali protinus ore

* Comes Huntingdonienſis.

† Dominus Grey.

‡ Dominus Howard de Eſcrick.

§ Dominus Gulielmus Jones.

|| Vicecomes Bethel.

Intonat, irarúmque omnes effendit habenas.
Ut tandem, tremulos privata ad templa fufurros
Fundere, & occultas (ut mos) inneſtere fraudes
Edoſtus, pleno cuſtos inhiârit acervo ;
Tam cari capitis fudorem urbs grata rependit,
Geſtandâſque dedit (pretium non vile) ſecures.
Dextra tenet ſtriſtam Nemefin ; it pectore ſummo]
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
Tùm placidi fluxêre dies, & neſcia rumpi
Gaudia ; tùm nudo licuit convitia ſceptro
Ingerere, & Stygiis bacchari impunè catervis.
Scilicet, intacti quamvis non prodigus auri,
Uſquè tamen ſclerum ſocios, turmâſque nefandas
Amplecti miro Shimei properabat amore.
Et conjuratum ſi fortè coiverit agmen,
Auſi vipereas Jeſſidæ intendere linguas,
Vertitur in medio Shimei ; cœtûſque malignos
Ne moveat, ſocias effundit pectore diras.
Quòd ſi aliquis caro ſanctorum de grege reſtim
Horruerit, culpæ veteris reus atque tacendæ,
Bardiacus judex datur hæc punire volenti,
Quem jubet in fratrem laxas dare legis habenas
Junctas amor ſclerum, & cognato in vulnere vulnus.
Nam quid agunt leges ? durum & grave regibus agmen
Cæco umbone tegunt, fidum genus enſe recidunt.
Si qua tribunitiis ſuccedant otia curis,
(Quippe ingens ſcelus eſt, ignavo elabier horam)
Moris erat, ſcriptas in vulgum ſpargere chartas,
Regem immanè queri, durum quem mercibus hoſtem
Arguit, & populo nimidum grave pondus anhelio.
Et, vivum ingenii quò fortiùs iret acumen,

Non

Non vetitæ proles Rechabitica parcior uvæ,
Nulla meri custos vacuis stetit amphora cellis ;
Rara tribunitias onerant convivia mensas ;
Dedidicit veteres tandem coquus immemor artes
Igne focus nullo tepuit : sed pectore flammæ
Vis sedet, atque olidam versat mens atra culinam.
Tanta hyemis, gelidique laris reverentia multis
Succutiat latus, & tremulos de more cachinnos
Eliciat ; sed enim faustum stat civibus omen.
Scilicet urbs, rapidos quæ jàm confidit in ignes,
Cautos jure legat dominos, qui fomite nullo
Alliciant læso demissa incendia cælo.
Servorum ille animis superæ convivia mensæ
Indulgens, ventres modio castigat iniquo
Carne parùm saturos ; nempe hinc accensa libido
Moverat Isacidas ; dirique insania belli.
Sanctiùs ergo colit venerandi dogmata saxi,
Quòd Mosem Sinici sacra ad fastigia clivi
Viderat intactis lux quadragesima labris.
Cætera de genere hoc, adèò sunt multa, loquacem
Delassare valent (quamvis in FOEDERA) testem.

Nulla tamen memori Coram * lux eximet ævo,
Nulla unquàm cæcâ rapiet sub nube vetustas.
Erige adorandi capitis decus, erige frontem
Sisyphiam, & solido circum-septum os orichalco.
Eia age, cognati vivax serpentis imago,
Indue festivas sacro velamine gentes ;
Securumque gregem viridi tege protinus umbrâ.
Quid si humili natus lare sit ? tamen antè cometes

* Titus Oatesius.

Terrenas fæces bibit, atque infauſta vaporum
Semina, quàm lævo contriſtat lumine cœlum :
Et, ſua frondenti quæ cingat tempora lauro,
Par regum pueris textoris ſordida proles.
Ille ad roſtra fremens ſparſa dum primus arenâ
TESTIS OVAT, tumido venturam in ſæcula famam
Detulit hæredi, longumque nepotibus ævum.
Cui dubium eſt, magno cenſeri ſanguine teſtes
Qui tulerant lætos Srephani de morte triumphos ?
Leviticâ noſter deduxit ſtemmata virgâ ;
Qui ratus eſt ordo (ſec'li pro more) Tonantis
Grande ſatellitium, & magni gens optima cœli.
Triſtè ſonat vox rauca, cavis ſtant ſedibus orbes :
(Uſque adeò nec bile jecur nec ſanguine fervet)
Vim magnam ingenii, & miras ſub pectore dotes,
Arguit inmiſſi ſpatium admirabile menti.
Ore ſedet rubicundus honos, & fulgura vultus
Moſaici; nitidôque micat frons digna facello.
Mens rerum uſquè tenax potuit (mirabile dictu !)
Concilia, atque impar fidei ſcelus ordine longo
Eruere, arcanosque dolos, ſeriémque profundam ;
Quæ tamen haud fictam credas fudiſſe tabellam :
Ecquiſ enim tantas potuit diſponere fraudes ?
Multa animi ſacra vis, & mens divina futuri
Inſperſit chartis : ſed enim ſub fine labanti
Succurrit teſti vates, atque omina firmat.
Plurima nocturni referunt ludibria ſomni ;
Scilicet excuſſit ſibi ſe, fruiturque Deorum
Colloquio : hinc magnus pullatâ veſte ſacerdos
Emicat, ignotum Phœbæa per oppida nomen.
Aſt illi memoris quanquàm vis mira cerebri,

Haud minùs argutum mentis præstabat acumen :
Nempè illo dubias munivit robore chartas,
Et populi arrisit genio (sic fata trahebant)
Horrendas Jebiùm cædes, atque arma frementi.
Gens tamen Ifaciæ si quando infensa quieti
Esse putet clausi ficta internuncia cœli
Tradidit arcano quæcunque volumine Corah,
Usque luet meritas æquo sub iudice pœnas :
Nam quæstum qui tollit, idem facit occidenti.
Quòd mihi si Coræ sacrato munere fungi
Sors haud læva daret, quisquis foret ille virorum,
Qui tanto intactum macularet crimine nomen,
Excuteret vigili damnosa oblivia menti :
Sic stat, finitis à tergo appendere chartis.
Æternas illum maculas inspergere famæ
Jessææ rabies demissi cœlitus œstri
Impulit, & nimius circum præcordia fervor.
At quantus pietatis honos ! cui libera linguæ
Vis datur, & nullam subitura licentia legem.
Inde trahi licuit Coræ clamoribus iisdem,
Queis Saulum increpuit vates animosus, Agagum
Protrahere in medios, justæque opponere morti.

Cætera turba pares miscens in FÆDERA chartas
(Quos amor admovit, pretiive insana libido)
Coraïcæ juncto succedent ordine classi :
Nempe omnes uno censentur nomine TESTES.

Ergo Lares patrios juvenis, magnâmque relinquit,
Stipatus variis hinc inde clientibus, aulam :
Subdit laudis amor stimulos, dat fræna furenti
Ardua spes ; dubiique animat vicinia regni.
Undique visendi studio juvenùmque senùmque

Circumfusa ruit manus, & prospectat euntem
 Attonitis inhians animis.—Volat ille per urbes,
 Consiliúmque tegens vultu, spem fronte serenat.
 Poplite genua cadunt humili, cervice reflexâ
 Húc caput atque illúc humero ex utrôque pependit.
 Arte vagos oculos, & membra decora juventæ
 Temperat, arte manus numerosque modosque loquendi.
 Instruit ; & populum compellat vocibus ultrò,
 Nomine quemque vocans.—

Ergo animi accitis hinc dotibus, hinc benè cultu
 Nativo splendens, tacito per pectora lapsu
 Se blandè insinuat : dein tristi lumina vultu
 Dejectus, gemitúsque trahens in verba decoros,
 Tandem pauca refert ; sed mollibus apta querelis
 Lenè cadunt, dubiæque fluunt accommoda fraudi.
 Non sic Hyblæis demanant flumine lento
 Mella favis, parilive animos dulcedine mulcent.

“ Haud levis, indigenæ cives, hæc pectora vestri
 Tangit cura mali : sed enim dolor ossibus hæret
 Interior, quòd non valeam rescindere duras
 Imperii leges, & iniquo occurrere fato.
 Ille ego sum magnâ qui dudùm ejectus ab aulâ,
 Pulsus ob invidiam solio sceptrisque paternis ;
 Unum pro cunctis maior caput,——
 Quod mea si vestræ cessisset pœna saluti,
 Hæud lævam nunc sortem, aversaque fata dolerem :
 Sed super his (proh triste nefas !) dulcissima quondam
 LIBERTAS patrios mecum concussa penates
 Deferit, & tenues evanida cessit in auras.
 Qui netiam tumidi circùm vetus accola Nili
 Classe vagâ spolia ampla rapit, Tyriæque juventæ,

Parva

Parva manus, nostris latè rex imperat undis :
Nec minùs in ritus sævit Jebusita sacerdos.
At genitor, sacrum semper mihi nomen, inertì
Dum torpens aulâ refides inglorius annos
Ducit, & externo malè sedulus incubat auro,
Jàm senior Bathshebæis elanguit ulnis.
Ille sibi infestum sceptrum quatit; arcet amicos,
Ereptisque caput titulis hostile coronat.
Ille (nec indignor) mihi jus rapit : æstuo, CIVES,
In sua quòd præceps, & publica commoda peccat.
Hunc penes est unum turbati fœdera regni
Excudere, & validis sævire impunè flagellis.
Accipite has ergo lacrymas (lacrymantia terfit
Lumina) quando aliud misero nihil iste reliquit.
Non patrias hæc arma gravis delator ad aures
Incuset, tacito geminans delicta susurro :
His etiam in patrem confurgat filius armis.
Atque utinam solio qui proximus affidet hæres,
Me, me unum madidos tergentem spectet ocellos !”

Sæpe leves animos formæ decus atque juventæ
Occupat, & pulchro veniens de corpore virtus ;
At commune bonum valet, æternúmque valebit :
Neve illi deerunt juncti suffragia vulgi,
Qui mala privatis immiscet publica damnis.
Turba gravis sceptro, placidisque inimica tyrannis,
Præsenti turgent Messîæ numine, juncto
Messiam sublimè ferunt ad fidera plausu.
Ille volans celso festiva per oppida curru,
Dulce solum grati lustrat Canaanis ; & omnem
Metitur radiis, (Phœbeæ lampadis instar)
Vesper ab Eò quâ distat cardine, terram.

Circùm

Circùm equites, peditesque, & præcedentia longi
 Agminis officia glomerant ; it nuntia fama
 Per populos : crebris resonat clamoribus æther.
 Si quibus augustus succedat sedibus hospes,
 Illum omnes geniumque loci, famulumque Tonantis
 Voce vocant : divûmque viro dignantur honores.

Ante alios lautæ explicuit convivia mensæ
 Issachar *, occiduis jàm tùm notissimus oris.
 Hic aulæ decor, & lascivæ gloria pompæ
 Usque licet populi blandè gratantis ocellos
 Luferit attonitos, speciosum crimen obumbrat :
 Nempe has Achitophel vafro sub pectore fraudes
 Struxerat, ut dubios plebeio in corde recessus
 Tentaret, cæcósque animis excuderet ignes ;
 Infensum penitùs fociis fecerneret agmen ;
 Bellantesque acies expenderet, antè recurvæ
 Quàm vis rauca tubæ duri canat omina belli.
 Usque tamen noctem cœptis immiscuit atram
 Fictus amor regum, sceptrique ruentia fata,
 Relligio vetus, & curarum dulce levamen,
 (Nomina decepto semper placitura popello)
 Quin & Jessæ perrumpent flamina vitæ
 Fraternique doli, vetitique injuria lecti.
 Ergo theatri pestis latet aspera pompâ,
 Et bona pax taciti molitur semina belli.

Heu fatui cives ! quos nunquam exercita fati
 Sors domuit, simili pronos innectier hamo,
 Antiquisque dolis. Quæ vos fortuna quietos
 Sollicitat, dirique jubet contagia morbi

* Thomas Thynne, arm.

Fingere, adhuc validis juvenili robore nervis ;
Rimari dubias incerta per omina clades ;
Regibus hæredes imponere, jura Tonanti ?
Ergo sui populus venturique arbiter ævi
Imperii excussas aliò deflectat habenas ?
Tum cadet indomito jus & fas præda furori,
Et cuicunque licet bacchari impunè tyranno.
Nequicquam auspiciis legum, scriptisque tabellis
Nitimur, & placidæ jactamus munia vitæ,
Si lex arbitrio regali cesserit ultrò.
Quod si plebeie fallaci examine libræ
Vis recti steterit, regumque vicarius ordo
Commiffas fidei gestet de more secures ;
Aut hoc nascentis dudum ad primordia regni
Invaluit pactum, aut nullo vim detulit ævo.
Regia qui nudis admòrunt sceptrâ lacertis,
Ni pariter feros traherent in facta nepotes,
Undè suum Adamus ventura in sæcula crimen
Spargeret ; et, patrium mundo averfante reatum,
Exigerat justas vindex Rhamnusia pœnas ?
Tum rabidam princeps solitus frænare catervam
Imperio vulgi premitur, rerumque magistros
Lege suâ populi magni regit omnipotens jus.
Vis regni, quâ ritè bonum commune tuemur,
Quàm ma'è defertur plebi ? Nàm summa potestas
Si quando armatæ tristis cadat hostia dextræ,
Quis certam rebus poterit spondere salutem ?
Sed neque adorandi semper præconia veri
Spargit vox populi ; pariterque erroris opacis
Involvi tenebris uni licet, atque cohorti.
Scilicet innocuas virgas plebs ægra laceffet,

Quæsta

Quæta scelus duri, stragèsque, & flagra tyranni.
Quæ datur incerto juris mensura popello
Qui celer ad metam cùm jàm defluerit imam,
Trudit iter, rapidamque citatior urget aquæ vim ?
Nec turbas solùm informes, vulgùmque profanum
Hi stimulant æstus ; magnis fanaticus error
Conciliis irrepfit, & iracunda Diana :
Cùm civile nefas, junctique insania ferri
Feralem imbueret regali sanguine dextram ;
Et ficto augustum fœdaret crimine nomen.
Quod si illis ea sit rerum concessa potestas,
Et rapere, & raptos aliis transmittere fasces,
Non tantùm regalis honos, atque æmula cœli
Gloria vanescet moriens ; sed magna fatiscet
Imperii moles, & rupti machina regni
Antiquos repetens ortus, ubi sortibus æquis
Vivitur ; & pleno liceat dare vela furori.
Libera sed dentur populo suffragia :—Nùm quis
Regalem admoto sedem petat ariete, quæ jam
Pondere fixa suo validis radicibus hæret ?
Nàm populo, quâcunque gemens sub mole labore,
Intendunt duplices mutata pericula pœnas.
Pulsa quidem hùc illùc aliis respublica damnis
Distrahitur : sed enim nullâ sub lege vagantes
In nova fert animos lævi inclementia cœli.
Siqua vetus moles jàm jàm lapsura, cadentique
Imminet affimilis, dubias fulcire ruinas
Sis memor, & tremulos valido tibicine postes ;
Hactenus officii labor est : sed meta labori
Hæc stet fixa suo : siquid temerarius ultrà
Moliris, sanctam digito violaveris arcam.

Religione sacras ædes, seniòque verendas
 Eruiere, atque imis evertere fundamentis,
 Hoc istis incumbat onus, qui turpiter audent,
 Qui terrâ cœlòque ratas exscindere leges
 Aggressi dominos furiali marte laceffunt.
 Qui, laxis cùm jam laterum compagibus omnem
 Miscuerint penitus molem, tùm partibus ægris
 (Pròh scelus!) impendunt medicæ miracula dextræ.
 Usque adeo herbarum vires, atque invida succi
 Copia lustratas vitiantem tabe medullas
 Eliciunt pestem, & gravioris femina morbi.

Se quibus obsessum Jessides muniat armis?
 Heu nimis infaustum pietas sua regibus omen!
 Fida cohors raro nunc personat atria cœtu:
 Regis nempe favor duram (pro tempora!) vulgo
 Accendit rabiem, & plebeias asperat iras.
 At neque Jessæis deerat nunc turba periclis,
 Inconcussa tenens dubio vestigia regno:
 Hos memorem; sequitur memoratum gloria nomen.

Ante omnes princeps, parvâ stipante catervâ,
 Barzillai * stetit; ille annis titulisque verendus
 Barzillai, qui dextrâ olim crudele rebelli
 (Ultra spumantem Jordani fluminis undam)
 Extorsit ferrum, & surgentes contudit iras;
 Hostili tandem, nec diis, nec viribus æquis,
 (Heu frustrâ audacem!) turmæ congressus, herili
 Succubuit fato, sociosque per omnia luctus
 Pertulit, & paribus fixit vestigia curis.
 Donec longa dies patriâ confidere terrâ

* Dux de Ormond.

Iussit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit.
 Fraus illi nescire dolos, dùm nomine solo
 Aulicus, effuso sparfit vaga munera nimbo;
 Et crevere pares, auro crescente, favores.
 Ille opibus juvit, vultu ille accendit amico
 Bellantemque ducem, & referentes bella Camenas:
 Natorum incanum quondam numerosa parentem
 Turba coronabat: primum nunc stirpis honorem*
 Spemque domûs orbæ dolet.—Illum ego “semper
 “acerbum

“Semper honoratum (sic dii voluistis) habebo.”
 Illum ego—adhuc viridi florentem robore, lævis
 Ereptum auspiciis, & iniqui crimine fati:
 Ante tamen summæ tangentem culmina famæ;
 Ante & muneribus functum, quæcunque parenti
 Debuit, aut regi. Properanti meta laborum
 Longa stetit, medii longum æquoris intervallum:
 Ille usque obstanti spatio, post terga reliquit
 Temporis haud æquas, pedibus perniciosior, alas.
 O nimis augusti constrictus limite gyri
 Circulus! at toto, quaquâ patet, integer orbe.
 Terra tuis infecta, tuis rubet unda, triumphis;
 Arma tibi in votis, tibi Mars & prælia cordi,
 Cùm tua Sidonios virtus infracta maniplos
 Fulserit, attonitis rediit Niloticus alis
 Victor, & alterni erubuit discrimina fati.
 “Hue pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
 “Dextera! non illi se quisquam impunè tulisset
 “Obvius armato.”——

* Comes Oſſoria.

Ah! nimiùm Judæa tuis indigna trophæis!
 "Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara senectus."
 Dùm læva (heu!) nostram meditantur sidera cladem;
 Successusque novos spectant, metuuntque futuros,
 Te rapit atra dies, & funere mergit acerbo,
 Irrita ne fixi reddas præfagia cœli.
 Nunc fugis exuto terrenæ pondere molis,
 Et vagus "insueti limen miraris Olpmi,
 "Sub pedibus nubesque videns, & sidera," longo
 Illinc cognatas possis diducere turmas
 Ordine, & infidiis fracto succurrere regi.
 Siste gradus hic, Musa, tuos; hic exue pennas:
 Siste gradus.—Quis enim tanti fastigia clivi
 Ascensu superat?—Mihi jam nimis alta petenti,
 Et mœstum raucò modulanti gutture carmen,
 Deficiunt vires.—Quid te juvat usque morari,
 O anima, erepto domino? ni fortè sub umbras
 Fugisti comes; & lugubrem hunc marmore versum
 Incidi plaucuit, monumentum & pignus amoris.
 Ergo age, præcipiti delabens tramite terras
 Respice desertas; similemque per atria regum
 Quære virum.—Heu similem nequicquam!—Ecce alter
 ab illo,
 Leviticæ Zadoc * custos sanctissimus aræ,
 Qui tulit invitus (Judæi insignia mystæ)
 Fulgentem in gremio thoracem, in vertice mithram.
 Et juxta Solymæ Præses †, quem larga bonorum
 Pectora nobilitant, & aviti stemmatis ordo.

* Archiepiscopus Sancroft.

† Episcopus Compton.

Hesperii Laris Antistes, cui copia torrens
Dicendi, validi semper comes argumenti.

His super exemplis jampridem accensa juvenus
Instituit primos regi musisque labores.

Scilicet auspiciis florent regalibus ; & quas
Rex habet infestas, & habent collegia, turmas.

Hos à calce premunt Judæi gloria rostri,
Qui juris nodos, & legum ænigmata solvunt.

Exiguum hinc fidumque ducum sese explicat agmen ;

Ante omnes Adriel *, venam natura benignam
Cui tribuit, solidæque argutum mentis acumen.

Pieridum fautor : nectit sed & ipse canoris
Eloquium vocale modis.—Fervente senatu,

Jus sacrum asseruit regni, non turpiter audax.

Hinc Jessæus amor titulis adjunxit avitis

Haud merito nati raptam de tempore laurum.

Hûc etiam Jothamus † adest, cui divite venâ

Largus & exundans prompti fuit ingenii fons.

Edoctus regere occulto fluitantia cœtu

Consilia, & dubiæ moderari fræna catervæ.

Ille ubi jam medios sensit delapsus in hostes

Festinata retro præceps vestigia torfit ;

Ancipitemque suo firmavit pondere lancem.

Tantam unus tremulæ libræ molem intulit heros.

Nunc, Musa, Hushæum ‡ memora, civilibus iris

Jaſtatum, populique minis, per iniqua viarum

Jessidæ comitem. Peregrino fidere rerum

Fluctibus in mediis teneros exercuit annos,

* Comes Mulgrave.

† Dominus Dartmouth.

‡ Hyde, Comes Roffensis.

Nativaſque auxit cana experientia dotes.

Olli parca manus : regalis parca crumenæ,
Larga ſuæ. Pleno facilè invigilabis acervo :
Sed tenuem cauto moliri pectore gazam
“ Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.”——

Tum ſacra principibus creſcit languetve poteſtas,
Cum ſua vulgus emant, cum vendant jura tyranni.

“ Extremum hunc Amieli *, Erato, concede labo-
“ rem,”

Feſſa licet : Quis non Amielem carmine laudet ?
Non tam illum proavi, veterique a ſanguine ſanguis,
Quàm ſua nobilitat virtus ; hâc ille frementem
Hinc atque hinc æquâ libravit lance ſenatum ;
Inflexitque animos dictis, & pectora mulſit.
Confiliis acer juſ non violabile regni
Afferuit, patriæque fidem : quæſi clauſerat uno
Pectore adhuc brevius triplicis compendia gentis.
At nunc præcipites undantia lora remittunt
Aurigæ ; juvat hos ignoto tramite labi :
Hi temerè annorum, veluti Clymeneia proles †,
Æternas miſcere vices, fixumque tenorem
Mutare, & ſtabiles fati confundere leges.
Interea hæc Amiel vultu miſeratus amico
Spectat ; & exuto curarum pondere, carpit
Emeritam placidâ compoſtus pace quietem.

Jeſſæi en comites ! Solymæ qui clauſtra tueri,
Et conjuratis auſi ſe opponere turmīs,
Contra ibant vulgi rabiem, tela aſpera contra :
Exigui numero, ſed bello vivida virtus.

* Seymourius, Domûs inferioris Orator. † Phaëton.

Scilicet insurgunt iræ, dolor ossibus ardet,
Cum crebris laxi nutarent mœnia regni
Ictibus, & validis tremerent impulsa lacertis.
Dehinc numerosa cohors, fictis exterrita monstis,
Imperii decus, & regalia jura, senatu
Judice, plebcia gaudet truncare securi.
Quin & nativo pulsus lare regius hæres,
Fraternoque sinu sceptris prohibetur avitis :
Atque immanè fremunt conducti in FœDERA testes.
Quæ simul ac duri sensit præludia fati
Fida manus regem officio trepidante salutans
His animum accendit dictis, & vulnerat aures.
Nempe monet, cassos in vulgum exire favores ;
Imis jam penitus morbum infedisse medullis,
Hausurumque novas leni à medicamine vires.
Absalon interea, regni quem cæca libido
Transversum exagitat, turbam mirâ arte sequacem
Allicit, & placido circumquaque implicat hamo.
Nec minùs Achitophel stimulis agitatus amaris
Insidias struit, atque horrendi FœDERIS umbrâ
Communem solii miscet templique ruinam.
Effera concilium rabies agit, effera plebem :
Signifer Isacidis faustum execrantibus omen
Prætendit Shimei, & feralibus imbuit iris.

Talia per populum passim Jessieus heros
Et videt, & magno curarum fluctuat æstu :
Tandem animi victus, dubiosque in corde volutans
Eventus secum, folio sic orsus ab alto
Increpuit gentes, & fatis ora resolvit.
Conticuere omnes ; multusque ad terga satelles
Aure bibit Divum Jessæa in voce Tonantem.

“ Hactenus

“ Haftenùs innocuam frænavit gratia dextram,
Luſtantes preſſi ſimulatà mente dolores
Haftenùs; ultriceſque latent in pectore curæ.
Uſque adeo ſæc’li juvat in pejora ruentis
Abſolviſſe nefas: animóque inſcripta paterno
Regalem uſque adeò pietas compescuit iram.
At nunc tanta rapit miſeros inſania cives,
Ut noſtræ paſſim ſubeant faſtidia pacis;
Ipi aſpernantur veniam me judice fontes.
Unum pro multis ſtatui caput, uſque fatemur:
Scilicet ut magno (neque enim fors altera regum eſt)
Imperio populos teneat, frænnetque rebelles.
Ergone, quòd leni perfuſæ ſanguine venæ
Dulcè micant, timidum gens arguet atque puſillum?
Fallitur; ingentes animos vindicta laceſſit
Segnior, & raræ magno ſtant pectore flammæ.
Si tamen accenſos ſtimulis haud mollibus æſtus
Irritare juvet; non me pietate coactâ
Sentiet elicitos pridem ſparſiſſe favores.
Quæ noſtro ingeritur cumulata infamia tergo
Gibboſi melius premat horrida dorſa cameli.
Fulcra quidem divûm ſtatuuntur munere reges,
Quorum humeris regni moles oneroſa recumbat:
Ille meus Samſon tremulas ſi forte columnas
Succutiat fidens, ſociam trahat uſque ruinam.
Quanquàm ô ſi madidis tandem deſſeret ocellis
Antiquum ſcelus, & priſcæ veſtigia culpæ!
Quàm caræ ſoboli juvet ignoviſſe parentem!
Quantula (proh ſuperi!) lacrymarum copia mentem
Molliret patriam, cùm pectora fortior urget,
Impetus, & natura ſuum tutatur alumnum!

Heu nimiùm miserande peur ! cui semper, anhelæ
Quicquid vis animæ potuit perferre, paterni
Stulta animi indulfit pietas, & amabilis error.
Imperii si fortè decus bona fata dedissent,
Non adeò parcus juveni præcordia Titan
Finxerat, aut tenues nascenti inseverat ignes.
Nomine publicolæ captus ! qui jure tyrannos
(Ut nunc sæc'la ferunt) antiquâ pelleret aulâ.
Patricio vafro pia larva ! & turgidus heros
Gratanti populo.—Nondùm, nisi læva fuissent
Pectora, publicolæ quisquam captavit honores.
Unde illo potiùs quàm Davide gaudeat infans
Relligio, & legum justissima cura patrono ?
Iste catus scelerum libertatisque magister
Achitophel, nostri cùm pridem liminis hospes
Manferit, haud tantas aluit sub pectore flammæ.
Heu pia seditio qualem sine more furenti
Publicolæ obtendit nubem ! Quicumque tyranno
Hostis erit, populi decus audiet, & tutamen.
Hæredemne juvat nostris obtrudere sceptris ?
Partiri cantum decuit sua rura senatum.
Rex ego sum, saltémque mei pars integra regni :
Miscentur plebeïæ, & me quoque judice, sortes.
Nolenti regem licet extorquere futurum ?
Quidni etiam folio liceat me pellere avito ?
Nostra quidem junctis poscunt suffragia votis :
Esavi sed enim setosis hispida villis
Brachia, Jacobi placidæ quàm dissona linguæ !
Regalem cives precibusque & thure salutem
Usque atque usque rogant ; quam ut possint ritè tueri
Dant requiem sceptro, atque ingentibus otia curis.

Lenè fluant, superi, placidæ bona gaudia vitæ;
Nec puros scelus, aut rabies fanatica soles
Inquinet: ante omnes orantem avertite turbam!
Hanc immensa fames, & inexorabile pectus
Exagitat: non sic infœcundi instat & urget
Vox uteri; non sic avidi jejuna sepulchri
Vis furit; aut tanto vastum os expandit hiatu:
Plura petunt, quàm quæ votis suffecerit æther.
Ergo stat insomni tandem componere curâ
Reliquias sceptri, & sumptis tutarier armis.
Integra lex placidas regni moderetur habenas,
Atque eadem turmas justo premat ense rebelles.
Non ultrà adstrictos solvent suffragia fasces,
Quorum vi junctis præstat pars altera membris.
Haud nostris ultrà laribus gens fida clientum
Insanis populi clamoribus acta recedet.
Non vulgo imperium virgæ, rigidæque securis
Tradetur, nullis qui mistâ fortibus urnâ
Ultrices fuso poscant cum sanguine pœnas.
Scilicet & divi, & divûm cognata potestas
Usque cavo famulos gaudent umbone tueri.
O! mihi si nullo dextram maculâsse cruore
Detur, & æternâ frontem circumdare olivâ!
Quid Nemefin cogor, post tempora longa, reclusam
Eripere, & multâ obductum rubigine ferrum?
Proh lex sæva nimis, diri soror horrida Lethi!
Quàm malè degenerem tranquillâ à fronte timorem
Arguit infesti male-suada insania vulgi!
Pacati caveas rabiem furiâsque lacerti.
Ergo, Astræa, tuum, quem flagitat, exere vultum:
Cervicis teneræ lascivos pascere ocellos

Intuitu piguit: pleno juvat ore tueri,
 Atque oculos tentare tuos, & fidere morti.
 Jam suus artificem Lethi (sic volvere Parcas)
 Trans adiget mucro, grâtiſque occumbet in armis.
 Se ferient teſtes gladiis in mutua ſtriſtis
 Viſcera, dùm primos horrendi FÆDERIS ortus,
 Maternũque uterum penitũs mandũtque, trahũtque,
 Vipereo ſimiles generi: tũm protinũs atram
 Uſque bibant ſaniem, juvet uſque haurire cruorem,
 Unde priũs teneræ traxerunt ſemina vitæ.
 Belzebub in fratrem Belial ruet, hoſtis in hoſtem.
 Nec minor eventu ſpes eſt: nam, more ferino,
 Turba ferox belli totas in limine vires
 Impendunt, primoque animas in vulnere ponunt.
 Ergo age, præcipiti juvet indulgere furori;
 His tu cede malis, nec contrà audentior ito;
 Obliquaque latus, gyròque elude ſequentem.
 Corpore cùm ſudor (nec respirare poteſtas)
 Liquitur, & feſſas quatit æger anhelitus artus;
 Tũm demũ geminas intende in prælia vires;
 Nec mora, nec requies, quin ferreus ingruat imber.
 Nempe æquam melior cauſam qui protegit heros
 Sede diũ quanquam pulſus, tandem impiger hoſtes
 Sternit humi victor; campòque potitur operto.”

Dixerat. Omnipotens fauſtũ ter vertice cano
 Annuit, & totum tonitu tremefecit Olympum.
 Hinc anni fluere, hinc ſec'lorum naſcier ordo
 Lætus ab integro, & magni procedere menſes;
 Jeſſides iterũ folio conſedit avito;
 Et placido junc'tas tenuit ſub fœdere gentes.

I N O B I T U M

Egregii Juvenis * * * * S H I R L E Y *.

I.

D U M te canoræ turba sciens lyræ
Urgent ademptum flebilibus modis,
Hoc, dulcis Umbra, ne recuses
Officium tenuis Camenæ.

II.

Cui si favebit Phœbus amicior,
Tot illa famæ, chare Puer, tuæ
Apponet annos, quot caducæ
Mors adimit properata vitæ.

* Whatever were the demerits of Curll, we owe to him the preservation of this delicate little Elegy. On the strength of this single poem, and our Author's Speech on being admitted to the Deanry of Christ Church; Curll ventured to call a whole volume by the title of *ATTERBURIANA* (see vol. II. p. 317.) They were communicated to him by the Bishop's son 1726; and are undoubtedly genuine. Not so the "*Festum Lustrale, seu Baptizata Rustica*," which has been ascribed to Atterbury; but was in reality the production of Loveling, with whose poems it is printed.—The beautiful translation of Cato's soliloquy into Latin, which Fame and Dr. Kippis have attributed to Bishop Atterbury (and which on that authority, and on *ORAL TRADITION* in the University of Oxford, I had printed as his in the "*Select Collection of Poems*," vol. V. p. 6.), I afterwards found reason (vol. VIII. p. 302.) to ascribe to Dr. Henry Bland, head-master of Eton-school, provost of the college there, and Dean of Durham (to whom it is also without hesitation ascribed by the last and best Biographer of Addison); and have since had the honour of being assured by Mr. Walpole, "that it was the work of Dr. Bland; and that he has more than once heard his father Sir Robert Walpole say, that it was he himself who gave that translation to Mr. Addison, who was extremely surprized at the fidelity and beauty of it."

III.

Non hic fideles quod bene feceris,
 Chartæ filebunt, te Pudor & Fides
 Commendat *, integrique mores,
 Et decorans benè nata virtus.

IV.

Præsens fugacem fistere spiritum
 Heu! nulla Virtus, nec Pietas moram,
 Pudorve, febri luctuosæ
 Attulit indomitæque morti.

V.

Quid illa velox profuit indoles
 Aut mens virilis? O nimium breve,
 Virtutis ævum! præcociſque
 Ingenii fragiles honores.

VI.

Sic mille flores inter amabiles
 Narcissus horti gloria, verticem
 Attollit altè, mox reclinem
 Sternit humi pluvialis auster.

* The metre here requires "Commendat," but the grammar "Commendant." EDIT.

EPIGRAM, from the original MS.

"VIVITE, AIT, FUGIO."

L Abentem tacito quisquis pede conspicias umbram,
Si sapias, hæc audis: 'Vivite, nam fugio.'
Utilis est oculis, nec inutilis auribus umbra;
Dum taetæ, exclamat, 'Vivite, nam fugio.'

EPITAPH in St. Botolph's Bishop's-gate *.

HIC conjuncta suo recubat Francisca marito,
Et cinis est unus quæ fuit una caro.
Hunc cineres concire suos soror Anna jubebat,
Corpora sic uno pulvere trina jacent.
Ille opifex rerum Omnipotens, qui, trinus & unus,
Pulvere ab hoc uno corpora trina dabit.

* I give this epitaph conjecturally to the Bishop, it having been found among his papers. Two translations are here subjoined:

"Here lie interr'd an husband and a wife,
One dust in death, as once one flesh in life.
A sister's mingled ashes here repose.
Three bodies thus one heap of dust compose.
Thou, Power Almighty, Three in One, wilt raise
Three several bodies from one common mass."

"Below an husband and a wife are laid,
One flesh when living, and one dust now dead.
A sister's ashes mingle in the urn,
And thus three bodies to one dust return.
But thou, O Three in One, Almighty Power,
From this one dust three bodies wilt restore."

HORACE,

HORACE *, BOOK II. ODE III.

I.

BE calm, my Delli^{us}, and serene,
 However Fortune change the scene!
 In thy most dejected state,
 Sink not underneath the weight:
 Nor yet, when happy days begin,
 And the full tide comes rolling in,
 Let a fierce unruly joy
 The settled quiet of thy mind destroy:
 However Fortune change the scene,
 Be calm, my Delli^{us}, and serene!

II.

Be thy lot good, or be it ill,
 Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
 Whether, with busy cares oppress'd,
 You wear the fullen time away;
 Or whether to sweet ease or rest
 You sometimes give a day;
 Carelessly laid
 Underneath a friendly shade,
 By pines and poplars mix'd embraces made;
 Near a river's sliding stream,
 Fetter'd in sleep, blest with a golden dream.

* There can be no doubt of this translation's being properly ascribed to Atterbury. Two lines of it are expressly quoted as his by Pope, in a passage I have already had occasion to produce, vol. II. p. 254.

III. Here,

III.

Here, Here, in this much envy'd state,
 Let every blessing on thee wait ;
 Bid the Syrian nard be brought,
 Bid the hidden wine be sought,
 And let the rose's short-liv'd flower,
 The smiling daughter of an hour,
 Flourish on thy brow :
 Enjoy the very, very now !
 While the good hand of life is in,
 While yet the fatal sisters spin.

IV.

A little hence, my friend, and thou
 Must into other hands resign
 Thy gardens and thy parks, and all that now
 Bears the pleasing name of thine !
 Thy meadows, by whose planted tides
 Silver Tyber * gently glides !
 Thy pleasant houses, all must go ;
 The gold that's hoarded in them too :
 A jolly heir shall set it free,
 And give th' imprison'd monarchs liberty.

* Which, by the bye, is a muddy *yellow* stream ! EDIT.

V. Nor

V.

Nor matters it, what figure here
 Thou dost among thy fellow-mortals bear ;
 How thou wert born, or how begot ;
 Impartial Death matters it not :
 With what titles thoudost shine,
 Or who was first of all thy line ;
 Life's vain amusements ! amidst which we dwell ;
 Nor weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim god of hell !

VI.

In the same road, alas ! all travel on !
 By all alike the same sad journey must be gone !
 Our blended lots together lie,
 Mingled in one common urn :
 Sooner or later out they fly ;
 The fatal boat then wafts us to the shore,
 Whence we never shall return,
 Never !——never more !

HORACE,

HORACE*, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H O R A C E.

WHILST I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclin'd
On your soft bosom, sunk to rest,
Phraätes was not half so blest.

4

L Y D I A.

Whilst you ador'd no other face,
Nor lov'd me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone ev'n Ilia's envy'd flame.

8

HORACE.

V A R I A T I O N S.

Ver. 4. " *Not Persia's Monarch* was so blest.

7. " *Your Lydia's* celebrated fame.

8. " Out-shone *the Roman* Ilia's name.

* " The learned Scaliger was infinitely fond of this Ode, and of the Third Ode of the Fourth Book, as appears by his own remarkable words in the Sixth Book of his Poetics: 'Omnes Horatii Odæ tantæ sunt venustatis,' &c. All the Odes of Horace are so beautiful, that they have effectually discouraged me, and all persons of common prudence, from any attempts of the same kind. But I have taken notice of two in particular, than which I do not think Ambrosia or Nectar can be sweeter. One of them is the Third of the Fourth Book, "Quem tu, Melpomene, semel," &c. and the other the Ninth of the Third Book, 'Donec gratus eram tibi,' &c. I had rather have written Odes like these than any of Pindar's, or even than to be king of all Arragon.' The Prelate, whose elegant translation we have here adopted, was probably of the same opinion, since he has translated these two Odes; and, as far as we know, these two only." I copy this note from Mr. Duncombe's Horace.

"Perhaps

H O R A C E.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul :
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

12

L Y D I A.

For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns ;
Twice would I life with ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

16

H O R A C E.

What if sweet Love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke ;
Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain ?

20

V A R I A T I O N S.

Ver. 12. "*Could I redeem her life* with mine.

15. " Twice would I life *for him* resign,

16. " Could his be ransom'd *thus* with mine.

17. " What if *the God*—

19. " *What if my Chloe*—

" Perhaps no Ode of Horace hath so frequently been translated as the Dialogue between him and Lydia. This we have often been surprized at, as certainly there is nothing extraordinary in the Ode itself. The chief thing that recommends it, is the easy elegance and gracefulness of its expression, which is probably the reason why it hath been so popular, and hath produced such a number of imitators ; of whom, however, few have succeeded. Of all the versions of it that we recollect at present, Atterbury's is by far the best. Were we not afraid of offending our classical readers, we should almost be tempted to say, that it is equal to the original ; a thing which can scarcely ever be said of the translations of Horace." Dr. KIPPIS, in Biog. Brit.

It has been well observed by Mr. Maty, that " I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids," in Mrs. Brooke's Rosina, is almost equal to this dialogue of Horace,

L Y D I A.

L Y D I A.

Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
 Though wilder than the raging sea,
 Lighter than down; yet gladly I
 With thee would live, with thee would die. 24

V A R I A T I O N.

Ver. 21. "Though *Phosphor*"—

HORACE*, BOOK IV. ODE III.

TO HIS MUSE, BY WHOSE FAVOUR HE ACQUIRES
 IMMORTAL FAME.

HE, on whose birth the Lyric Queen
 Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
 The Isthmian gauntlet, nor be seen
 First in the fam'd Olympic race. 4

* "Any one who hath a genius for poetry," says a learned correspondent, "will agree with me in wishing that Atterbury had never had any other occupation but poetry. His fame as a politician or a divine is not equal to what he deserves for this translation, which is, without exception, the best in any language that I have met with." This, undoubtedly, is carrying the encomium on Dr. Atterbury's poetical talent very far; and yet we can scarcely venture to say that it is carried too far. There is something so exceedingly beautiful in the specimens which are given of his early turn for poetry, that it is greatly to be regretted that he did not more direct his thoughts that way. The translation of this Ode is in the highest degree beautiful. The Ode itself, in the original, is peculiarly excellent and delightful; and Dr. Atterbury hath most happily succeeded in cloathing it in an English dress. It was judicious in Dr. Francis not to attempt a new version of this Ode, after so admirable a one was furnished to his hands. And he justly observes, that by Bishop Atterbury's success we may be convinced that it is not impossible to render Horace into English without any great loss of his original beauties."

Dr. KIPPIS.

He

He shall not, after toils of war,
 And taming haughty monarchs pride,
 With laurel'd brows conspicuous far,
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride. 8
 But him the streams, that warbling flow
 Rich Tyber's flowery meads along,
 And shady groves (his haunts) shall know
 The master of the Æolian song. 12
 The sons of Rome, majestic Rome !
 Have fix'd me in the Poets choir ;
 And, Envy now or dead or dumb,
 Forbear to blame what they admire. 16
 Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
 Who canst the finny race, though mute,
 To cygnets dying accents raise ; 20
 Thy gift it is, that all with ease
 My new unrival'd honours own ;
 That I still live, and living please,
 O Goddess, is thy gift alone. 24

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 15. And Envy, now or deaf or dumb,
 16. *Forbears* to blame, &c.
 23. " That *while* I live *my numbers* please,
 24. " *If pleasing,*"

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. PART OF EPIST. X.

CERVUS equum, pugnâ melior, communibus
herbis

Pellebat ; donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit.
Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.

IMITATION,

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

THE Horse and Stag, in common pasture bred,
Disputed for the spot on which they fed :
With heels and head long was the strife pursued,
And combat after combat still renew'd ;
Till, worsted in the fray, the Horse began
To quit the field, and crav'd the aid of Man,
Who mounted on his back — — —

And now, obedient to the whip and spur,
The Vanquish'd triumph'd o'er the Vanquisher,
But lost his freedom, while the prize he gain'd,
And was for ever after rode and rein'd.
Britain, beware, the tale is told to thee ;
Free as thou art, so still continue free !

THE BEE.

IMITATED FROM THEOCRITUS *, IDYLL. XIX.

CUPID, the archest rogue alive,
 One day was plundering of a hive :
 But, as with too, too eager haste
 He went the liquid sweets to taste,
 A bee surpriz'd the heedless boy ;
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected joy.
 The urchin, when he felt the smart
 Of the envenom'd angry dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he beat the ground ;
 He blow'd, and then he chaff'd the wound :
 He blow'd, and chaff'd the wound in vain ;
 The rubbing still increas'd the pain.
 Straight to his mother's lap he hies,
 With swelling cheeks, and blubber'd eyes.
 Cries she—' What does my Cupid ail ?'
 When thus he told his mournful tale :
 " A little bird they call a bee,
 With yellow wings ; see, mother, see
 How it has gor'd, and wounded me !"
 ' And are not you,' reply'd his mother,
 ' For all the world just such another ?

* As it had before been by Theocritus from Anacreon, Ode XI. Both poems are excellently translated by Mr. Fawkes.—The present imitation, which had crept into Dryden's "Miscellanies" under the title of "The Honey-Stealer," is corrected from the Bishop's MS.

Just such another waspish thing,
Like in bulk, and like in sting?
For, when you aim a poisonous dart
Against some poor unwary heart,
How little is the archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the wound!

The FIRST ECLOGUE of VIRGIL*.

MELIBŒUS.

THOU, Tityrus, laid this spreading beech be-
neath,
Mak'st thy shrill pipe, taught by thy fingers, breathe
Sweet rural airs, and the pleas'd groves around
With beauteous Amaryllis' name resound;
Whilst we, from our lov'd seat and country torn,
The fate of Mantuan shepherds wandering mourn.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, 'twas a God, that blest
My wishes, and indulg'd this envy'd rest,

* Printed from a copy obligingly furnished by a worthy Clergyman in Gloucestershire, who transcribed it nearly fifty years ago (when a king's scholar at Westminster), from a collection of verses in the possession of Dr. James Johnson, then second-master of Westminster-school, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester 1752—1759; and of Worcester 1759—1774; who, from his station and connexions, was likely to know it to be genuine. It carries indeed in itself internal marks of authenticity by the classical cast of the whole.

God-like his grace to me, and in return
 Oft my vow'd lambs shall to his honour burn :
 He bid me thus tend my fair herds, and play
 What pleas'd my mind, secure of harm, as they.

MELIBOEUS.

Not mov'd by envy, yet I wondering see,
 How all around are vex'd, whilst thou art free :
 My fainting flock, as faint myself, I drive,
 And scarce preserve this drooping goat alive,
 Who two fair kids, the hope and pledge of more, }
 As thus we press'd, amidst the alders bore,
 Then left to perish on the flinty floor.
 Oft these disasters (had my heedless mind
 Attended) by plain omens were design'd,
 When darted lightning riv'd the hollow oak,
 Or from its blasted boughs hoarse ravens spoke.
 On past remarks what boots it now to dwell ?
 Do thou the God that blest thee, Tityrus, tell.

TITYRUS.

The city Rome I innocently thought
 Like that to which our fatten'd flocks are brought ;
 As simple swains small things to great compare,
 Kids to their dams, the leveret to the hare :
 But she on other cities looks with scorn,
 As the tall cypress to the lowly thorn.

MELIBOEUS.

And what the cause that mov'd thy wavering mind
 To visit Rome, not so before inclin'd ?

TITY.

TITYRUS.

'Twas Liberty, which long I strove to win,
Till the hair whiten'd on my hoary chin :
In vain I fought the good which never came,
Till Amaryllis grew my real flame,
And Galatea nothing but a name.
For, truth to tell, in Galatea's reign,
No hope of liberty was left, or gain ;
Though to my craving mistress ample fees,
The fattest weanlings and the richest cheese,
Did from my folds and dairies constant come ;
The bringing hand return'd still empty home.

}

MELIBOEUS.

When mourning Amaryllis long'd to see
For whom her fruits ripe on the loaded tree
Still hung, we wonder'd—Tityrus, 'twas for thee.
For thee, when absent, did these waters mourn,
These pines, these shrubs, and chide thy slow return.

}

TITYRUS.

What else remain'd ? Propitious powers in vain
I fought for these, nor could I break my chain ;
But there that youth I saw, of form divine,
For whom each month my lighted altars shine.
He gracious answer'd, which sustains me now,
“ Go, feed the flock as erst, and urge the plow.”

MELIBOEUS.

Thrice happy man, possessing, free from harm,
Thy little, but to thee proportion'd, farm.

What though the barren and unfightly ground
 Does here with flags, and there with flints, abound;
 No noxious herbage tempts thy burthen'd ewes,
 No mingled flocks their venom'd taint infuse.
 Thrice happy man, who under favourite trees,
 By well-known streams and sacred springs at ease,
 Canst shun the heat, and catch the cooling breeze. }
 Here on the flowery fence, which bounds thy right, }
 The bees, that riot on the blossoms, light,
 Whose murmurs heard sweet slumbers shall invite. }
 Here on a rocky height with rustic lays
 His voice the dresser of thy vines shall raise;
 While thy lov'd turtles, in their mournful strain,
 And ringdoves from the airy elms complain.

TITYRUS.

When therefore deer shall quit the earth for air,
 Fishes the sea for land, and pasture there;
 When Parthians, and when Germans, by exchange,
 Shall those to Saone, and these to Tigris, range;
 Then shall his image, who, by pity prest,
 Indulg'd such favours, vanish from my breast.

MELIBOEUS.

But we, alas! distress'd and driven from home,
 O'er Libyan sands, or Scythian plains, must roam;
 Must see the troubled waves Oaxes pours,
 Or Britain's other world, remote from ours:
 Shall ever I, when many years have roll'd,
 My much-lov'd native soil again behold?

And

And in my homely (ah ! the wish is vain)
 My turf-built cot, to me a palace, reign ?
 Shall yon fair lawn be the rough soldier's lot ?
 Shall foreign landlords mow that fertile spot ?
 Behold the blessings civil discord yields !
 Behold for whom we till'd and sow'd our fields !
 Now graft the pear, fond swain, now plant the vine,
 The fruit shall others' be, the labour thine.
 Go, my lov'd goats; my flock once happy, go;
 No more shall I, from verdant grots below,
 See you steep rocks and rugged mountains climb :
 No more, while fallow tops and fragrant thyme
 You brouze, shall meditate the shepherd's rhyme. }

TITIRUS.

Yet here this night (I ask no longer) stay,
 On leaves repos'd expect the coming day.
 Ripe apples, chesnuts soften'd by the coal,
 And cheese of various sorts shall please thy soul :
 And now from village tops the smoak is seen,
 And lengthening shades stretch o'er the darken'd green.

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN BY OUR AUTHOR ON A WHITE FAN
BORROWED FROM MISS OSBORNE, AFTER-
WARDS HIS WIFE*.

FLAVIA the least and flightest toy
Can with resistless art employ :
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love ;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame ;
To every other breast—a flame †.

* First printed in the Gentleman's Journal for March 1691-2, with this introduction by Motteux : “ The following Verses were writ on a Lady's Fan by a Gentleman, whose name I am sorry that I must not let you know ; I never saw any thing more like Waller.”

† This Epigram has been lately said to have been more than an accidental resemblance to the following epigram of Hieronymus Angerianus :

“ De seipso & Cælia.

“ Ut movit crines ventoso Cælia flabro
“ Accessere ipsi frigora, flamma mihi.
“ Hoc mirum, in glaciem duram convertitur illa,
“ Quæ nunquam æstivo sole liquere potest.
“ Ipse cinis fio, sed qui me novit amantem,
“ Apposuit cineri subdita verba meo.
“ Cælia frigus amans dum percutit aëra pennis
“ Fit glacies, miser hic frigore adustus obit.”

I M I-

IMITATION, by Dr. BIRCH, 1725.

In Puellam quandam Flabello ludentem.

O Q U A L I S minimas venusta tricas
Et quâ Flavia tractat arte! passim
In se lumina cuncta vertit unam.
Flabellum in manibus minùs peritis
Vel tantillùm in amore vix valeret.
Hoc pulcherrima Nympha tam decorè
(Quod nec dicere, nec videre tutò
Possis) jactitat hinc & hinc, ut istud
Cordi vulnera plura dat tenello
Quam velox Paphii sagitta Divi;
Dumque aurâ dominæ calentis artus
Grata ventilat, heu! flagramus æstu.

S O N G.

FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

F A I R Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, till they have learn'd the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

My heart, 'tis true, hath often rang'd
Like bees on gaudy flowers *,
And many a thousand loves hath chang'd
Till it was fix'd on yours.

- * Hence again Mrs. Brooke appears to have caught
" From flower to flower gay roving," &c.

But,

But, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
 'Twas soon determin'd there,
 Stars might as well forsake the skies,
 And vanish into air.

When I from this great rule do err,
 New beauties to adore ;
 May I again turn wanderer,
 And never settle more !

S O N G *,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

YOU say, you love ! Repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing sound ;
 Repeat the ease of all my pain,
 The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd,
 To me you freely give ;
 Whilst I in humble silence died,
 Your mercy bid me live.

So on cold Latmos' top each night
 Endymion fighting lay,
 Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent light,
 Despair'd, and durst not pray.

* This Song (it should be acknowledged) has also been claimed by Dr. King, and is printed in that truly humorous Writer's poetical works.

But

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
 Th' effect of conquering charms;
 Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief,
 And falls into his arms.

IMPROMPTU*.

“The words of the Wise Man, thus preach'd to us all,
 “Despise not the worth of those things that are small.”

THE Quill of the goose is a very flight thing,
 Yet it feathers the arrow that flies from the
 string,

Makes the bird it belongs to soar high in its flight,
 And the jack it has oil'd against dinner go right.
 It brightens the floor when turn'd to a broom,
 And brushes down cobwebs at top of the room.
 Its plumage by art into figures is wrought,
 As soft as the hand, and as quick as the thought!
 It warms in a muff, and it cools in a screen,
 It is good to be felt, and as good to be seen.
 When wantonly waving, it makes a fine show
 On the crest of the warrior, or hat of the beau.

* This Impromptu is believed to be literally what its name imports; being written (as the gentleman who sent it me was inform'd) in the instant, upon a challenge to the Bishop to dictate something extempore in praise of a goose-quill, on the words,

“Despise not the worth of those things that are small.”

The present communicator received it many years ago from a relation of the late Mr. Morice, the Bishop's son-in-law.

The

The Quill of the goose (I shall never have done,
 If through all its perfections and praises I run)
 Makes the harpsichord vocal, which else would be
 mute,

And enlivens the sounds, the sweet sounds of the flute;
 Records what is written in verse or in prose,
 By Ramsay or Cambray, by Boyle or Despreaux *.
 Therefore well did the Wise Man thus preach to us all,
 "Despise not the worth of those things that are small."

ON SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THREE Frenchmen, grateful in their way,
 Sir Robert's Glory would display;
 Studious by Sister Arts t'advance
 The Honour of a Friend of France.
 They consecrate to Walpole's Fame
 Picture and Verse and Anagram;
 With Mottos quaint the Print they dress,
 With Snakes, with Rocks, with Goddeses.
 Their Lines beneath the Subject fit,
 As well for Quantity as Wit.
 Thy Glory, Walpole, thus enroll'd,
 Ev'n Foes delighted may behold.
 For ever sacred be to thee,
 Such Sculpture, and such Poetry!

* The writer, probably, was then a stranger to the French pronunciation, or he would not have made *aux* (pronounced as *o*) rhyme to *ose*.

A PANEGYRICK, 1731 *.

WITH Favour and Fortune fastidiously blest,
 He's loud in his laugh, and coarse in his jest;
 Of Favour and Fortune unmerited vain,
 A Sharper in trifles, a Dupe in the main,
 Atchieving of Nothing, still promising Wonders,
 By dint of Experience improving in Blunders;
 Oppressing true Merit, exalting the Base;
 And selling his Country to purchase a Place;
 A Jobber of Stocks by retailing false news,
 A Prater at court in the style of the Mews;
 Of Virtue and Worth by profession a Giber;
 Of Juries and Senates the Bully and Briber.
 Though I name not the Wretch, you know whom I
 mean,
 'Tis the Cur-dog of Britain, and Spaniel of Spain.

* It is not quite certain whether this severe character (originally printed in these Miscellanies) was by Atterbury, or his friend Wesley; but it is more probably our Bishop's. Since the former edition it has been also printed as Swift's. It is the communication of a correspondent; as are the following lines, which Atterbury is said to have repeated with great emotion on a noble Lord's quitting his apartment, after proposing and improperly pressing some terms which the Bishop had rejected with disdain:

“ Unmov'd by pity, and by shame unaw'd,
 The genuine spawn of bully and of bawd;
 Ungrateful to th' ungrateful wretch he grew by,
 A baseborn, blundering, blustering, bloody, booby!”

EPIGRAM.

From the "Lusus Westmonasterienses", 1730," p. 46.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere.*

CUM subit illius lætissima frontis imago,
Quam nostri toties explicuere sales;
Cum subit & canum caput, & vigor acer ocelli,
Et digna mistus cum gravitate lepos;
Solvimur in lachrymas; &, inania munera, versus
Ad tumulum sparsis fert Elegeia comis,
Aldricio, debent cui munera tanta Camœnæ,
Hoc tribuisse, parum est; non tribuisse, scelus.

EPITAPH written by Bp. Atterbury upon a Huntsman of Sir Thomas Mansel's (EVAN RISE) in Margam Church, Glamorganshire †.

M. S.

Vos qui colitis Hubertum,
Inter Divos jam repertum,
Cornuque quod concedens fatis
Reliquit vobis, insonatis,

* Two or three other Epigrams in the "Lusus Westmonasterienses" are ascribed to our learned Prelate; one in particular on "Sunt ipsa pericula tanti," beginning "Devotum sensit," &c. which I have not been able to recover.

† From the Minute books of the Society of Antiquaries, to whom it was communicated by Mr. Bryan, Jan. 30, 1722-3.

Lætos solvite clamores,
 In singultus & dolores ;
 Nam quis non tristi sonet ore,
 Conclamato Venatore,
 Aut ubi dolor justus, nisi
 Ad tumulum Evani Rifi.
 Hic per abrupta, & per plana,
 Nec pedetardo, nec spevana,
 Canibus ac telis egit
 Omne quod in filvis degit.
 Hic evolavat mane puro,
 Cervis ocyor ac Euro,
 Venaticis intentus rebus,
 Tunc cum medius ardet Phœbus
 Indefessus, adhuc quando
 Idem occidit, venando.

At vos venatum, illo duce,
 Non surgetis alia luce,
 Nam Mors Mortalium Venator,
 Qui ferinæ nunquam satur,
 Cursum prevertit humanum
 Proh dolor! rapuit Evanum ;
 Nec Meridies, nec Aurora,
 Vobis reddent ejus ora.
 Restat illi, nobis flenda,
 Nox perpetuo dormienda.

Finivit multa laude motum,
 In ejus vita longè notum,
 Reliquit equos, cornu, canes,
 Tandem quiescant ejus manes.

Evano

Evano Rife
 Thomas Mansell
 Servo fideli
 Dominus benevolus
 P.

EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY*.

Herefordiæ conduntur Offa,
 Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
 Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama,
J O H A N N I S P H I L I P S:
 Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,
 Immortale suum Ingenium,
 Eruditione multiplici excultum,
 Miro animi candore,
 Eximiâ morum simplicitate,
 Honestavit.
 Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,
 Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
 Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
 In illo Musarum Domicilio
 Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
 Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
 Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

* "The inscription [on Philips] at Westminster was written, as I have heard, by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Freind." Dr. JOHNSON.

A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltoño securus,
Primoque pœne Par.

Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,

Nusquam, non quod dēcuit,
Et videt, & affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere,
O Pœsis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor, Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certè Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,
Viri benè de se, de Litteris meriti
Quoad viveret Fautor,
Post Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop, Filius, natus est Bamptoniæ
in agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

EPITAPH on the North wall of the North side
of Magdalen College Oxford.

Written by Dr. SACHEVERELL; revised by ATTERBURY*.

M. S.

THOMÆ COLLINS, S. T. B.

Scholæ Magdalenensis per quinquaginta fere annos

Archididascali:

Ubi Literarum adeo feliciter

Rudimenta tradidit,

Incrementa excoluit,

ut sparsos ubique per Academiam

Florentissimos in omnibus Disciplinis

Alumnos jactaret suos :

Quippe qui ad efformandos Tyronum animos, moresque,

apprimè peritus,

Atticos lepores et elegantias

Romanâ gravitate, et simplici dictionis puritate,

subaëto non sine judicio temperare nôset:

In Roslris, tam Theologicis, quam Philosophicis,

ita nervosus et acutus,

ut dubium fit, utrum consummatissimus

concionandi atque disputandi artifex

Rerum pondere et doctrinâ,

An Eloquentiæ sublimitate et illecebris,

sibi que peculiari quâdam styli venustate,

Mentes auditorum facilius conciliaverit.

Qui politissimi licet Ingenii acumine præstans

utpote innocuos usque Sales Sermonibus miscens Socraticis,

Critici tamen severitatem

Æquioris Mansuetudine Judicis leniit et castigavit,

* See the Inscription to Lord Harcourt, vol IV. p. 258.

Alienis erroribus potius indulgens, quam suis.

Unde factum, ut
 plurima a se conscripta, luce dignissima;
 nimiâ, et in posteros injuriosâ, Modestiâ,
 Flammis devoverit;
 Bonis eruditisque omnibus adeò charus,
 ut præproprio fato (octogenarius licet)
 abripi videretur,

10^o die Februarii, Anno 1722-3.

Sepulchrale hoc Elogium

HENRICUS SACHEVERELL, S. T. P.

Scriptit,

Et ipse fermè moribundus,
 Nec postea quidquam scripturus.
 Istos nimirum Honores dulcissimo Amicò
 Persolutos voluit;
 Quibus in supremis tabulis
 Interdixit sibi."

E P I T A P H

In the North aile of WESTMINSTER-ABBÉY *.

HUGO CHAMBERLEN,

HUGONIS ac PETRI utriusque Medici

Filius ac Nepos;

Medicinam Ipse excoluit fœliciter, & egregiè honestavit:

Ad summam quippe Artis suæ peritiam,

Summam etiam in dictis & factis fidem,

* See vol. II. p. 427.

Insignem mentis candorem,
 Morumque suavitatem adjunxit,
 Ut, an languentibus an sanis acceptior,
 An Medicus an Vir melior esset,
 Certatum sit inter eos,
 Qui in utroque laudis genere primarium fuisse
 Uno ore consentiunt.
 Nullam Ille medendi rationem non affecutus;
 Depellendis tamen puerperarum periculis,
 * Et avertendis infantium morbis,
 Operam præcipuè impendit;
 † Etque multoties cavit,
 Ne illustribus Familiis eriperentur Hæredes unici,
 Ne Patriæ charissimæ Cives egregii.
 Universis certè prodesse quantum potuit, voluit:
 Adeoque distractâ in partes Republicâ,
 Cum iis à quorum sententia discessit,
 Amicitiam nihilominus sanctè coluit,
 Artisquæ suæ præsidia lubens communicavit.
 Fuit Ille
 Tantâ vitæ elegantîâ ac nitore,
 Animo tam forti tamque excelso,
 Indole tam propensâ ad munificentiam,
 Specie ipsâ tam ingenuâ atque liberali,
 Ut facile crederes
 Profapiæ ejus nobilem aliquem extitisse Autorem,
 Utcunque ex præclarâ stirpe veterum Comitum de
 Tankerville

* This whole line omitted in Dart.

† *Ope sua toties*, by mistake, in Dart; where are also several other errors.

Jam à quadragentis annis illum ortum nescires.
 In diversa quam expertus est Fortunæ sorte,
 Quod suum erat quod decuit semper tenuit,
 Cum Magnis vivens haud demissè se gessit,
 Cum Minimis non asperè, non inhumanè;
 Utrosque eodem bene merendi studio complexus,
 Utrisque idem æquè utilis ac charus.
 Filius erat mirâ in Patrem pietate,
 Pater Filiarum amantissimus,
 Quas quidem tres habuit,
 Unam è primâ conjuge, duas ex alterâ;
 Castas, bonas, Matrum simillimas;
 Cum iis omnibus usque ad mortem conjunctissimè vixit:
 Tertiam Uxorem sibi supersitem reliquit.
 Ad humaniores illas ac domesticas virtutes
 Tanquam cumulus accessit
 Rerum divinarum amor non fictus,
 Summa Numinis ipsius reverentia,
 Quibus imbuta mens,
 Exuvias jam corporis depositura,
 Ad superiora se erexit,
 Morbi diutini languoribus infracta permanfit,
 Et vitam tandem hanc minimè vitalem
 Non dissolutè non infructuosè actam,
 Morte vere Christianâ claudens,
 Ad patriam cœlestem migravit.
 Obiit 17^o Junii, A. D. 1728,
 Annis sexaginta quatuor expletis:
 Provectiori ætate sanè dignus.
 Cujus ope effectum est, ut multi
 Non inter primos penè vagitus extincti

Ad extremam nunc senectutem possint pervenire,
 Viro integerrimo, amicissimo,
 Ob servatam in partu vitam,
 Ob restitutam sæpius
 Et confirmatam tandem
 Valetudinem,
 Monumentum hoc sepulchrale
 Ejus effigie insignitum posuit
 EDMUNDUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS,
 Appositis hinc Statuis,
 Ad exemplum Marmoris antiqui expressis.
 Quæ & quid ab Illo præstitum sit,
 Et quod Illi redditum, licet adhuc debetur,
 Posteris testatum faciant.

Pet. Schæmakers & Laur. Delvaux fecerunt,

THE - BLACK - BIRD;

WRITTEN DURING BISHOP ATTERBURY'S
 CONFINEMENT; AND FOUND AMONG THE
 PAPERS OF THE LATE SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

TO whom should grateful verse belong?
 Who but the Black-bird claims my song?
 When all the natives of the grove
 Yielded obedience to the Dove,
 How chearful on the green-wood spray
 He warbled through the live-long day!

His

His music gladden'd every hill:
 All but Canary-birds were still!
 The Finches, a melodious throng,
 Would sometimes listen to his song;
 And, charm'd with his harmonious lays,
 Though seldom imitate, would praise.
 Now foes inhuman pluck his wing,
 And cage him that he should not sing,
 Nor chaunt his native wood-notes free,
 But lose the thoughts of Liberty.

Say, shall recording verse disclose
 The names and natures of his foes?
 The boding Screech-owl, prophet sad,
 The Vulture, feeder on the dead,
 The Harpy, ravenous and impure,
 The Hawk, obsequious to the lure,
 The noisy, senseless, chattering Pye,
 The mere Lord William of the sky;
 Nor shall the Bat unmention'd be,
 A mongrel, twilight trimmer he;
 When empire is to Fowls transferr'd,
 He claps his wings, and is a Bird:
 When stronger Beasts the conquest get,
 He lights, and walks upon four feet:
 With crafty flight, or subtle pace,
 Still safe without an act of grace.
 The Kite, fit gaoler, must be nam'd,
 In prose and verse already fam'd,
 Bold to kill mice, and now and then
 To steal a chicken from a hen,

None readier was, when seiz'd, to slay,
 And after to dissect the prey,
 With all the insolence can rise
 From power when join'd to cowardice.

The captive Black-bird kept his chear :
 The Gaoler anxious shook with fear,
 Lest roguish traitors should conspire
 T' unbolt the door, or break the wire :
 Traitors if e'er they silence broke,
 And disaffected if they look,
 For (by himself he judg'd) his prey,
 If once let loose, would fly away.

On Bishop ATTERBURY's roasting Lord CONINGSBY
 about the Topic of being Priest-ridden.

By SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

AN Afs, well drubb'd with sturdy oak,
 Once on a time complaining spoke,
 Rebuking Prophet mounted high,
 That still laid on, yet scarce knew why.

Of this in memory, of late,
 A lordly Afs in warm debate
 Began to open wide ; when Proph
 (For brevity and rhimesake *Roff.*)
 On the dull creature got astride,
 And spurr'd, and gall'd, and bang'd his side.

Each

Each Ass then serv'd by way of pad :
One Balaam rode, *one* Francis Dad.
 They both did speak, and both were beat,
 Yet still *this* differ did from *that* ;
 For *that* was smote before speech made,
 But *this* just after what he said ;
 From whence, best judges do maintain,
That Ass spoke better of the twain.

O Coningsby, learn wisdom hence,
 And give the Prophets no offence ;
 For Levi's Tribe best know the art
 How to make Issachars to smart.

ON THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON*.

AS o'er the swelling Ocean's tide
 An Exile Tully rode,
 The bulwark of the Roman State,
 In act, in thought, a God ;
 The sacred Genius of majestic Rome
 Descends, and thus laments her Patriot's doom :

“ Farewell !

* This Ode, first published in the beginning of November 1723, was ascribed at the time to Atterbury himself ; and, on that supposition, some satirical verses were addressed to him in the “ Political State,” vol. XXVI. p. 494, which we shall transcribe, as a curiosity, in p. 317. In a former volume of the same work (vol. XXIV. p. 280) are the two following letters,

" Farewell ! renown'd in arts, farewell !

Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honours and of friends depriv'd,

In exile thou must go :

Yet go content ; thy look, thy will, sedate,

Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

Thy

ters, intended to pass for the correspondence of Atterbury and Sacheverell.

" M Y L O R D,

Sept. 15, 1722.

T H E respect and veneration which I have to your gown, as also wearing the canonical habit myself, put me in no small surprise when I heard a bishop was committed a close prisoner in the Tower.

I am very sensible that Dr. Fox, Bishop of Rochester, in the time of King Henry the Eighth was beheaded on Tower-Hill, for denying that Prince's Supremacy ; also the most Reverend Father in God, Dr. Sancroft, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, with six other Prelates, who were pillars of the Church of England, were sent to the Tower by King James the Second, for petitioning him that they might not be against their consciences forced to read his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience to people of all persuasions ; for which they were all tried and honourably acquitted at the King's Bench bar, at Westminster ; but their trial proved afterwards of a very pernicious consequence to that unhappy Prince.

How your Lordship's case lies, I cannot as yet rightly define ; if you are innocent, I wish you a happy deliverance ; and if guilty of what is laid to your charge, God's will be done. I have no more to say at present, but rest, your Lordship's most humble servant, &c."

" S I R,

Sept. 17, 1722.

Y O U R S I received, dated the 15th instant, and am glad you are in good health, which is more than I am at present, as being afflicted with the gout both in my hand and feet.

As for Dr. Fox, the Bishop of Rochester, he was a Romish Prelate ; and I am sensible his not allowing the supremacy of King Henry the Eighth above the Pope, his crime amounted to high-treason, and so brought him to the block where you say.

Though the Seven Bishops in the reign of King James the Second were committed to the Tower, I think the Attorney General at that time, said they were not prosecuted as bishops, or for any point of religion, but as subjects, and for a temporal crime ; but the proof being too slender in their case, which ought to be stronger in criminal matters than in civil, the jury could do no less than bring in their verdict, Not Guilty.

As

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
 Thy virtue thy offence;
 With godlike zeal thou didst espouse
 Thy Country's just defence:
 No fordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
 No fears, nor guilty numbers, could controul.

What though the noblest Patriots stood
 Firm to thy sacred cause;
 What though thou could'st display the force
 Of rhetoric and of laws;
 No eloquence, no reason, could repell
 Th' united strength of Clodius and of Hell.

As for my circumstances, they are of a different colour from theirs, but I must bear my affliction with patience, withall hoping that if any thing has proved criminal against me, royal clemency may mitigate the power of human justice; which is all at present, from, Sir, your real Friend, &c."

A letter written by Bishop Gibson on this occasion shall be given among the "Illustrations" of this volume, N^o IV.

On Sunday, Sept. 16, 1722, prayers were put up for Bishop Atterbury in many of the churches and chapels in London, on account of his being "grievously afflicted with the gout."

A portrait of the Bishop was about the same time published, looking through a grate, with verses under it, commiserating his Lordship's afflictions, for which Bowen the printseller, and Edward Ward (who wrote the verses), were taken into custody.

Mr. Cholmondeley, publisher in Holborn, (who had been apprehended for publishing another portrait of Atterbury). after an examination before the Secretary of State, June 24, 1723, was discharged.

Thy

Thy mighty ruin to effect
 What plots have been devis'd !
 What arts, what perjuries, been us'd !
 What laws and rites despis'd !
How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !

And yet they act their dark deceit
 Veil'd with a nice disguise,
 And form a specious shew of right
 From treachery and lyes ;
With arbitrary power the people awe,
And coin unjust oppression into law.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,
 Let him exert his power,
A short-liv'd monster in the land,
 The monarch of an hour ;
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

Soon, pierc'd by an untimely hand,
 To earth shall he descend,
 Though now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
 Inglorious in his end.
Blest be the man who does his power defy,
And dares or truly speak, or bravely die !

EPISTLE,

EPISTLE, in the Name of GEORGE KELLY,

To the Right Reverend Father in God FRANCIS late
Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

FROM the fam'd walls by CÆSAR built, I send
This fond Epistle to my injur'd Friend.
Since Fate, that all thy labours has withstood,
Denies thee to recall the Stuart's blood;
Since now thou canst with me conspire no more
To raise the Mitre, and its power restore;
Well dost thou try from Verse relief to find;
Verse can charm care, and sooth the Exile's mind:
Nor is it treason, or will stand a crime,
To write thy own unquestion'd praise in rhyme;
Not Walpole shall this privilege restrain,
Nor rob thee of the pleasure to be vain.

Whate'er thou writ'st, believe me, I approve,
A partial Critick tow'nds the man I love;
That love, that zeal, which always plead for thee,
Hide from my sight the stains that others see:
Yet now, I own, an error I descry,
But view that error with a friendly eye:
O! then forgive, and call it not severe,
If for the fame of *Illington* * I fear;
Nor scorn th' advice, while I, thy Friend, advise;
Praise thy great self, but in that praise be wise;
And when thy virtues next engage thy Muse,
A fitter scheme, and more agreeing, chuse;

* See vol. IV. p. 394.

Since

Since none, not I, thy deeds who fondly view,
 Can trace a parallel, exactly true,
 (Tho' long my darling passion I have nurs'd)
 Betwixt the second Tully and the first.

This parallel the envious Whigs deride,
 And rudely treat at once thy parts, and pride ;
 " Rome's Orator," they cry, " grew justly great ;
 " The hand that rescued, not enslav'd his state !
 " Unweary'd still with factious arts to strive,
 " He baffled treasons, but did ne'er contrive :
 " In eloquence did he unrival'd shine ;
 " A little and disputed laurel thine !"

Thus do they talk, thus exercise their rage
 Against thy virtue, and thy deathless page :
 Howe'er, my Friend, not wholly be depress'd,
 Nor nourish anguish in thy pious breast ;
 Though many tongues assail thy spotless name ;
 Though none allow thee the great Consul's fame ;
 Yet all this truth confess, ev'n Whigs, thy foes,
 Thy rhimes like 'Tully's are, howe'er unlike thy prose.

GEORGE KELLY.

On the Bishop of ROCHESTER'S PREACHING.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

AT Emmaus when Christ, our Lord, appear'd,
Expounding prophecies and truths rever'd;
When too he vanish'd from his hearers' eyes,
And with transcendent brightness fought the skies;
How were their hearts, when sudden light appear'd,
With rapture seiz'd, and grace seraphic fir'd!
Pleas'd and convinc'd of every truth they stood,
Admir'd, confess'd, ador'd the mighty God!

Scarce fainter transports all my powers controul,
Glow in my breast, and triumph in my soul,
So sweetly ROCHESTER attracts the sense,
So great the magic of his eloquence.
How shall I speak the fullness of my heart,
Or half the pleasure that I feel impart?
How can these ecstasies in verse be shown?
This asks the tongue of angels, or his own.

Let Nature's rival Art her force apply,
The silent Poetry of Painting try;
To the stretch'd canvass graceful vigour give,
And teach the animated forms to live;
So may succeeding times her merit raise,
And as upon the breathing piece they gaze,
At once the Prelate and the Painter praise.

Here, Artist, here, the godlike Teacher show,
While listening crowds attentive stand below,

Each

Each moving part, each gesture, touch with skill,
 And strike out all the Bishop with thy quill.
 In venerable robes let him arise,
 With solemn air, and lively piercing eyes ;
 His eyes, the type of his discerning mind !
 And lively wit with solid judgement join'd !
 Let beams of glory shine around his head,
 And graceful majesty his face o'erspread.
 His face how comely ! how polite his mien !
 Though stern, yet sweet ! though awful, yet serene !

Oh, could'st thou, Echo-like, his speech renew,
 As honey sweet, as soft as heavenly dew,
 Repeat the doctrine that all vice disarms,
 The winning rhetorick that our senses charms,
 Severest truth so forcibly express'd,
 And manly sense in easy language dress'd :
 Oh ! could'st thou ever vocal accents join,
 A sharp melodious voice like his design,
 As sweet, as clear, as powerful, as divine !

As, when Jove speaks, the winds no longer roar,
 Nor foaming waves are dash'd against the shore,
 Diffusive peace and silence reign around,
 And all's attentive to the heavenly sound :
 So here Attention draw, with eager eyes,
 And uplift hands, which testify surprise :
 Touch every form, no pleasing arts conceal,
 And let each hearer's face his mind reveal :
 Here let the young with kindling rapture glow,
 And riper years by their emotions show :
 Let virgins cease to roll a wanton eye,
 And with his moving sentiments comply :

Let finners hear their former fins away ;
The good, the old, become divinely gay,
And seem to enter on eternal day !

}

So Athens once upon her Preacher hung,
Transported by the precepts of his tongue :
So stood great Paul ; so skilful Raphael drew ;
And as in him another Paul we view,
Another Raphael may we find in you !

}

On the Death of Mrs. MORICE *, Daughter of the
Bishop of ROCHESTER.

By SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

—“ Heu ! nunc misero mihi demum
Exilium infelix ! nunc altè vulnus adactum.”

NO fabling song, my mournful heart, essay ;
But genuine grief adorn the flowing lay :
In numbers such as Friendship can inspire,
Wail the lost Daughter, and the living Sire :

Till

* The following extracts of letters from Bishop Atterbury, occasioned by this fine poem, are too much to Mr. Wesley's honour not to be inserted (I wish I could have given them entire.)

“ April 24, 1730.

“ I HAVE received a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for, your Elegy upon the death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help an impulse upon me to tell you, under my own hand, the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good deed and good work ; as a poet and as a man, I thank you, I esteem you.”

Vol. III.

Y

“ Paris,

Till flinty breasts resistless sorrow know,
 And melt reluctant at another's woe ;
 Till Party Zeal the Father shall deplore,
 And those who hate him most shall pity more.

What time the State its indignation shed,
 And lanc'd its second thunder on his head :
 When Nobles judg'd the well-defended cause,
 And Commons' care supply'd defective laws ;
 Then first the wound relentless fortune made,
 Which, festering, secret on her vitals prey'd.
 Guiltless she pin'd, or wholly guiltless she,
 Or only stain'd with filial piety.

In vain might friends to sooth her anguish try,
 No friend a Father's absence could supply ;
 No darling children could afford relief,
 Nor parent's fondness heal the daughter's grief :
 No sweets of life sufficient balm could prove,
 Not the dear softness of a wedded love :
 The pangs of loss unbated still endure,
 She tastes no cordial, and admits no cure.

“ Paris, May 27, 1730.

“ I AM obliged to W. for what he has written on my dear child ; and take it the more kindly, because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him—though, if ever I am, I will ; for he has shewn an invariable regard for me all along in all circumstances ; and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations.”

“ Paris, June 30, 1730.

“ THE verses you sent me touched me very nearly, and the Latin in the front of them as much as the English that followed. There are a great many good lines in them, and they are writ with as much affection as poetry—They came from the heart of the Author, and he has a share of mine in return ; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it.”

With

With health-impairing sighs, unseen decay,
 She wears the slender threads of life away :
 Nor ease, nor period, can her mourning have,
 But the dark shelter of the quiet grave.
 So when Italians, with destructive skill,
 Or Indians rude in good, but learn'd in ill,
 A fatal draught mix for their secret foe,
 Avoidless sure, yet unsuspected flow,
 The latent death creeps on with lingering smart,
 And mocks the antidotes of human art :
 So imperceptibly the work is done,
 That Nature half mistakes it for her own.

When inward fretting grief had almost drain'd
 Her ebbing veins, nor much of life remain'd,
 Each hour her pious prayers more ardent grow
 To meet her exil'd Father once below *.

* It has been thought, and not without reason, that Mr. Wesley's attachment to Bishop Atterbury prevented his advancement.

In an excellent Elegy on Bishop Gastrell, Wesley says,

“ The Prelate doom'd in exile sad to rove,
 (Forgive, ye great-ones, for I still must love !)
 Ere yet the thunder from its cloud was fled,
 Or lanc'd the lightning pointed at his head,
 Found Gastrell firm an Enemy to defend ;
 Let Cowards leave, and Villains crush, a Friend ;
 No conscious guilt in common danger ty'd,
 No partial favour warp'd him to his side.
 You that in pomp of grandeur strut your hour,
 In bright meridian of an envy'd power,
 Try all your Friends, of every rank and kind,
 A man like this amid your thousands find :
 Nor levées throng'd his equal can supply ;
 Nor honours gain you, nor exchequers buy !”

Whoe'er the hazards of her health display,
 Against their purpose urge her speedy way,
 Lest Death prevent her reaching Gallia's shore ;
 That only sting the King of Terrors bore.
 Still pleasing Hope her sickly limbs upheld,
 Weakness itself, by true Affection steel'd,
 Distance, and toils, and dangers could disdain,
 And seas and mountains were oppos'd in vain.
 Rise to her wishes, rise, propitious gales,
 And with new swiftness wing the flagging sails.
 What sails can equal to her wishes go ?
 The tide rolls tedious, and the wind flies slow ;
 The pensive days in heavy march proceed,
 Time, ever-hasting, seems to slack his speed :
 For love too slow, for life he flies too fast,
 And every painful hour forebodes the last.
 Long-swooning faintness wakes her consort's fear,
 And waning strength shews dissolution near.
 Her soul, unconquer'd yet, disdains to part,
 And holds the citadel of Love, the heart ;
 Determin'd steadfast not to seek the skies,
 Till the dear Father blest her longing eyes.
 In vain did Nature, spent, forbid her stay,
 And Guardian Angels beckon her away :
 With frailer flesh th' immortal spirit strove,
 Strong to delay the stroke, though not remove,
 And Death all-conquering yields awhile to Love.
 So the brave Theban Chief, transfix'd by foes,
 (With whom Bœotia's empire fell and rose,)
 To death, though deeply wounded, scorns to yield,
 Till his lov'd soldiers gain'd the well-fought field ;

Then bids his willing soul triumphant fly,
And when his vows are heard, consents to die.

Behold they meet! so Providence decrees,
All she desires on earth, on earth she sees :
Her terrors now are ceas'd ; when he is near,
Her father's daughter knows not how to fear.
The long-fought strife her spirit now gave o'er,
And fought the quiet that it shunn'd before.
The Father bless'd her ere to Heaven she went,
The Priest absolv'd the dying penitent.
But lest she grieve for sorrows not her own,
And Nature's yearning cause a single groan,
He, self-collected, check'd th' ascending sigh,
And springing tears commanded from his eye.
Meanwhile his aching heart tumultuous strove,
With grief despairing, and paternal love ;
Love inly wounds him with distracting woe,
Compels to feel it, but forbids to show.
His voice unfaultering, and his looks serene,
An outward calmness veils the storm within.
So when, in subterranean caverns pent,
The winds hard-struggling labour for a vent,
Direful, but secret, works the mine below,
Strong and more strong th' imprison'd tempests grow :
The surface smiles, and verdant fields appear
Secure, and far from danger as from fear :
Not long : for instant springs the breaking ground,
And scatters waste avoidless all around.

When Death had seal'd her eyes in lasting sleep,
And gave the afflicted Father leave to weep,

In words like these bursts his long-stifled moan
(If any may be liken'd to his own) :

- “ Is this the healing of my former care ?
 “ This the sad answer of continued prayer ?
 “ No longer space could angry Heaven bestow ?
 “ And thus ! thus only ! must we meet below ?
 “ Me to remotest realms my fortune sends,
 “ Depriv'd of present, nay, of absent friends :
 “ 'Tis fatal with my woes to sympathize * !
 “ He dies who writes, as he who sees me dies !
 “ Nor ev'n this exile seem'd enough severe,
 “ To my lost country Brussels † rose too near !
 “ Nor Paris' walls these hoary hairs can screen,
 “ My fate pursues me to the banks of Seine !
 “ Let it pursue ! Still, still could I withstand
 “ The utmost fury of a mortal hand ;
 “ But with resistless force the vengeance flies,
 “ When God inflicts the Pains and Penalties.
 “ Yet, oh ! had judgement fall'n on me alone,
 “ Nor broke a heart far dearer than my own !
 “ The arrow glancing pierc'd her faithful side,
 “ For me she languish'd, and for me she died !
 “ My late sole stay !”———

But hold—if speech the anguish may reveal,
 He only can describe it, who could feel.
 Then cease, my soul, oh ! cease the plaintive tale ;
 And where the pencil fails thee, draw the veil.

Yet, still himself let the Great Prelate know,
 Still rais'd superior to his weight of woe ;

* See the note in p. 323.

† See vol. II. p. 278.

Instruct mankind their load of life to bear,
 And shame the murmurer, and the wretched chear :
 Try'd, not forsook ; one refuge yet remains,
 So Nature's everlasting law ordains ;
 Which Statesmen's art and Soldiers' force defies,
 And mocks the rage of keenest enemies ;
 Which kindly softens the severest doom,
 The loser's conquest, and the exile's home :
 To that sure refuge let him calmly fly,
 And bless the glorious privilege—To die !

Late may he land on that safe happy shore,
 Where loss afflicts, and pain torments no more :
 There sleep, from grief and banishment releas'd,
 And there the wearied Father lie at rest ;
 His course well ended, heavenly glory share,
 And rise triumphant to the last great bar !

POPE's Epitaph on Bishop ATTERBURY ;

[his only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

D I A L O G U E.

S H E.

Y E S, we have lived—one pang, and then we part !
 May Heaven, dear Father ! now have all thy Heart !
 Yet ah ! how once we lov'd remember still,
 Till you are dust like me.

Y 4

H E.

H E.

Dear Shade ! I will :

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost !

O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost !

Is there on earth one care, one wish beside ?

Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN *,

—He said, and dy'd.

* “ Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous Father PAUL, in his prayer for the State, *ESTO PERPETUA*. With how good a grace the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our Countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning. He employed his whole life in the service of the State, against the unjust incroachments of the Church. He was modest, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and just ; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition ; in a word, the happiest compound of Science, Wisdom, and Virtue.” Thus far insinuates Bp. WARBURTON ; how justly, let the present volumes speak. See particularly above, pp. 159—176.

ELEGY

ELEGY * on Bishop ATTERBURY.

By SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

" There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
" weary are at rest." JOB.

LOVE, strong as Death, my glowing heart inspire,
" And blend the Christian's with the Poet's fire;
Adorn a Father's fame with pious lays,
Till Faction pardon, if she dare not praise !
Should miscreants base their impious malice shed,
T' insult the great, the venerable dead ;
Let Truth resistless blast their guilty eyes,
" Bright, as from clouds the red-wing'd lightning }
" flies ;
Bright as the sword of flame that guarded Paradise ! }
Attend, ye good ! whose zeal unshaken owns
The churches, altars, and the prelates thrones.
Ye wise and just ! who hate the Devil's plea,
Excusing crimes by feign'd necessity :
" Ye firm and brave ! whose courage scorns to bend,
" Nor stoops in danger to desert a friend :
Ye plain and true ! who, scann'd by hostile eyes,
Disdain the mean advantage of disguise :

* All the lines marked thus (") were added or altered
(by my late ingenious friend the Rev. SAMUEL BADCOCK,
to whom I am indebted for this communication) to compleat
the poem ; the original being very imperfect.

Ye

Ye pure of hand ! who knaves for idiots hold,
Despising lustre of ill-gotten gold :

“ Faithful, but few ! to You my strains belong ;

“ Applaud my friendship, and accept my song.

Hail, happy Sire ! The pain of life is o'er,
Stranger and wandering pilgrim now no more ;

“ At home—at rest—secure in blissful skies,

“ Where Envy drops its snakes, and Fraud its guise.

See Seraph-guards the starry crown prepare,

“ See smiling Angels fly to greet thee there !

Lo, * Hyde to exile doom'd on earth alone,

“ Springs to salute thee from his azure throne ;

Nor yet below thy envy'd glory dies :

“ Long as the sun rolls o'er th' empyreal skies ;

“ When pyramids, unfaithful to their trust,

“ Crumble to atoms with their founder's dust ;

“ When solid marble, mouldering, wastes away,
And desert lies the monumented clay ;

Thou still shalt live, to deathless fame consign'd ;

“ Live like the best and bravest of mankind.

Where sleeps great Hannibal, the scourge of Rome ?

“ Or who can point out awful Cato's tomb ?

What breathing busts, what sculptur'd Angels rise,

T' adorn the place where Charles the Martyr lies ?

No burial rites his impious hangmen gave,

Not the poor favour of a decent grave.

When Anna rests, with kindred ashes laid,

What funeral honours grace her injur'd shade ?

A few faint tapers glimmer'd through the night,

And scanty sable shock'd the loyal fight.

* Lord Clarendon.

Though

Though millions wail'd her, none compos'd her train;
Compell'd to grieve, forbidden to complain.

How idly scornful the contempt express'd,
How mean the triumph o'er a Saint deceas'd!

So when Death's bloodiest paths the Martyrs trod,
"To conscience faithful, firm to Heaven and God,
Th'insulting foe their bones, to dust calcin'd,
Gave to the flowing stream and flying wind.

Vain was the tyrant's art, the dæmon's vain,
In heights, in depths, their atoms safe remain:

"Heaven views its treasure with a watchful eye,
"Till the last trumpet calls it to the sky.

Nor more can powers infernal strike with dread
The soul when living, than the body dead,

Where grace divine, with native courage join'd,
"Inspirits and exalts the Christian's mind.

When hapless James, with rage untimely shown,
For Rome's ungrateful Pontiff risqued his throne;

And boasted Jesuits hop'd our fall to see,

With Julian's spite, without his subtlety;

The faithful Priest our suffering Church defends,

Careless of mighty foes and feeble friends;

His early pen for pure Religion draws

With strength and fervour worthy of its cause.

So when brave Luther stemm'd Corruption's tide,

With Zeal, and Truth, and Conscience, on his side,

"Him nor loud threats nor whispers low could stay,

"Nor chains, nor racks, nor fires, obstruct his way—

"Resolv'd t'oppose proud Babel's haughty powers,

"And make Rome tremble through her seven-fold
"towers.

When

When William reigns, the valiant and the wise,
 And foes profess to Priestly Synods rise,
 To check incroaching power, the Champion fights
 For long-neglected sacerdotal rights.
 Scarcely the adverse Chief his force withstands,
 Till rais'd and strengthen'd by imperial hands.
 These * point the labour, and reward assign,
 Direct the battery, and instruct the mine;
 "Th' exhausted war renew with weapons keen,
 "Near though in clouds, and mighty though unseen.
 So the good Dardan Prince, as Virgil feign'd,
 With Fates and Gods averse, a war maintain'd,
 Dauntless in flames:—till his enlighten'd eyes
 Against his Troy beheld Immortals rise;
 Juno and Pallas lead their Greeks to charge,
 And Jove overshades them with his sovereign targe;
 Neptune enrag'd o'erwhelms the smoaking walls,
 And by the hand that rais'd her Ilium falls.

Perpetual storms his steady mind engage,
 Trials of warmest youth and wisest age.
 "Whatever frauds to legal craft belong,
 "Mazes of lies, and labyrinths of wrong;
 "Whate'er unjust in precedent appears,
 "Shaded with darkness of revolving years,
 "Till wrong seems ripen'd into right by time,
 "And age makes theft a venerable crime;—

* Alluding, we suppose, to Dr. Atterbury's dispute with Dr. Wake, afterwards Abp. of Canterbury, and others, concerning the Rights and Privileges of the Convocation; a controversy, in all probability, privately fomented and encouraged by King William, who, being a Dissenter, might wish to effect an abridgement of that Assembly's powers. S. B.

(While,

(While, fond of present rest, the Reverend Drone
 Buys his own ease with treasures not his own :)
 Whate'er of weight is cast on Friendship's side,
 By ministerial guile and lordly pride;
 Skilful to search, and faithful to display,
 And bold to call-forth midnight into day;
 To no base arts his steady virtue leans,
 Disdaining conquest by ignoble means;
 " Pursuing Truth with ever-active fire,
 " And dauntless to assert as to enquire.
 In vain or power or wealth the tempter shews,
 Or friends entreating turn insidious foes;
 " Nor smoothest prayers divert, nor danger awes
 " From gaining malice, while he gains his cause.
 So when to Abram's first-born son were given
 The temporal blessings of propitious Heaven,
 Though doom'd from Canaan banishment to bear,
 The fate was prosperous, and the lot was fair.
 Behold him great in height of battle grow!
 Still strong his arm, still prevalent of bow!
 Ordain'd by none to fall; yet all t'oppose,
 A single conqueror, with the world his foes!

To mightier dangers yet his virtues rise,
 His panoply no common vengeance tries,
 From long-collecting stores the treasur'd thunder flies. }
 " Lightnings thick shot around his temples glare,
 " Aim'd rightly by the Regent of the Air,
 " Actors were chose, skill'd in Hell's deepest plots;
 " Actors, to whom th' Arch-fiend himself allots
 " The very essence of a Devil's sin,
 " His rage to ruin, and his craft to win—

He

He * who to gold perpetual worship gave,
 Secret as night, unliated as the grave,
 To friendship blind, sharp-sighted to a bribe,
 The subtlest artist of the subtle tribe;
 Whose deep-affronted avarice combines
 With craft out-witted by its own designs,
 Full on that head their utmost rage to shower,
 Who spurn'd at tender'd gold, and offer'd power—
 He † who, by Fortune rais'd, is vain of skill;
 Who laughs at right and wrong, at good and ill;
 Patron of every art, in every kind,
 T'unnerv the body, and debase the mind;
 Provok'd by virtues of the wise and brave,
 "Of blackest crimes protector, friend, and slave—
 He † who with self-importance swells debate,
 Whose rancour no revenge can ever fate;
 Ravenous for gain, yet loud for commonweal,
 With party-madness and invented zeal,
 "With more than lordly haughtiness possess,
 "And proudly prates of honour long deceas'd!
 Eternal, restless enemy to good,
 By pride, by sect, by climate, and by blood.
 "To dark oblivion let the rest be given,
 "Lost to the world, as they are lost to Heaven.

When Britain wept for avarice of state,
 And threatenings loud alarm'd the guilty great,
 Wide and more wide were spread the wretch's moans,
 The widow's wailings, and the orphan's groans;
 While injur'd thousands vengeance just require,
 Convuls'd like *Ætna*, ere it bursts in fire;

* Perhaps Lord Chancellor Macclesfield. S. B.

† Doubtful. S. B.

What secret art, what Machiavelian hand,
Could turn the torrent no man could withstand?

- “ What spell could universal wrath appease?
“ Could deep amazement bid their tumult cease?
“ Unusual objects charm their angry eyes,
“ Amuse the curious, and perplex the wise?
“ No!—Let the weight on ATTERBURY fall,
“ Devoted victim to atone for all.”

So, if old tales t' illustrate truth presume,
When Earth wide-opening threaten'd general doom,
Nor prayers nor tears could calm her labouring breast;
Nought but the richest treasure Rome possess'd;
The Dæmon Gods pronounc'd avoidless fate,
“ And all Jove's Ministers of wrath and state:
“ In vain their much-lov'd stores the wealthy bear,
“ Their arms the brave, their ornaments the fair;
A growing sepulchre the gulph expos'd,
And not till Curtius plung'd the cavern clos'd.

But not to death his foes their hate pursued,
Nor stain the blushing earth with hallow'd blood.
For lo! imperial mercy found the way
To call the blood-hounds from their destin'd prey.
Soon as the sovereign will their purpose cross'd,
The rage of faction for a space was lost:
The deepest throats their cries for death suspend,
And those, who late accus'd him, now commend.
Unmark'd before, what great endowments rise!
What matchless virtue sparkles to their eyes!

- “ So Satan view'd the Parent of mankind,
“ And felt soft pity melt his stubborn mind.
“ Unknown remorse his wandering thought employs,
“ He mourns the Eden that himself destroys.

“ Awhile

- " Awhile the fight his curs'd intent remov'd,
 " And, had he not betray'd her, he had lov'd.
 " What last remains to crown each glorious deed,
 Such virtues to reward and to exceed ?
 " What but to meet unmov'd the judgement-day,
 " When all the scenes of Nature shall decay ;
 " When penal fire consumes each trembling coast,
 And seas cæval with the world are lost ;
 " When discord blends the orders of the sky
 " In wild confusion : then to lift the eye
 " Dauntless and firm, midst ruins to rejoice,
 " When Power Divine its own effect destroys ;
 " With gratulations hymn th' Almighty's rod,
 " Strong, not in Nature, but in Nature's God."
-

O D E on the Death of Bishop ATTERBURY.

From a Copy printed by CURLL.

I.

YOU who would build yourselves eternal fame,
 Live to the world, and be for ever known,
 Chuse out some eminently virtuous name,
 And try to blend it with your own :
 But praise no wretch, by fraud or rapine great,
 Because he can reward thy toils with pelf :
 If so, you justly share the villain's fate,
 And draw a nation's curses on yourself.
 A nobler theme presents itself to all,
 (Ye learn'd, your ATTERBURY's dead)
 'Tis Virtue's funeral.

II. If,

II.

If, when he died, the Angels did rejoice,
 Join'd by his harp to sing th' Almighty's praise,
 Have we not cause to weep for such a loss,
 What greater subject can demand our lays?
 Ye noble souls who did his friendship share,
 'Tis you alone my sorrows would address,
 I know how virtuous, and how few, you are,
 And wish no other hearers, were you less;
 But would go thither, wheresoe'er you went,
 An honourable death to share,
 Or noble banishment.

III.

No laurels, no rewards, attend this verse;
 It is too honest for the world's applause;
 Be it my wealth to weep upon thy hearse,
 My glory, ever to defend thy cause.
 I boast some merit; 'tis to love thy name;
 This is a privilege no laws deny;
 'Tis Laurels, Glory, Wealth, Applause, and Fame,
 And I would do it, were I sure to die.
 For in thee living we alone might find
 More Friendship, Honour, Sense, and Truth,
 Than now is left behind.

IV.

With early speed he follow'd Virtue's chance,
Still as she fled him, did he not pursue?
With added vigour and redoubled pace,
What cannot exemplary Virtue do?
Whate'er he did, 'twas there he did excel,
The Husband, Father, Master, or the Friend,
Were all perform'd so tenderly and well,
'Twas hard to say where most we might commend:
Time, to thy wing, and bring me if you can,
'Mongst all thy dead and living store,
To such another man.

V.

As the high-crested oak, which long had stood
The tempest's shock, and the fierce lightning's blaze;
Whole ages flourishing o'er all the wood,
The lenient hand of Time at length decays;
So with unshaken zeal did he oppose
The factious insolence, the impious hate,
The malice, rage, and turbulence of those,
Who sought subversion to the Church and State.
Heaven saw, was pleas'd, then call'd him to receive
What none but the approv'd can know,
And none but God can give.

On Miss MORICE.

By the Duke of WHARTON.

SWEET blossom of as sweet a tree,
If blossoms may compare with thee,
Who art all beauty, or wilt be ;

The charms of all thy charming race,
With each hereditary grace,
Nature has painted in thy lovely face.

There all that's soft and sweet is drawn,
And rays of beauty, more than dawn ;
So early, yet so bright a morn.

Already in each lovely eye
Ten thousand lurking Cupids lie,
Who practice killing, while they learn to die.

Since now thy infant graces warm,
How will they then our souls disarm,
When wit and beauty join to charm !

If in a summer's morn we shun
The vigour of the morning sun,
How shall we bear his potent blaze at noon ?

EPITAPHS at CROTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Against the South wall of the Chancel is a handsome compartment of white and grey marble : at the top, an urn with books lying on each side, and between two pillars of grey marble, a white marble tablet : on the frieze this inscription :

“ Natus Augusti iii^o, 1634; obiit Septemb. xx, 1689.

H. S. E.

GULIELMUS FREIND, A. M.

Hujus parochiæ per xxvi annos Rector,
Scholæ regiæ Westmonasterii }
Deinde Ædis Christi Oxonii } Alumnus.
Utrique loco charus, utriusque amantissimus.

Vir

ingenii acumine satis valens,
astutiarum omnino vacuus;
In tuenda Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ causa, cui fidem suam
dedit,

Integer, intrepidus;
In gerenda Parochiali cura, cui totum se devovit,
Diligens, indefessus:
In toto vitæ cursu,
Quod vel parem decuit, vel sordidi fuit animi,
Nihil non aspernatus:
Quod justum fuit et honorificum
Nihil non ausus.

Neque fuit illo usquam, quoad potuit,
Vel egenis liberalior, vel vicinis beneficentior,
Vel hospitibus hospitalior, vel amicis amicior;

Nemo aut Sacerdotis, aut Mariti, aut Parentis

Munera fidelius pleniusve obivit.

Tres, qui hodie supersunt, filios,

ROBERTUM *, S. T. P. Scholæ Westmonasteriensis Ar-

(chididasculum,

GULIELMUM †, A. M. Manerii de Hitcham ‡ in Com'

(Buck', Dominum,

JOANNEM

* The Master of Westminster-school; of whom see vol. I. p. 454; and the "Illustrations" at the end of this volume, N° VI. On the 16th of March, 1722-3, the day after Dr. John Freind was committed to the Tower on suspicion of treason, his brother Dr. Robert created much speculation in the school and its vicinity, by giving for a theme, "Frater, ne desere fratrem."

† This gentleman, who was one year younger than his brother Robert, was elected from Westminster to Christ Church in 1687; where he took the degree of M. A. June 16, 1694. Through the interest of the Earl of Winchelsea, with whom he had formed an intimacy at school, he became chaplain to a man of war of 100 guns. He had also a living in Bedfordshire; and, after having experienced some unusual vicissitudes of fortune (see "Illustrations," N° VII.) died April 15, 1745.—One of his daughters was married to a son of Bp. Smalridge, May 2, 1730.—From a brief history of the parish of Hitcham, by Mr. Theobald, preserved in MS. in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries; it appears that the patronage of the living devolved to this gentleman's nephew, Mr. John Freind, a student of Christ Church, and son to the physician.

‡ In the hall of the mansion-house at Hitcham is an original picture of King Charles the First on horseback, in a gallop, as big as life, and a whole length of his Queen, under the character of St. Catharine; an original of Oliver on foot, whole length, in the dress of the times; over the chimney a bust of Dr. Freind, the physician; a copy of King Charles the Second in armour, a copy of that at Windsor, with a boy; and a copy of the Two Misers in the picture-gallery: a whole length of the late Lord Sundon and his Lady, a present to Dr. Mead for attending him in his

JOANNEM *, M. D. Londinensem,
Sub iisdem, in quibus ipse olim adolevit, Penetralibus
erudiri probè curavit.

Qui filii
Et ipsius exemplar, et foelicissimam suam educationem
Egregium fuisse Patrimonium arbitrati,
Marmor hoc optimo parenti
P. P."

At the bottom these arms : S. a chevron Erm. be-
tween three stags heads cabossed, Arg.

On the floor, on a small marble, in form of a lozenge :

" H. S. E.
GULIELMUS
FREIND, A. M.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Rector;
Natus Augusti 30^o, 1634;
Obiit Septembris
xx^{mo}, 1689."

Against the S. E. wall, on a white marble compart-
ment, between two urns, these arms : Az. a fess O. in
chief two acorns of the second ; and in base a rose be-
tween three bezants, impaling *Freind* ; and underneath,
on a tablet of white marble, this inscription :

illness ; a copy of Lady Granville and her three children.
There are also some original Italian paintings on the stairs and
in the other apartments. The old church there, built of flint
and chalk, the tower of hewn stone, is about 70 feet long,
and 20 wide ; it has one aisle, a chancel, and a single bell.
The iron key of the church-door has marks of such antiquity,
that Mr. Theobald was of opinion there are few existing of so
rude a workmanship.

* Of whom see vol. II. pp. 370. 414 ; and the " Illustra-
tions" at the end of this volume, N^o VIII.

" Hic

“ Hic cum certâ
 Resurgendi spe sepultus est
 JOANNES MAXIMILIANUS DEL'ANGLE *
 SAMUELIS DEL'ANGLE, S. T. P.
 De CHARENTON juxta Parisios
 Celebris olim Ecclesiæ Pastoris,
 Deinde, pulsus in exilium Protestantibus,
 Ecclesiæ WESTMONASTERIENSIS Præbendarii,
 Filius ;
 Et magni BOCHARTI ex Sorore
 Nepos ;
 Patriâ Gallus, fide omnino Anglus.
 Qui
 hujusce parochiæ curam administravit,
 Rector pius, integer, industrius,
 A suis omnibus et dilectus et cultus.
 Uxorem duxit ANNAM FREIND †,
 Gulielmi Annæque filiam,
 Quæ Marito desideratissimo
 H. M. P.

Obiit An. Dom. 1719, Aug. 20, æt. 53.”

On the floor, on a lozenge of white marble :

“ H. S. E.
 JOANNES
 MAXIMILIANUS
 DEL'ANGLE, A. M. hujus
 Ecclesiæ Rector ;
 Natus Maii 31, 1665.

Denatus Augusti xx^{mo}, 1719.”

* A native of Jersey ; Prebendary of Westminster Oct. 13, 1683.

† Dr. Robert Freind and Mr. J. M. Del'Angle were married to each other's sister.

EPITAPH in WESTMINSTER ABBEY *.

M. S.

JOHANNIS SHEFFYLDE,
 Ex illustri SHEFFYLDIORUM stemmate
 (Quod à Rege HEN. III. Hæredibus masculis directo
 Semper gradu se invicem excipientibus
 Ad Hanc usque ætatem duravit)
 Oriundi;

Comitatus

* The historical part of this Epitaph, is generally supposed to have been written by Bp. Atterbury, who performed the funeral service in the Abbey as Dean of Westminster; and whom the Duke of Buckinghamshire, in his poem called "The Election of a Poet Laureat, 1719," thus characterises:

"A Prelate for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
 Apollo soon mis'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
 Since, amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
 No one of them shines so learn'd and polite."

The lines of this Epitaph which are printed in *Italic*, p. 348, are just as they were directed by the Duke himself in his will. On the monument in the Abbey the third of these lines stands thus, "Incertus morior, non perturbatus;" and the words "Christum adveneror" are omitted, at the desire, as is said, of Bp. Atterbury, who thought the verb *adveneror* not full enough, as applied to Christ. Great clamours, it seems, were raised against this part of the Epitaph, many asserting that it proved the Duke a sceptic: and, as great a trifle as it may seem, his Grace's orthodoxy became the subject of controversy: it was however defended in form by Dr. Fiddes, in "A letter to a Free-thinker, 1721," 8vo.

The MSS. of the Rev. John Jones furnish me with the following curious particulars of this illustrious Peer:

"The Duke of Buckinghamshire had many good qualities with some bad. The Author of the Short Character of him, from whence I extract these notes, mentions but few of the latter sort, or passes a favourable censure on them. I shall

Comitatus BUCKINGHAMIÆ Ducis,
 NORMANBIÆ Ducis Marchionisque,
 MULGRAVIÆ Comititis, Baronis SHEFFYLDÆ
 De Botterwycke, et è nobilissimo Periscelidis ordine
 Equitis.

Regnante

shall select only the following particulars for my present purpose. His education was not managed to the best advantage. He saw and acknowledged it afterwards. His natural understanding was very good, of which he gave many evidences. His countenance had an extraordinary sweetness, joined with a lively and penetrating look. He used great application to retrieve the time lost in his former ill-conducted studies, under a negligent governor. Stories went about in King Charles the Second's time relating to his having intrigues with some ladies in whom the King was not unconcerned; who accordingly was out of humour with him, and shewed his resentment, &c. He constantly and zealously advised against the imprudent and unjustifiable measures taken by the Court of King James II. where he continued in several great posts till the King quitted the Realm. His freedom made the King cooler to him, &c. He had a dexterity in generally getting the better of his enemies at Court, and was oftener in favour for a time, than those who were the most servile flatterers: yet, when he was in or out of employment, he never omitted acting, voting, and speaking for what he judged most conducive to the public good. King William, sending for him one day, made him great offers (an additional title, a pension of 3000 l. per annum; and to make him one of the Cabinet Council.) He asked, with the humblest submission, what his Majesty expected from him in return? adding, that he could not deny but that he was engaged in assisting some particular bills, of which his Majesty did not at present approve: he was sorry his Majesty did not; but whether he had the honour or not of serving him, he could not give them up, but must assist their success to his utmost ability. [The two bills succeeded.] In the affair of excluding the poor Catalonians, and sacrificing them to the peace with Spain, he acted a truly generous and humane part; opposing all sort of terms of agreement without first securing the lives and liberties of those poor and distressed people, who had entirely relied on England

Regnante CAROLO II.

Cohorti de Hollandiâ dictæ, Archique Kingstonienſi
Ad ripam fluminis Hull munitæ, Præfectus eſt,
Et Cubicularis Regiis primi ordinis aſcitus.

Regnante dein JACOBO II.

Factus

England for protection. He laboured the matter hard, though unsuccessfully, and was extremely troubled at the disappointment; for he took humanity itself, as well as the honour of his country, and of the Queen whom he served, to be highly concerned in that affair. Sometimes, on seeing in the streets some real objects of compassion, he has been seen to shed tears; as also on reading a melancholy story, or hearing of any friendly and generous behaviour, &c. His passions were sometimes very strong, but he would be sorry for them afterwards; and would often say to those with whom he had been displeased, "I was angry at you a little time ago, but I do not mean half the things I say in a passion." If he happened to have any small difference with his Dutcheſs, he would never be eaſy till reconciliation was made. He would return to her of his own accord: "Child, you and I should never fall out; and though I ſtill think myſelf in the right, yet you ſhall have it in your own way." The liberties which he allowed himſelf formerly in relation to ladies are well known. He has often expreſſed, ſome years before he died, a good deal of concern for that kind of libertinism; into which an impetuofity of temper, too much neglected in his education, together with the prevailing faſhion of that Court in which he lived, had too often hurried him. He has been often heard to ſay, ſince he had legitimate children, he wiſhed he had never had the others, or at leaſt had not owned them, it being in private families an ill-example. When his laſt wife was very ill, and in danger, he ſhewed all poſſible marks of concern; and when the danger ſeemed to be increaſing, his ſervants often found him on his knees at prayers: and on thoſe occaſions he has made vows, in caſe ſhe recovered, to give in charity great ſums (2, or 300 l. at a time,) which he performed punctually. He never acted in any poſt at Court, but as it ſeemed to him conſiſtent with the good of his country. Even when it was moſt againſt the humour of his Prince, he never failed either to declare his diſſent in ſpeeches, or to enter his proteſts in form. In his will, ſpeaking of himſelf: "Though
" other.

Factus hospitii Regii Camerarius.

Regnante ANNA

Privati Sigilli Custos, et Secretioris Consilii Præses.

Negotia publica in superiore domo Parliamenti

Per 54 annos, dubiam an facundiâ an solertiâ majore,

Tractavit ;

Et deficientibus paulatim corporis viribus,

(Animi tamen vigorem ad extremum usque habitum

Retinuit.

Oneri tandem succumbens,

24 die Feb. obdormivit,

Anno Ætatis 75, Salutis 1720.

“ otherwise full of frailties, yet I never in my whole life
“ grudged or spared my pains and earnest eadeavours either
“ for my Friends or the Publick.” His will begins, “ When-
“ ever Divine Providence shall take me out of this world, to
“ which I devoutly submit, being fully perswaded that all
“ things are ordered for the best by infinite wisdom and good-
“ ness,” &c. He remembers the poor of Westminster in his
will ; and gives direction about the Latin Inscription on his
Monument ; which is well known.

REMARKS, &c.] I do not imagine him to have been quite
so bad a man, as many have represented him. Those who
knew him best, in the general conduct of his life, can best
form a judgment, and will form a right one, if they be impar-
tial: which, generally speaking, I suppose but few men are. His
want of proper education, and his first setting out in the world
in a profligate age, and in a debauched Court, gave him a
wrong tincture: and this, probably, gave that unhappy turn
to some of his thoughts, and more of his actions, which we
have cause to lament, and he was never able thoroughly to re-
form, in the manner that became him, and which he perhaps
himself could have wished. As to the Inscription which he
ordered to be set on his Monument, I have not altogether so
bad an opinion of it as many have entertained. He submits
himself to the GREAT BEING ; and so must we all. He professes
to venerate JESUS CHRIST ; and what he thought farther, I take
not upon me to say: for he himself hath said nothing. Let
him rest: we have no concern with the dead. J. JONES.

Pro

*Pro Rege saepe; pro Republicâ semper;
 Dubius, sed non improbus vixi.
 Incertus morior, sed inturbatus;
 Humanum est nescire, et errare.
 Christum adveneror:
 Deo solo confido,
 Omnipotenti, Benevolentissimo:
 Ens Entium, miserere mei!*

EPITAPH IN THE CATHEDRAL AT WELLS.

In hoc Sacrario cineres suos requiescere voluit
 Reverendus admodum præsul
 GEORGIUS HOOPERUS*, S. T. P.
 Magnum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ decus;
 Scientias quippe maxime reconditas,
 Mathesin Universam
 Antiquitates patrias, exterasque,
 Linguas pœne omnes, quotquot aut Oriens protulit, aut
 Occidens,
 Jus civile, municipale, canonicum,
 Elegantiorum literarum venustate temperaverat.
 Theologiam verò
 Assidua sacri codicis, & primævorum Patrum lectione,
 Quasi alias omnes scientias ignorare maluisset,
 Totam penitus hauserat,
 Saniorem haud dubiè amplexus.
 Summo tamen eruditionis amore semper incensus
 Non ita studiis se totum tradidit,
 Ut arduis negotiis impar,

* Of whom see vol. I. pp. 206. 273.

Aut hominum ignarus,
 Aut difficilis, inconcinnus, asper evaderet.
 Inerat enim illi
 Comitatus aulis principum digna
 Christiana simplicitas condita,
 Ingenium non ad literas magis
 Quam ad res agendas habile & versatile,
 Mira in conciliandis sibi hominibus solertia;
 Sed animarum saluti unicè intenta.
 Ita cum artes, doctrinasque longe diffitas conjungeret,
 Summisque honoribus par
 Nullum unquam ambiret,
 Aditum sibi ad famam eximiam,
 Ad primarios tam in republica, quam in Ecclesia viros,
 Ad reginarum denique pientissimarum
 Mariæ & Annæ patrocinium
 Virtute sola patefecit.
 Itaque ab illa decanatu Cantuariensi,
 Ab hac insula, primo Sanct. Asaphensi
 Deinde Bathono Wellensi ornatus est;
 Quo in munere amplissimo
 Cum gregi suo fideliter invigilaret,
 Inopes occulto plerunque munificentiae fonte,
 Sed perenni, ubere, latè fluenti reficeret,
 Presbyteros suos indulgentiâ paternâ foveret,
 Impigerrimos quosque etiam ruri latentes,
 In lucem & splendorem nec opinantes evocaret,
 Bonorum omnium amorem, & observantiam meruit,
 Posteris morum exemplar pulcherrimum reliquit.
 Obiit VI Septembris, A. D. MDCCXXVII.
 Ætatis LXXXVII.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH AT LATTON, IN ESSEX.

H. S. C.

ROGERUS ALTHAM, S. T. P.

Hujus Ecclesiæ Vicarius *,
 Ecclesiæ Sancti Botolphi juxta Portam Episcop'
 Apud Londinenses Rector ;
 Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Divi Pauli Præbendarius,
 Et Archidiaconus Middlesexiæ.

Vir quidem egregius !

Qui summam, præsertim in S. Theologia, scientiam
 Intemeratâ morum probitate,
 Mirâ ingenii comitate
 Expolivit.

Qui maximos in Ecclesiâ Honores
 Non alias, quam merendo, ambire voluit,
 Meruit autem, vel Inimicis testibus :
 Ideoque magnus, quia meruit ;
 Major verò, quia non honestis oblatos conditionibus,
 Justi semper tenax propositi,
 Recusavit †.

Tandem, quum ultra annum septuagesimum,
 Christiani Nominis et Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ,
 Tum scriptis tum vitæ tenore
 Acerrimus extitisset Vindex,
 Mercede pro meritis apud Superos coronandus
 E variis vitæ miseriis emigravit,
 Tertio calendarum Martii, A. D. 179-30.

* Dr. Altham was presented to that vicarage, July 14, 1705;
 and collated to the Archdeaconry of Middlesex Feb. 10, 1716-17.

† This alludes probably to the Canonry of Christ Church,
 mentioned vol. I. p. 29, to have been vacated *per intapacitatem*.

THAMESIS ET ISIS FLENTES*, 1685.

By Mr. SMALRIDGE†.

THAMESIS.

CUR non, Isi, simul quoniam confundimus undas,
 Tu facer Oxoniæ fluvius, Londino ego, cur non
 Carolon Oceani domitorem, Carolon olim,
 Nomen honoratum ambobus, dum vita manebat,
 Nunc, postquam heu nimium crudeli funere raptus
 Occidit, implevitque polos, ambobus acerbum;
 Prosequimur simul atque alterno carmine flemus?
 Ille mihi, tibi semper erat Deus ille; tributum
 Illius ante pedes pariter coniecimus ambo.
 Ergo age, fare prior, siquas Rhidycina querclas,
 (Namque huic semper erant versus, cum dicere laudes
 Cæsaris, aut magnos cuperet celebrare Stuartos,)
 Siqua tuam propter meditetur carmina ripam,
 Dic prior; Augustæ referam dein ipse dolores.

ISIS.

Hei mihi! quis furor est luctus iterare querendo
 Et vexare recens, crudelis Thamefi, vulnus?
 At quoniam justo libet indulgere dolori,
 Quas mæstus vidi lacrymas, quas conscius hausi,
 Expediam, in quos se solvit Rhidycina furores.
 Namque aderam, cum per littus resupina jacebat
 Non lauro velut ante caput redimita, nec illa
 Quam semper coluit quercu, quam semper amavit,

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum Augustissimi & Desideratissimi Regis Caroli Secundi, 1685."

† Afterward Bishop of Bristol; see vol. I. pp. 306. 510; and the "Illustrations" at the end of this volume, N° IX.

Ex quo Pana suum cepit scelicior arbor
Et tutam capiti devoto præbuit umbram;
Sed frontem tristes violæ atque invisa cupressus
Turpabant; jacuit vicina deses in herba
Tibia, non Caroli quondam celebrare triumphos
Immemor, ignavum nunc primum & inutile lignum:
Haud procul (heu neglecta nimis!) procumbere vidi
Illa ea conspicuæ divina volumina famæ
Quæ scripsit tristi mœrens in carcere Martyr,
Æternumque sui simulacrum vivere jussit:
Legerat hæc tristis Rhidycina; at forte dolenti
Exciderant sensim, ac manibus delapsa ruebant.
Talis erat tum Nympha, atque hæc incondita (tantus
Qualia nempe dolor poterat) jactavit in auras.
O Carole! O nostris toties memorate Camœnis!
Sospite quo, magna incesse; cui ferta quotannis
Nectebam, ac merita cingebam tempora lauro:
Cur ubi summa dies, ac vinci nescia Clotho
Te rapuit, cur non & me quoque Parca trahebat
Haud segnem tecum comitem simul ire sub umbras,
Aut famulam tua pone sequi vestigia tardam?
Non si talis eram, qualis quondam ubera nutrix
Hæc tibi præbuerim puero, pariterque Jacobum
Hoc gremio, his licuit fratrem complectier ulnis;
Aut hæc si tantas jactarent corpora vires,
Quantas, civili cum ferveret Anglia ferro,
In patris, inque tuam duxi officiosa salutem;
Non tamen optarem miseram producere vitam,
Aut trahere exosam, te decedente, senectam:
Ergone, cœpit ubi plebs instaurare furores,
Undique cum steterit Catilina, atque undique Brutus,

His te, noster amor, protexi, Carole, palmis.
 Hoc fovi gremio caput, illæsumque remisi!
 Hostibus O frustra ereptus, si denique morbi
 Occidis infidiis, & iniqui crimine cœli!
 Ergone, cum fati tardaret Jupiter alas,
 Et conjurantum sociatam fregerat iram,
 Votivam Superis suspendi læta tabellam,
 Qua multo exitio foetas, & milite multo
 Nudavi latebras, atque armamenta coegi
 Prodire è tenebris, lucemque invita fateri?
 Frustra consiliis damnata rebellio nostris,
 Si mea lanificæ spernant decreta sorores.
 Si mortis nullo est stringenda licentia nodo;
 Tales nequicquam fudit Rhydicina querelas,
 Atque astra, atque Deos crudeles nomine dixit.
 Hos mea Nympha; tuos nunc exprime, Thamesi,
 luctus.

THAMESIS.

Augustam vidi sola sub rupe cubantem;
 Vidi, ut nunc sævis innoxia pectora palmis
 Læserit, ut nostras lacrymis nunc auxerit undas:
 Turrigeros in humum tandem dejecit honores,
 Et dixit; Diadema vale, mea gloria quondam,
 Donec vitales carpebat Carolus auras;
 Carolus; auspice quo, reliquos quantum ille Monarchas
 Heroasque super celso capite arduus ibat,
 Tantum alias inter caput hoc sese extulit urbes.
 O memoranda dies, O luce sacratior omni,
 Qua stella emicuit nascentis conscia Divi
 Ausa diem rapere, & toti se opponere Phœbo!

Fœlix, quæ primos vagitus auribus hausi,
 Reptantesque manus, atque incunabula vidi !
 Tum me non vicit nec Creta, nec inclyta Delos,
 Hanc quamvis Deus, atque illam claraverit infans
 Ortygiam Phœbus, nemorosam Jupiter Idam.
 At quæ nunc facies ? quantum nunc mutor ab illa !
 Postquam tot nuper populis terrisque superbus
 Nunc jacet exanguis, sed non ignobilis umbra,
 Ut gemui ? quis me miseram tunc perculit horror ?
 Cum jam semianimis chari per pectora fratris
 Sparsus in his dictis animam expirârit anhelam :
 " Hunc populum, dono genitor mihi quem dedit olim,
 " Do tibi ; Caroliden te nunc habet ille secundum ;
 " A te defensum semper, mihi semper amatum
 " Accipe, & extremum munus morientis habeto."
 Quis locus, aut quæ vos habuit tunc terra, Britannæ
 Dii tutelares gentis, cum dixerit ista
 Carolus, ac desit mortali vescier aura ?
 Nequicquam crebris cumulata altaria donis,
 Nequicquam reges Diis se jactare propinquos
 Contemtrix Superûm, & fanatica dicerat ætas,
 Si non incolumem servâssent fata Jacobum ;
 Si non ille Deos absolveret, ille superstes
 Propitios Superos, cœlumque ostendit amicum.
 Ille meus quondam vindex, cum territa Belgas
 In caput hoc vidi ruere armis ; ille Britannum
 Et patriis regit, & fratris virtutibus orbem.

GEORGIUS SMALRIDGE, ex Æde Christi.

AD EPISCOPUM LITCHFELDIENSEM, 1695 *.

B Y T H E S A M E.

PRINCIPIS indignum turbata ecclesia funus
 Dum queritur, sorti dum timet ægra suæ;
 Tu, Præful, superas orbæ spes altera Mætris,
 Tu viduata pia protege templa manu;
 Solus enim tristem potes instaurare ruinam,
 Auspice Quo magnum surgere cœpit opus.
 Tu nôsti, quantas versârit pectore curas
 Diva, Tibi sensus credere fueta suos.
 Quam fuerit pietatis amans, fautrixque bonorum,
 Testis erat, redimit quæ Tibi Mitra comas.
 Ut memini pleno currentia munera rivo,
 Seu pateret Gallus, sive Sabaudus opem!
 Tu refuga promptus Dominam pro gente rogabas,
 Prævenitque Tuas promptior Illa preces †.
 Ut memini, cum grata pateret tempore certo
 Sportula, perque Tuas esset itura manus,
 Quam pius optâris (firmârisque omine votum)
 Sæpius huic similes fata datura dies,
 Dum gravidam impleret Senior centesimus ollam,
 Nec tingenda pedes rarior esset anus.
 At Tu, qui retro mundi vestigia quæris,
 Et priscos revocas in loca certa dies,
 Ut poteris, lachrymas extincta pelle Mariæ,
 Nec vana eximium cura retardet opus:

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum Augustissimæ & Desideratissimæ Reginae Mariæ," 1695.

† Dr. William Lloyd, Bp. of Lichfield and Coventry, was Lord High Almoner, see vol. II. p. 223. He was translated to Worcester in 1699; and died Aug. 30, 1717, at the advanced age of 91.

Perge, Pater; Latii petit hoc Fama inclyta Phœbi
 Norisus, docti hoc litera crebra Pagi.
 Extremum hoc munus poscenti solve Mariæ,
 Illa erit in chartis sæpe legenda Tuis.
 Illius ad memores deducas tempora Fastos,
 Ultima perpetui meta sit Illa libri.
 Quin ubi lux veniet, qua terras Diva reliquit,
 Designanda, manus rumpe trementis opus.
 Invisum nimis, & Lethæa nocte premendum
 Pagina ne servet non moritura diem.

GEORGIUS SMALRIDGE, A. M.
 Ædis Christi Alumnus.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, 1714*.

CUM suus exanimem populus plorâret Elisam,
 Posceret & fletus rapta Maria pares;
 Utraque, pro factis æquam sortita Camœnam,
 Attigit æthereas non sine Vate domos.
 At quæ nunc audax volitare per ardua famam,
 Anna, tuam poterit Musa per astra sequi?
 Ecquis erit, qui bella sibi describere sumet,
 Quæ jam foemineâ vidimus acta manu?
 Ecquis, qui junc̃tas æterno foedere gentes,
 Otiaque æterno carmine digna, canet?
 O! quæ centenis linguis ornare solebas
 Exequias Regum, Regibus orta domus †;
 Inspires mœstam sublimi carmine pubem,
 Sume lyram Flacci, Virgilique tubam.

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in obitum Serenissimæ Reginae Annæ et Gratulatio in augustissimi Regis Georgii Inaugurationem, 1714." † Christ Church.

Sic tibi Cecropiæ surgant ad sydera turres,
 Et recidiva ornet mœnia priscus honos.
 Tuque adeò Fautrix rerum, Regina, mearum,
 Accipe, quos tristis fert Elegeia modos.
 Dum Tibi vita fuit, quæ non ego munera cepi?
 Quàm dolet hæc cineri dona referre tuo!
 O Decus, O læti divinæ frontis honores!
 Quæ mihi non oculis eximet ulla dies.
 Sed pietas, sed prisca fides, animoque recurfat
 Perpetuus veræ Relligionis amor.
 Ut memini, quoties inopûm tibi vota ferebam,
 Quàm blandâ nostras ceperis aure preces!
 Aurea de pleno manavit copia cornu,
 Donaque cùm peterem plurima, plura tuli.
 Sæva adeò fortuna, & lætis invida rebus,
 Muneribus didicit mitior esse tuis.
 O si, quæ limen subiit regale, tulisset
 Non adeò celerem mors inopina gradum;
 Sit mihi fas promissa loqui, tum dona Camœnæ
 Non parva acciperent, O Rhedycina, tuæ.
 Quas tu arces, veneranda Parens, quæ mœnia, natis
 Aspiceres olim commemoranda tuis!
 Ut Peckwaterii, veterem indignata ruinam,
 Surgeret auspiciis area læta novis!
 Heu! spectator adhuc opera imperfecta tuetur,
 Et mala dum luget publica, nostra dolet.
 Quis Britonûm lapsis poterit succurrere rebus!
 Imperium terræ ponere, jura mari?
 Quis raptam patriis referet virtutibus Annam?
 Afflictis parilem quis feret æquus opem?

Tu, Cui, prospiciens tantos Regina dolores,
 Tradidit imperio sceptrâ gerenda pari;
 Adfis O! nostrisque favens allabere terris,
 Et jubeas populo lætiùs ire dies.
 Te poscunt procures, & patrum sanctior ordo,
 Te Tutelarem turba Britanna Ducem.
 Et si quando graves curas, strepitusque relinquens,
 Pieriis animum vis recreare jugis,
 Tum meliùs cernes, quæcunque reliquerit Anna
 Hic etiam, manibus perficienda tuis.
 Tum, quanto Domus hæc Annam veneretur Honore,
 Ostendet meliùs, quem Tibi solvet, honor.

GEORGIUS Episcopus BRISTOLIENSIS,
 Ecclesiæ Christi Decanus,
 Serenissimo Regi ab Eleemosynis.

TRANSLATION.

WHEN her Britannia wept Eliza's doom,
 And mourn'd with equal tears Maria's tomb,
 As each deserv'd, each equal Muses drew,
 Nor to their Heaven without a Poet flew;
 But now, what bolder wing her fame shall try?
 Who follow Anna through the boundless sky?
 Who shall describe in an exalted strain
 The wars and triumphs of a female reign?
 Who nations in eternal leagues rehearse,
 And peace well worthy an eternal verse?

Thou,

Thou, * Sacred Dome, whom Royal Founders claim,
Wonted of old to grace the Royal name,
And with a † hundred tuneful tongues return
Thy grateful sorrow to each Prince's urn,
Do thou, with proper notes, the youth inspire ;
Breathe Virgil's trumpet, touch the Horatian lyre :
So may thy walls to ancient splendor rise,
And thy Athenian turrets mate the skies !

And thou, whose liberal hand my fortunes rais'd,
O Queen ! for ever lov'd, for ever prais'd ;
Receive the tribute which my numbers bring,
While the Muse strikes the Elegiac string :
While life was thine, how much to thee I owe,
How plenteous did thy stream of blessings flow !
O ! how I grieve, for all thy bounty gave,
To bring this mournful offering to thy grave,
No time shall ever from my mind deface
Thy looks, thy glories, and diviner grace.
But most thy ancient truth, thy pious soul,
With constant glowings in my bosom roll ;
The dear remembrance ever is impress'd,
What love of true Religion warm'd thy breast !
Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought
The suppliant's prayer, and for the wretched fought,
How kind you heard, how plenteous pour'd your store ;
And though I ask'd for much, you granted more.
Thus at your sight Affliction grew more mild,
And Fortune lost her anger as you smil'd.

O had but envious Death made some delay,
And not so hasty snatch'd the Royal prey :

* Christ Church.

† The number of students.

Then, (may her promises * to me be shown !)
 Thy Muses, Oxford, had her blessings known.
 What domes, O sacred Mother, hadst thou seen,
 The pious gift of a Religious Queen !
 How had another area rais'd its head,
 And scornful o'er its ancient ruins spread !

What walls had rose ; what lofty turrets crown'd,
 Themes for thy sons in future days to sound !
 But now, when here the traveler turns his eyes,
 And ah ! the great unfinish'd labour spies ;
 A double pity rises from his view,
 He mourns the public loss, and Oxford's too.

FŒDUS LUSITANICUM †, 1704,

By MR. CHARLES OSBORN ‡.

CUR juncto resonant Tartessia littora plausu ?
 Quidve repentinis fervet Lisbona triumphis
 Cæsareæ nondum manes lustrata puellæ ?

En video ! ambiguæ se pandit gloria scenæ,
 Agnosco classem magna se mole moventem
 Per maris Hesperii fluctus, undantia multo
 Signa noto varios formare per aera gyros
 Prospicias, niveisque albescere marmora velis.
 Hanc nimis angusto amplexus Tagus aureus alveo
 Insolitum miratur onus, gemit unda sub ipso

* Her Majesty promised a large contribution towards rebuilding the new Quadrangle at Christ Church.

† From "Plausus Musarum Oxoniensium, 1704."

‡ A relation to Bp. Atterbury's Lady.

Pondere navigiorum, & Nereus ipse laborat.
Portum ubi contigerint, ferventia littora circum
Infremuit vulgus, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Agglomerant unâ, abjectoque senecta bacillo
Claudicat admirata viros turesque natantes.

Jam triplices firmo coalescunt foedere gentes;
Belgæque, & Britones, Lusitanique futura
Discutiunt bella; hic teneri furtiva Philippi
Sceptra manu extorquent; hic fusos Victor Iberos
Carolus urget ovans; & amico corda Lyæo
Inflati madida depingunt prælia mensa.

Rookius interea secum graviora revolvens
Egreditur portu, pavidisque insultat Iberis.
Est locus Hesperiae notus cognomine Calpes
Monte super summo, Hispani quasi janua regni:
Hunc circum variae murorum à fronte catervæ
Arma movere parant, dum puppes pone latentes
Instaurant duplicem pugnam, diversaque bella.
Hic Darmstadtus ovans per acuti Sibila plumbi
Scandit inaccessas rupes, objectaque valla
Tranfilit, ambiguosque refert ex urbe triumphos.

Dum recreat fessos gemino sub Marte Britannos
Rookius, it rumor portus liquisse reclusos
Celtiacam classem, atque iteratum intendere bellum.
His semel auditis, veluti Leo stratus in antro,
Dux nemorum, si fortè videt rivalibus armis
Regna peti, fremit horrendum, & furibundus in hostem
Infiliens patrios tutatur sanguine campos.
Haud secus in Celtas Anglus ruit, arcibus arces
Occurrunt, multoque explosa tonitrua fumo
Robora ferratis centum compacta catenis

Dilacerant,

Dilacerant, sparguntque novam per marmora cædem.
 Mistæ per attonitos resonarunt murmura fluctus ;
 Hesperii caluere sinus, dum sanguine pontus
 Erubuit, tepidaque exsurgit fumus ab unda.

Jam Gallos retro fractas urgere carinas
 Per maris Herculei fluctus, multoque labore
 Telluri allapsos classis reparare ruinas.

Interea Angliacis per amici cærulea ponti
 Leniter aspirat ventus, placidosque susurros
 Ingeminat laceri per honesta foramina veli.

Rookus in Oceano rursus Dominator Ibero
 Fervere successu, versisque per æquoris undas
 Tendere iter velis, propriamque revisere Calpen :
 Hic ubi disposuit varios ad bella paratus,
 Lætus abit, pelagoque suo confisus arenas
 Appulit indigenas, classemque reducit ovantem.
 O Felix, si non, alieno sole virescens
 Laurus, ab invidiâ proprio marcescat in horto !

Tu tamen, O patriæ decus & tutela Braganzæ ;
 Dum pactam fovet Anna fidem, & muliebribus armis
 Intonat in Gallos terra, mare sternit Iberos,
 Parce supervacuis animum subfidere curis.
 Si nondum meritas tibi tendit Iberia palmas,
 Nec folio Carolus sedeat sublimis avito ;
 Siqua fides vati, novus hic, qui vertitur, annus
 Uberiora dabit Victrici præmia fronti,
 Et tibi pacificæ nectetur Laurus Olivæ.

CAROLUS OSBORN, Baronetti Fil.
 è Coll. Univ.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE *, 1714.

ICTA crudeli Rhedycina fato,
 Æqua quæ tanto monumenta damno,
 Quæ tuo pones monumenta luētūs

Æqua dolori ?

Exeras, quicquid Lyra tristè lugens,
 Flebilis quicquid poterit Camœna :
 Non levis planctus Rhedycina raptâ
 Te decet, Anna.

Ifidis sedes, humilesque ripas
 Anna dilexit, gremioque dulces
 De tuo fusos propiore curâ
 Fovit alumnos.

Seu Patres sacrâ redimire mitrâ,
 (Nomina æternæ benè nota Famæ,)
 Imperi seu quem voluit regendis
 Tradere rebus.

Hostium cæcam rabiem tuorum
 Contudit, templorum animosa vindex ;
 Hydra nequicquam rediviva fuetas
 Crevit in iras.

Exteris finem dedit Anna bellis,
 Languido pacem revocavit orbi,
 Jussit & Musas studiis vigere
 Nobilis otî.

Sic ubi frondes placidas olivæ
 Extulit Pallas, doluitque vinci
 Æquoris rector, sibi protegendas
 Cecropis arces.

* From the publication cited in p. 356.

Ocyùs fumpfit Jove nata Virgo;
Numinum ad cœtus rediit triumphans,
Et suam gratæ coluère Divam

Semper Athenæ.

Parce sed tandem gemitu & querelis,
Ecce! non impar, Rhedycina, surgit,
Et tibi avulsam reparat benignè

Georgius Annam.

BEDINGFIELD ATTERBURY*,
ex Æde Christi, Commens.

* This young gentleman, who was nephew to Bp. Atterbury, died soon after he had taken holy orders and the degree of M. A. See vol. I. p. 485.

Rustica Academiae Oxoniensis nuper Reformatæ Descriptio *, in Visitatione Fanatica Octobris sexto, &c. Ann. Dom. 1648, cum Comitibus ibidem Anno sequente : Et aliis notatu non indignis.

Doctore ALLIBOND, nuper Lincolnia, Oxon. Authore.

RUMORE nuper est delatum, Dum agebamus ruri, Oxonium iri reformatum Ab his qui dicti puri. Decrevi itaque confestim, (Obstaculis sublatis) Me oculatum dare testem Hujusce novitatis. Ingressus urbem juxta morem, Scrutandi desiderio : Nil præter maciem & squalorem Fœdissimum comperio. A Decio in specum acti, Qui tantum dormiêrunt, Post seculum expergefacti, Tot mira non viderunt. Erectas illi crebras cruces, Et templa conspexêre, Quæ priscæ pietatis duces Tum primum construxêre. Nos autem sanctiora nuper Incidimus in secula,	Qui tollunt ista, tanquam Superstitionis symbola. Ad Scholas primum me trahabat Comitiorum norma, Queis olim quisque peragebat Solenniter pro formâ. Expecto Regios Professores, Comparuêre nulli : Nec usquam adsunt Inceptores. Nec Togæ, nec Cuculli. Calcavi Atrium Quadratum, Quo Juvenum examen Confluxit olim : Video pratum Quod densum tegit gramen. Adibam lubens Scholam Musices, Quam Fœminæ & Joci Ornâssent pridem, sed Tibicines Jam nusquam erant loci. Conscendo orbis illud decus, Bodleio fundatore : Sed intus erat nullum pecus, Excepto Janitore.
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* This humorous Poem being not very commonly to be met with ; the curious Reader will not be displeased to see it here printed from a copy corrected in almost every stanza by Bishop Atterbury.

Neglectos vidi libros multos, So dull a fool was ne'er a-
 Quod minimè mirandum : mong us,
 Nam Bardos inter tot & Stultos Pulvinam qui concundens.
 There's few could understand. In buccam quicquid qui
 ebullivit,

Dominico sequente die Minaci usus dextra,
 Ad sacra celebranda, Boatu magno effutivit,
 Ad ædes propero Mariæ : Nec unquam fuit extra.
 Nam Divæ vox nefanda. Defessus hac Dulmanitate,

Tenebar mox intrandi metu, Decrevi venerandos
 Solicitus ut ante : Non adhuc pulsos civitate,
 Sed prorsus frustra, nullo coetu Amicos visitandos.

Introitum negante. Collegium petii Animarum,

Ingressus sedes senioribus Nunc propriè sic dictum :
 Togatis destinatas : Nam rerum hic corporearum
 Videbam Cocis, & Sartoribus, Vix quicquam est relictum.

Et Lixis, usurpatas. Hic quæro † Virum suavitate

* Procancellarius recens Omnimoda politum :
 prodit, Responsum alibi ingrâtè

Cui satis literarum, Custodem custoditum.

Quod verò quisque probus, Ad Corpus Christi flecto
 odit, gressum,

Conscientiæ habet parum. Quâ brevitate possum :

Procuratores sine clavibus, Jurares novis probris pressum,
 Quærentibus ostendas : Et furibus confossum.

Bedellos novos sine stavibus : Ecclesiam Christi fusque deque
 Res protinus ridendas. Jactatam, mox & versam,

Suggestum conscendebat † Et sobolem, deest heu : longe
 fungus lateque

Infulla quæque fundens : Percipimus dispersam.

* Dr. Reynolds.

† Dr. Stanton.

‡ Dr. Sheldon, postea Cant. Archiepisc.

Rogavi ubi sit * Orator,
Divinæ planè mentis :
Proh facinus ! incarceratur
Facundæ decus gentis.

Hinc domum peto præcur-
foris,
Quem triste passum fatum.
Recenti narrant vi tortoris
Secundo decollatum.

Tam sancto † Præfide ca-
dente,
Discipuli recedunt :
Et ‡ Cæcodæmone regente,
Nec bibunt jam, nec edunt.

Heu ! pulchra domus, nu-
per læta
Dulcissimis fluentis,
Nunc cæno penitus oppleta
Canalis putrescentis.

Adire nolui Trinitatem,
Quam nôstis prope stare :
Hæreticam Societatem
Ne videar deamare.

In tanta desolatione,
Quod quis stupendum dicet,
Occurrunt nusquam tres per-
sonæ
Scruteris usque licet.

Reverso, tristis fertur casus,
Et miserandum omen
Collegii, cui Rubens Nasus
Præ foribus dat nomen.

Dederunt § illi Principalem
Rectores hi severi,
Distortis oculis, & qualem
Natura vult caveri.

Mox Ædes ingredi conatus
Non unquam senescentes,
Stupefcens audio ejulatus
Horrenda || sustinentis.

Quod nuper dulce domici-
lium
Ingenuis alendis ;
Est idem merum nunc ergas-
tulum,
Innocuis torquendis.

Ad flentem me recipio tan-
dem
Flens ipse Magdalenam :
Et gemens video eandem
Vacuitate plenam.

Quæ dudum felix ornabatur
Frequentibus alumnis,
Quæ suaviter innitebatur
Doctissimis columnis.

Nunc lapsis fulcris queis vi-
gebat,
Videres humi stratum :
Et prole densa qua gaudebat,
En misere orbatam.

Hæ sedes comptiores Musæ
Quas habuère sibi,
Nunc densis tenebris offusæ :
Et Zim & Ohim ibi.

* Dr. Hammond.

† Dr. Bayly.

‡ Mr. Cheynel.

§ Dr. Greenwood Lippus.

|| Mr. Collier, postea Bedellus, qui tortus fuerat per Chiliarch. Kelley.

Pro * Præfide (cui quem-	Præter ædes & structuras :
quam parem	Scholares abière.
Vix ætas nostra dedit)	Culinas illic frigescentes,
En vobis † stultum Capularem	Capellas sine precibus,
Ad clavum jam qui fedit.	In cellis cernas sitientes,
Quam vereor ne dire omine	Et aulas sine messibus.
Septem regrediantur	In Templis quæris conci-
Dæmonia, divino numine	ones,
Quæ quondam pellebantur.	Aut quicquam quod decorum?
Quocunque breviter flecte-	Habebis hæsitaciones
bam,	Extemporaneorum.
Aut dirigebam visum :	Interea quid Oppidani
Id totum movit quod videbam	With all their quaint devices
Aut lachrimas, aut risum.	Qui novas hæc (male fani)
Ingemui, dum viros video	Exoptavere vices ?
Egregios ejectos :	Erecta cornua gerebant,
Et contra, alternatim rideo,	Dum montes hi parturiunt :
Stolidulos suffectos.	Et nunc fastidiunt, quæ vole-
O probam reformandi ar-	bant,
tem !	Et fortiter esuriunt.
Quæ medicina datur !	Heu ! ingens rerum orna-
Quæ curat, quo curemus par-	mentum,
tem,	Et ævi decus pridem :
Ut totum exscindatur ;	Quo tandem pacto huc perven-
Quadratos homines quæ ju-	tum,
bet	Ut Idem non fit Idem ?
Et doctos extirpandos ;	Nam vix à quoquam quod
Et nebulones prout lubet	narratur
Rotundos subrogandos.	Obventum olim somnio,
Collegia petis ? Leges duras	Compertum erit si quærat
Habes, nil fas videre,	Oxonium in Oxonio.

* Dr. Oliver.

† Dr. Goodwin, vulgo vocatus Dr. Nine Caps.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. I. p. 9.

FOR this Article it will be sufficient to refer to the Brief Memoirs of Bp. Atterbury, at the beginning of vol. V.

No. II. p. 110.

The following Debates in the House of Peers on the 11th of May, 1723, (promised in vol. II. pp. 230. 470.) are so important to the general illustration of that particular period of our Author's private History, that the Reader will not be displeased to see them here at large.

The Bishop of Rochester having concluded an able speech in his own defence (which see at large in vol. IV. p. 383), and being with his Counsel withdrawn; the Lord Lechmere took notice, that the most material part of the charge against that Prelate was, his dictating the treasonable Letter to Mr. Kelly; and, since the letter was the only legal witness they could have in this doubtful case, he therefore moved, "That George Kelly, alias Johnson, now a prisoner in the Tower of London, be brought to the Bar of this House on Monday morning next, to be examined upon oath, on the Bill, intituled, an Act to inflict Pains and Penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester." He was seconded by the Earl of Carlisle; but opposed by the Court Lords; so that the question being put upon his Motion, it was resolved in the negative, by 80 voices against 40; whereupon several Lords entered and signed the following Protest.

Dissentient.

1. Because we think it unquestionable, that the said Kelly is a legal witness to the matters charged by the Bill against the Bishop, and could not be legally refused to be sworn as such, if the Bishop were on his trial for the same in the ordinary Courts of Justice; and that, whether the said Kelly was produced for or against the Bishop. And we conceive, if the Counsel for the Bill had thought fit to have produced him in support of the Bill, that even no legal objection could have been made by the Bishop's Counsel against his being so produced

duced and sworn; the Bill passed this House against the said Kelly not having received the Royal Assent; and there not being in the said Bill, in our opinions, any thing that can destroy even his legal testimony, when the same is passed into a law.

2. Because the three letters, dated April 20, 1722, supposed to contain treasonable correspondences with the Pretender and some of his agents, have been made the principal charge against the Bishop, and have been dictated to the said Kelly by the Bishop, at or about the time of their date; but this not being as yet done, as we think, by direct or positive proof, by any living witness of the fact, but by circumstances only, we think it most proper, and most safe and just, to endeavour to discover the truth of that material fact by the best evidence the nature of the thing can admit of; and that this House should not be left under the difficulties of judging, on this extraordinary occasion, from doubtful circumstances, if the fact may be cleared by certain positive proof, and the examination of a competent and a living witness upon oath, at the bar of this House.

3. Because several living witnesses have been examined on oath, at the bar of this House, on behalf of the Bishop, in order to prove, by their positive testimony, and other circumstances, that the Bishop did not dictate, or direct, or was any way privy to the writing the said Letters, or any of them; which has, in our judgements, rendered it yet of greater importance, that the supposed writer of those letters should be brought under the most strict and solemn examination, before the Bill has passed this House.

4. Because the said Kelly, though examined before Committees of both Houses of Parliament, and elsewhere, hath not, to our knowledge, been yet examined on oath to the matters contained in this Bill; and it having appeared to us, in other instances on this occasion, particularly of Mrs. Barnes, examined for the Bill, and of Bingley against it, who have materially varied their examinations at the bar of this House from their former examinations, at the same time declaring that their former examinations were not taken and sworn to by them; we think it may be both dangerous and derogatory to the honour and justice of the House, not to examine on oath a person capable of discovering the matters of fact, on which the justice of the Bill against the Bishop must depend, and especially after the said Kelly hath declared, in the most solemn manner, next to that of his being upon oath, that the Bishop did

did not dictate, or was privy to the writing of the said letters, or any of them; and the Bishop himself, in his defence, having also, in the most solemn manner of asseveration, declared his innocence in this particular, and expressly referring to the former asseverations of the said Kelly, as we conceive, as a testimony in confirmation of his own asseverations.

5. Because we conceive, that the said Kelly was not only a legal witness for or against the Bishop, in the strictest construction of Courts of Judicature; but the examination of him upon oath in this Bill is, in every respect whatsoever, in our judgements, less liable to objection than many, and most other evidences which on this occasion have been allowed; because the Bill passed by this House against the said Kelly, if it obtains the Royal Assent, as is most probable, doth, in judgement of law, as hath been declared by the Judges, acquit him of any future prosecution for the said treasons therein charged upon him; and there is no judgement or punishment inflicted upon him in the said Bill, which can, when passed, destroy his capacity for giving evidence on any occasion; and the same having passed this House, and not passed the Royal Assent, leaves the said Kelly, in our opinions, under less influence either of hopes or fears, than such witnesses which have been examined on this occasion, under commitments and charges of high treason, and, as we conceive, less liable to that objection than the declaration of Philip Neynoe, which has been read against the Bishop, though never signed or sworn to by him, and the said Neynoe, some months since drowned in endeavouring his escape, and which declaration appears to us to have been made by him under the strongest influences of guilt and terror.

6. We think the crimes charged in the Bill against the said Kelly are, in their nature, distinct and independent on those charged on the Bishop, Kelly's guilt in writing the said treasonable letters proved upon him being the same, although the Bishop be altogether innocent in relation thereto, for which, as we conceive, this House did refuse to permit Kelly, on his Bill, to give evidence that the Bishop did not dictate the said letters; and for which reason we are of opinion, that the evidence which Kelly might have given touching the Bishop's dictating the said letters, or not, would have produced no consequence at all with regard to the Bill passed against himself, although it must necessarily have contributed to the proof of the guilt or innocence of the Bishop.

B b 2

7. This

7. This House having, with great honour and justice, declared to several persons produced as witnesses on this occasion, that it was not required from them to depose to any thing which did or might tend to their own accusation; the testimony of the said Kelly, if he had been examined upon oath, we doubt not, would have been taken under the same just indulgence; and if he had submitted to have been examined on oath to the matters of this Bill, such examination being, in that respect, voluntary, could not, in our opinions, have been construed as forced from him by the authority of this House; and such a testimony as he might have given would have remained under consideration and judgement of this House, as to its credit and influence, on all circumstances, in the same manner as the other evidence for and against the Bill still does.

* COWPER,
STRAFFORD,
SCARSDALE,
DARTMOUTH,
LECHMERE,
POMFRET,
ASHBURNHAM,
CARDIGAN,
LITCHFIELD,
GUILFORD,
AYLESFORD,
WESTON,
BATHURST,
SALISBURY,
NORTHAMPTON,
BINGLEY,
FOLEY,
ANGLESEY,

BRUCE,
GOWER,
UXBRIDGE,
EXETER,
BROOK,
CRAVEN,
BERKLEY DE STR.
FR. CESTRIEN'.
WILLOUGHBY DE BR.
MASHAM,
POULET,
COMPTON,
MIDDLETON,
HEREFORD,
HAY,
DENBIGH,
WHARTON.

On Monday, the 13th of May, the Bishop of Rochester being, for the last time, brought to the bar of the Lords House, Mr. Reeves, one of the Counsel for the Bill, made a full and smart reply to the Bishop's Defence; and, in particular, justified what he had said before about the letter the Bishop wrote in the Tower, and which was found about one of his servants. And, as the Bishop had closed his Speech with a Passage out of the Holy Scriptures, so Mr. Reeves concluded with these words out of Ecclesiastes, "Curse not the
King,

King, no not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter *."

After this, the Counsel for the Bill produced and examined several witnesses, to contradict what had been deposed relating to Neynoe.

But what was most remarkable in this day's proceeding was this. The Bishop of Rochester and his Counsel, having much insisted and endeavoured to prove that he did not dictate the treasonable letters in question, because at the time they were supposed to be written, and before and after, he was disabled in his chamber; the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph† thought it his duty to acquaint the House, that, at that very juncture of time, he had received a letter from the Bishop of Rochester, and of his own hand writing. This voluntary evidence, from a person of so venerable a character, made a visible but different impression on the whole Assembly; and did no less spirit and glad the Bishop of Rochester's enemies, than abash and grieve his friends: but the Bishop himself, rather fired with indignation than daunted by so unexpected a charge, absolutely denied the fact, boldly challenged his accuser to prove it, and offered to put the whole trial upon that single point.

The Bishop of St. Asaph still affirmed that he received a letter, which he took to be written by the Bishop of Rochester himself, from the hands of one of his servants, then at the bar; but being somewhat perplexed as to the hour and the day, and at the same time contradicted by Grant, the Bishop of Rochester's servant, the prisoner, in an exulting manner, pressed his accuser to produce the letter in question; which the other not being able to do, the Bishop of Rochester severely animadverted upon him for being so forward to give such rash evidence, and endeavouring to fix perjury upon a man of his holy function. This unlucky affair being over, the Lords, in a Grand Committee, went through the Bill for inflicting Pains and Penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester; and, about ten o'clock in the evening, adjourned to Wednesday the 15th of May.

Their Lordships being then sat, the said Bill was read the third time; and a motion being made that the Bill should pass, it occasioned a very warm and long debate. The

* Eccles. xi. 30.

† Dr. John Wynne.

Speakers for and against the Bill were as follows, the numerical figures shewing the order in which they spoke :

Against the Bill.

- 1 Earl Poulet,
- 3 Lord Bishop of Chester¹,
- 5 Duke of Wharton,
- 6 Lord Bathurst,
- 7 Earl of Strafford,
- 8 Lord Trevor,
- 11 Lord Gower,
- 13 Earl Cowper,

For the Bill.

- 2 Lord Bishop of Salisbury²,
- 4 Lord Bishop of London³,
- 9 Earl of Finlater and Seafield,
- 10 Duke of Argyle,
- 12 Lord Lechmere,
- 14 Earl of Peterborough,
- 15 Earl Cholmondeley.

The Earl Poulet, who opened the debate, spoke to the nature of this Bill, shewed the danger of such an extraordinary proceeding, and urged, that the swerving from the fixed rules of evidence, and consequently from justice, must inevitably be attended with the most fatal consequences to our excellent Constitution. The Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in answer to that, alledged, that, as extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies, so, in cases of extreme danger and necessity, when the very being of the State lies at stake, if the common law cannot reach great offenders, the Legislature ought to exert itself. He was replied to by the Lord Bishop of Chester, who owned that extraordinary proceedings may indeed be recurred to, upon extraordinary occasions, and when they are evidently necessary for the preservation of the State ; but that was very far from the present case ; since the conspiracy, in which the Bishop of Rochester was charged to have had a share, had been discovered and disappointed long before. He was answered by the Lord Bishop of London ; to whom the Duke of Wharton replied in a long speech, wherein his Grace, with a great deal of skill, judgement, and oratory, summed up the whole evidence that had been produced against the Bishop of Rochester, and endeavoured to shew the insufficiency of it, to prove the charge ; concluding, " that, let the consequences be what they would, he would not have such a hellish stain sully the lustre and glory of that illustrious House, as to condemn a man without the least legal evidence ;" and so he was for rejecting the Bill⁴. His Grace was strongly supported by the Lord Bathurst ; who, in the first place, took notice " of the ungracious distinctions that

¹ Dr. Francis Gastrell.

² Dr. Richard Willis; translated soon after to Winchester.

³ Dr. Edmund Gibson.

⁴ See this famous speech at large, p. 385.

were fixed on the members of that noble and illustrious Assembly, who differed in opinion from those who happened to have the majority; that, for his part, as he had nothing in view but truth and justice, the good of his country, the honour of that House, and the discharge of his own conscience, he would freely speak his thoughts, notwithstanding all discouragements; that he would not complain of the sinister arts that had been used of late to render some persons obnoxious, and, under pretence of their being so, to open their letters about their minutest domestic affairs; for these small grievances he could easily bear: but, when he saw things go so far as to condemn a person of the highest dignity in the Church in such an unprecedented manner, and without any legal evidence, he thought it his duty to oppose a proceeding so unjust and unwarrantable in itself, and so dangerous and dismal in its consequences." To this purpose, he begged leave to tell their Lordships a story he had from several Officers of undoubted credit, that served in Flanders in the late war. "A Frenchman, it seems, had invented a machine, which would not only kill more men at once than any yet in use, but also disable for ever any man that should be wounded by it. Big with hopes of a great reward, he applied to one of the Ministers, who laid his project before the late French King; but that Monarch, considering that so destructive an engine might soon be turned against his own men, did not think proper to encourage it; whereupon the inventor came over into England, and offered his service to some of our Generals, who likewise rejected the proposal with indignation. The use and application of this story, added his Lordship, is very obvious: for, if this way of proceeding be admitted, it will certainly prove a very dangerous engine; no man's life, liberty, or property, will be safe; and if those who were in the Administration some years ago, and who had as great a share in the affections of the People as any that came after them, had made use of such a political machine, some of those noble persons, who now appear so zealous promoters of this Bill, would not be in a capacity to serve his Majesty at this time." His Lordship added, "that, if such extraordinary proceedings went on, he saw nothing remaining for him and others to do, but to retire to their country-houses, and there, if possible, quietly enjoy their estates within their own families, since the least correspondence, the least intercepted letter, might be made criminal." To this purpose his Lordship quoted a passage out of Cardinal de Retz's Memoirs, relating to that wicked politician,

Cardinal Mazarin, who boasted, "That, if he had but two lines of any man's writing, with a few circumstances attested by witnesses, he could cut off his head when he pleased." His Lordship also threwdly animadverted on the majority of the venerable Bench; towards which turning himself, he said, "He could hardly account for the inveterate hatred and malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless it was that they were intoxicated with the infatuation of some of the wild Indians, who fondly believe they inherit not only the spoils but even the abilities of any great enemy they kill." The Earl of Strafford spoke on the same side, as did also the Lord Trevor; who, among other arguments against the bill in question, urged, "That, if men were in this unprecedented manner proceeded against without legal proof, in a short time men would be tried as they were liked by Ministers: that, for his own part, he believed he stood but indifferently in the opinion and liking of some persons, and therefore he had reason to think himself the more in danger, because at present they wanted the protection of the law" (meaning the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act); "and as in a short time they were like to be so unhappy as to be deprived of his Majesty's personal protection, and were still liable to be confined upon suspicion, which he took to be no more than will and pleasure, they were consequently at the will and pleasure of the Ministers. That, however, no apprehension of what he might suffer should deter him from doing what he thought his duty; that, consonant to that principle, he had all along and still opposed these extraordinary proceedings, which tended to lodge an exorbitant power in their fellow-subjects. That, if he were to lose his liberty, he had rather give it up to one single tyrant than to many: for a tyrant, if a man of common understanding, would, for his own sake, be tender of the lives of his subjects; whereas many tyrants would endeavour to destroy one another, to get one another's preferments." The Lord Trevor having done speaking, the Earl of Finslater and Seafeld took up the cudgels on the Court side, and endeavoured to show, that the evidence that had been produced before them, being sufficient to convince any reasonable man that there had been a detestable conspiracy, and that the Bishop of Rochester had a great share in it, was likewise sufficient to justify this extraordinary proceeding against him, especially since they inflicted on him so light a punishment, considering the heinousness of his crime. The Duke of Argyle pursued the same argument; ran through

through and confuted the most essential parts of the Bishop's defence; and with vehemence aggravated his offence, by which he had debased his holy function and character, and acted contrary to the solemn and repeated oaths he had taken. The Lord Gower spoke afterwards against the bill; but, what surprised most people, my Lord Lechmere, who on several occasions had expressed his dislike of these extraordinary proceedings, declared it as his opinion, that there was sufficient evidence to support the charge. He was answered by Earl Cowper, in a long speech, importing in substance,

"That the strongest argument which had been urged for this Bill was necessity; but that, for his part, he saw no necessity that could justify so unprecedented and so dangerous a proceeding. That, as had already been suggested, the conspiracy had above a twelvemonth before been happily discovered, and the effects of it consequently prevented. That, besides the intrinsic weight and strength of the Government, by the numerous offices and employments, civil and military, and the wealth and interest of the well-affected to his Majesty's Person and the present happy Establishment, the hands of those at the helm had still been fortified by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the additional troops; so that, in his opinion, there could be no danger to the Government, if Plunket and Kelly were not prisoners for life, nor the Bishop of Rochester sent into banishment; that, on the contrary, if that Prelate's talent and genius lay in contriving and carrying on State intrigues, he thought him less dangerous at home than abroad. That the other reasons alledged to support this extraordinary proceeding had no more weight in them than the first: that the known rules of evidence, as laid down at first, and established by the law of the land, were the birth-right of every subject of this Nation; and ought to be constantly observed not only in the inferior Courts of Judicature, but also in both Houses of Parliament, till altered by the Legislature; that much had been said of the power of Parliaments, which he owned was very great: but that, in his opinion, their absolute power consisted only in making and repealing laws; and till such time as a law was repealed, every subject had a right to it.

"That the admitting the precarious and uncertain evidence of the Clerks of the Post-office, was a very dangerous precedent. That, in former times, it was thought very grievous, that, in capital cases, a man should be affected by similitude of hands; but here the case was much worse: since it was allowed

lowed that the Clerks of the Post-office could carry the similitude of hands four months in their minds; that these men might be honest, and swear to the best of their knowledge; but he was sure they were at least very willing and forward evidence: for, as he asked one of them how he knew such a paper to be Mr. Kelly's hand, he readily answered, 'he had seen the same four months before, and he was sure it could be no other:' whereas any man, who has never so little been conversant in the world, knows that hands may be so well counterfeited as not to be distinguished." After this, his Lordship commended "the Bishop of Rochester's noble and brave carriage, in not answering before the House of Commons; whose proceeding in this unprecedented manner, against a Lord of Parliament, was such an encroachment on the prerogative of the Peerage, that, if submitted to by passing this bill, they might well be said to be the last of Lords: *Ultimus Romanorum*, my Lords, (said his Lordship in the conclusion) was a character of honour and praise; but to be the last of British Peers, by giving up our antient privileges, will never, I doubt, admit of such construction; and therefore I am for rejecting this Bill." Little was said of any great weight after this speech; and, about half an hour past nine, the question being put, it was resolved in the affirmative, by a majority of 83 voices against 43; upon which several Lords entered and signed the following Protest:

Dissentient,

1. Because the objection which we thought lay against the Bills of Plunket and Kelly, that the Commons were thereby let into an equal share of judicature with the Lords, does hold stronger, as we apprehend, against the present Bill, since by means of it a Lord of Parliament is in part tried and adjudged to punishment in the House of Commons, and reduced to a necessity either of letting his accusation pass undefended in that House, or of appearing there, and, as we take it, derogating from his own honour, and that of the Lords in general, by answering and making his defence in the Lower House of Parliament.

2. Because we are of opinion, that the Commons would be very far from yielding to the Lords any part of those powers and privileges which are properly theirs by the Constitution, in any form, or under any pretext whatsoever. And it seems to us full as reasonable, that the Lords should be as tenacious of the rights and privileges which remain to them, as the Commons are on their part.

3. We

3. We think this Bill against a Lord of Parliament, taking its rise in the House of Commons, ought the rather not to have received any countenance in this House, for that, as it appeared to us by the printed Votes of the House of Commons, that House had voted the Bishop guilty of all the matters alledged against him in the Bill before the Bill was brought into that House, and consequently before the Bishop had any opportunity of being heard: and although there be nothing absurd in such a vote, in order to their accusing by any impeachment; yet it seems to us absolutely contrary to justice, which ought to be unprejudiced, to vote any one guilty against whom they design to proceed in their legislative capacity, or in nature of Judges. before the party has an opportunity to be heard, or the Bill which is to ascertain the accusation is so much as brought in.

4. We are of opinion, that no Law ought to be passed on purpose to enact, that any one be guilty in law, and punished as such, but where such an extraordinary proceeding is evidently necessary for the preservation of the State: whereas the crime offered to be proved against the Bishop of Rochester is, as we conceive, his partaking in a traitorous conspiracy against the Government; which conspiracy, by God's blessing, is detected, and, as we hope, disappointed, without the aid of such a dangerous proceeding as we conceive this to be.

5. Because there are certain known and established rules of evidence, which are part of the law of the land, either introduced by Acts of Parliament, or framed by reason and the experience of ages, adjusted as well for the defence of the life, liberty, and property of the innocent subject, as the punishment of the guilty; and therefore these rules are, or ought to be, constantly adhered to in all Courts of Justice; and, as we conceive, should be also observed, till altered by law, in both Houses of Parliament, whenever they try, judge, and punish the subject, though in their legislative capacity. But since, in many instances, in this and the two other proceedings by Bill, we have been taught, by the opinion of the House, that these rules of evidence need not be observed by the Houses acting in their legislative capacity, we clearly take it to be a very strong objection to this manner of proceeding, that rules of law, made for the security of the subject, are of no use to him in it; and that the conclusion from hence is very strong, that therefore it ought not to be taken up but where clearly necessary as before affirmed; and we do desire to explain

explain ourselves so far upon the cases of necessity excepted, as to say we do not intend to include a necessity arising purely from an impossibility of convicting any other way.

6. If it be admitted, that traitorous correspondences in cypher and cant-words may, to a degree, be discouraged by this sort of proceeding; in which persons, as we think, are convicted on a more uncertain evidence than the known rules of law admit of; yet we are of opinion, that convenience will be much more than outweighed by the jealousy it must of necessity, as we conceive, create in the minds of many of his Majesty's most faithful subjects, that their lives, liberties, and properties are not safe, after such repeated examples, as they were before; and, by the natural consequence of this apprehension, an abatement of their zeal for the Government may ensue, excepting such persons as have had more than ordinary opportunities of being well instructed in the principles of the utmost duty and loyalty.

7. We cannot be for the passing this Bill, because the evidence produced to make good the recital of it, or that the Lord Bishop of Rochester is guilty of the matter he therein stands accused of, is, in our opinions, greatly defective and insufficient, both in law and reason, to prove that charge; the evidence consisting altogether, to the best of our observation, in conjectures arising from circumstances in the intercepted letters, or in a comparison of hand-writings resting on memory only; and there being, as we think, no proof of the Bishop's knowing of, or being privy to, any of the said correspondence. And as to the principal part of the charge against the Bishop, and on which, as we think, all the rest does depend, viz. the dictating of the letters of the 20th of April 1722, which the House of Lords seem to have determined that Kelly wrote; we are of opinion, that the Bishop has, in his defence, very clearly and fully proved, that he did not, nor possibly could, dictate those letters, or the substance of any part thereof, to Kelly, either on the days of the date, or at any time during several days before or next after the day of their date, nor was in any capacity to write them himself, though the letters must have been wrote within that compass of time. And we are, upon the whole, of opinion, that the proof and probability of the Lord Bishop of Rochester's innocence, in the matters he stood charged with, were much stronger than those of his guilt.

STRAFFORD,

SCARSDALE,

DENBIGH,

NORTH-

NORTHAMPTON,
 BRUCE,
 SALISBURY,
 POULET,
 MONTJY,
 FR. CESTRIEN',
 DARTMOUTH,
 CARDIGAN,
 LITCHFIELD,
 CRAVEN,
 ANGLESEY,
 AYLESFORD,
 ASHBURNHAM,
 HAY,
 FOLEY,
 BATHURST,
 OSBORN,
 TREVOR,

GOWER,
 UXBRIDGE,
 COMPTON,
 WESTON,
 ARUNDEL,
 MASHAM,
 GUILFORD,
 BERKELEY DE STR.
 POMFRET,
 MIDDLETON,
 WILLOUGHBY DE BR.
 COWPER,
 BROOK,
 HEREFORD,
 BINGLEY,
 STAWELL,
 OXFORD,
 EXETER.

I dissent, for the 6th and 7th reasons of the foregoing protestation; and for the following reasons:

1. Because this extraordinary method of proceeding, by Bills of this nature, against persons who do not withdraw from justice, but are willing to undergo a legal trial, ought, in my opinion, to be supported by clear and convincing evidence; and I apprehend there has been nothing offered to support the allegations set forth in the preamble of the "Bill to inflict Pains and Penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester," but what depends on decyphered letters, forced constructions, and improbable innuendos.

2. I conceive, that the examination of Philip Neynoe, taken before the Lords of the Council, not sworn to, nor signed, which appears to me to be the foundation on which the charge against the Bishop of Rochester is built, has been, in my apprehension, sufficiently proved by the positive oaths of three persons, two of which have been for several months in separate custodies, confirmed by other circumstances, to have been a false and malicious contrivance of the said Neynoe, to save himself from the hands of justice, and to work the destruction of the Bishop of Rochester.

3 I do not apprehend, that the letters of the 20th of April, which are suggested to be wrote by George Kelly, alias Johnson, and dictated by the Bishop, have been sufficiently proved to be the hand-writing of the said Kelly; but on the

contrary it appears, to the best of my judgement, that the letter of the 20th of August, stopped at the Post-office, and from which the Clerks of the Post-office, on their memory only, swore they believed the said letters of the 20th of April to be the same hand-writing, (though they never compared two original letters together during all that time), has been proved by three credible witnesses, concurring in every circumstance of their testimony, and well acquainted with the hand-writing of the said Kelly, not to be his hand-writing; and I conceive that the difference they have observed in the hand of the said Kelly, upon which they ground their opinions, is sufficiently supported by comparing the said letter of the 20th of August with the letters wrote by the said Kelly to the Lord Townshend and Mr. De la Faye, during the time of his confinement.

4. I do not apprehend that any proof has been offered to support what has been so much insisted on, and justly esteemed essential to the charge, that the Bishop of Rochester dictated the letters of the 20th of April; but it has appeared, I conceive, that there has been no intimacy between the Bishop and the said Kelly; and the testimony of the Bishop's servants concurring with the evidence given on that head, by the persons that Kelly lived in the strictest correspondence with, leaves, to the best of my judgement, no room to doubt but that the acquaintance between them was slender and public; and to suggest from thence, that the Bishop dictated the letters of the 20th of April, when it appeared, that for many days before he could not possibly see the said Kelly, is, in my opinion, repugnant to reason, and contrary to justice.

WHARTON.

[See the Act which passed for inflicting pains and penalties on the Bishop in vol. II. p. 258.]

been disappointed by the goodness of Almighty God, would have deprived your Majesty's kingdoms of the enjoyment of their religion, laws, and liberties, involved them in blood and ruin, and subjected your people to the bondage and oppression of Romish superstition and arbitrary power; for which execrable treason Christopher Layer hath been indicted, tried, convicted, and attainted: And whereas Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, notwithstanding the many solemn assurances by him given of his faith and allegiance to your Majesty, by taking the oaths by law appointed to be taken instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; which oaths he had likewise taken at sundry times, during the respective reigns of their late Majesties King William and Queen Mary, and of her late Majesty Queen Anne; and notwithstanding he had frequently abjured the Pretender; hath, in direct violation of his said repeated oaths and obligations, and to the great scandal of Religion and his Holy Function, been deeply concerned in forming, directing, and carrying on, the said wicked and detestable conspiracy, and hath been a principal actor therein, by traitorously consulting and corresponding with divers persons to raise an insurrection and rebellion against your Majesty, within this kingdom, and to procure a foreign force, to invade the same, in order to depose your Majesty, and place the Pretender on your throne; and by traitorously corresponding with the said Pretender, and persons employed by him, knowing them to be so employed: Therefore, to manifest our just abhorrence of so wicked and abominable a conspiracy, and our zeal and tender regard for the preservation of your Majesty's Person and Government, and of the Protestant succession in your Majesty's Royal Family, the solid foundations of our present happiness and future hopes; and to the end that no conspirators may, by any subtil contrivance or practice whatsoever, escape punishment, and that all others may, by the justice of Parliament, be for ever hereafter deterred from engaging in any traitorous conspiracies or attempts: We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, do humbly beseech your Majesty, that it may be enacted; and be it enacted, &c. that the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, from and after the first day of June, in the year of our Lord 1723, shall be, and is hereby, deprived of all and singular his offices, dignities, promotions, and benefices ecclesiastical whatsoever; and that the same, and every of them, shall from thenceforth be actually void, as if he were
naturally

naturally dead; and that the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester shall from thenceforth for ever be disabled, and rendered incapable, of and from taking, holding, or enjoying any office, dignity, promotion, benefice, or employment, within this realm, or any other his Majesty's dominions, and also of and from using or exercising any office, function, authority, or power, ecclesiastical or spiritual whatsoever, and shall and do suffer perpetual exile, and be for ever banished this realm, and all other his Majesty's dominions, and shall depart out of the same on or before the five and twentieth day of June, in the year 1723. And that, if the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester shall return into, or be found within this realm, or any other his Majesty's dominions, at any time after the said five and twentieth day of June, 1723, he the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall suffer and forfeit as in cases of felony, without benefit of Clergy, and shall be utterly incapable of any pardon from his Majesty, his heirs or successors.

And be it further enacted, that all persons who shall, from and after the said five and twentieth day of June, 1723, be aiding or assisting to the return of the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester into this realm, or any other his Majesty's dominions, or shall harbour or conceal him within the same, or any of them, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall suffer and forfeit as in cases of felony, without benefit of Clergy.

And be it further enacted, that if any of the subjects of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, except such persons as shall be licensed for that purpose by his Majesty, his heirs or successors; under his or their sign manual, shall, from and after the said 25th of June, 1723, within this realm, or without, hold, entertain, or keep any intelligence or correspondence in person, or by letters, messages, or otherwise, with the said Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, or with any person or persons employed by him, knowing such person or persons to be so employed, such person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall suffer and forfeit as in cases of felony, without benefit of Clergy.

And be it further enacted, that if any offence against this Act shall be committed out of this realm, the same shall or may be alledged, laid, enquired of, and tried, in any county within Great Britain.

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The following Speech of the Duke of Wharton is of too much celebrity (see vol. IV. p. 444—447) to need any apology for being thus introduced at full length.

“Some words which have fallen from the Reverend Prelate* who spoke last have made it in some measure necessary for me to trouble your Lordships with the reasons that induced me to differ with him in opinion, and to give my negative to the Bill now depending before us. If I do not misunderstand his Lordship, he was pleased to say, “That persons without doors would be apt to cast different reflections on the particular behaviour of every Lord this day; that those who were for the passing of this Bill would be accused of malice and partiality; and those who were of contrary sentiments would be branded with disaffection to the present happy Establishment.” For my part, I am far from thinking that considerations of this nature will have the least weight with any of your Lordships; and am very certain that every one who gives his vote on this important occasion has attended with the greatest care to the evidence that has been given at your Bar, which is the foundation of this day’s debate. The proofs that have been brought to support the charge, and the Bishop’s Defence, are to be thoroughly considered; and, when your Lordships proceed according to the rules of justice, you will not fear nor value any consequences which may attend the discharging of your duty. So far I will venture to affirm, that the best way to shew our zeal to his Majesty and the present Government is, to act, in all cases, both in our judicial and legislative capacities, with that honour and impartiality as ought to flourish in this Great Council of the Nation: I could have wished the Noble Lords, who have given their reasons for the passing this extraordinary Law would have entered into the particular circumstances of this case, and considered it singly on its own merits; but, instead of speaking on that head, I cannot but take notice that they have wandered from that (which ought to have been their only consideration) into learned discourses on Bills of this nature in general.

I shall not trouble this House with any arguments against Attainders. Many Lords, of greater weight and abilities than myself, have already spoke fully to this point in the preceding debates. I shall only so far agree with the Reverend Prelate, who spoke before me, that it is proper that such a power of punishing by Bill should be vested in the Legislature, to be exercised on extraordinary emergencies: but then I must add, if ever that power is abused; if ever it is employed to destroy

* Dr. Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, see p. 374.

innocent persons; it is evident, that the lives, liberties, and fortunes of every subject in Britain, are in the utmost danger, and liable to be sacrificed to the fury of a party. It has been admitted, that every Bill of Pains and Penalties is to stand upon its own bottom; and that the passing of one Act of this nature is not to be brought as a precedent for the supporting of another, unless there be convincing evidence to enforce each case. And therefore the proper consideration now before us, is, whether the evidence offered against the unfortunate Prelate is sufficient to induce your Lordships to believe him guilty of the heavy crimes of which he stands accused? My Lords, I shall take the liberty of considering the whole proofs that have been brought on this occasion, both by way of charge, defence, reply, and rejoinder; and though I own myself very unequal to this task, yet, since no other Lord who could do it much better has undertaken it, I think it my duty, as a Peer and as an Englishman, to lay it before your Lordships in the best manner I am able. The method I shall observe, for the more clear stating of the case, shall be to lay every particular branch of evidence before you, and to distinguish the several parts of the accusation, and consider them separately, to avoid confusion, and to be the more exact in what I have to offer. I must desire your Lordships will pardon me, if I repeat several arguments that have been used by the Counsel at the Bar; and if I even mention some things which fell from me in the debate on Mr. Kelly's Bill, whose case is very much interwoven with the present; so that it is almost impossible to avoid it.

Before I go any farther, I cannot but say, that, were these crimes plainly proved against the Bishop of Rochester, his sacred function and station in the Church would be aggravations of his guilt: but, as this is certain on the one hand, so, on the other, your Lordships will require very clear demonstration, before you can think it possible for a Bishop of the Protestant Church (who has signalized himself in defence of the Reformation, and the only one of that Bench where he had lately the honour of sitting that ever wrote in favour of Martin Luther,) to engage into a conspiracy for introducing Popery and arbitrary power amongst us. The Counsel for the Bill opened the charge with acquainting the House, that it was only to be supported by producing of decyphered letters, full of fictitious names and cant words; they were so very fair as to confess they had not one living witness that could charge the Bishop with any thing, nor even so much

as a letter under his own hand; therefore, on the first view, this manner of condemning on such kind of evidence ought to require our utmost caution, lest we should establish a method which our enemies may hereafter take to destroy the greatest and most innocent subject in the kingdom.

Mr. Wearg cited two cases, which he would have us receive as precedents to justify the admitting of circumstantial evidence. The one was, the case of Ashon, who was condemned on circumstances only: but, my Lords, this was before the Treason Act was passed, which requires two positive witnesses; and nothing could induce the Legislature to pass that Law, but a thorough conviction of the danger that might attend the admitting of any proofs which were not positive or certain. The second case he cited was that of Harrison, for the murder of Dr Clinch; and the learned gentleman tells you, that it was the pulling out of a handkerchief that led to the discovery of that murder. It is very certain, circumstances may lead to the discovery of evidence; but must be well supported before they can be converted into convincing proofs. The first piece of evidence that was offered at the Bar, was the extracts of Letters from abroad, which this House seems in some measure to have declared to be immaterial, when they did not so much as desire to see copies of the whole letters, nor the originals, and even admitted one to be read which was anonymous: but it will not be improper to observe, that, through this whole correspondence, the Bishop of Rochester is not named. And therefore I cannot see why they took up our time with reading papers quite foreign from this case; especially since every body allows there has been a conspiracy, which is the only fact to be gathered from this correspondence. The next point which was attempted to be proved was, that Captain Halstead went to fetch the late Duke of Ormond, and was at the Deanery with the Bishop before he embarked. There are also two letters found in the Bishop's close-stool from this gentleman to his Lordship, which were read, and are only appointments for visits, but mention nothing of this design: and I think there was a coachman that proved Halstead was an hour with him some days before he left London. This was opened as a matter of great importance; but your Lordships must remember, that the supposed design of Halstead's bringing the late Duke of Ormond into England is only proved by hearsay. One of the crew belonging to the ship in which he went has deposed, that it was the common report at Bilboa, that Halstead

came there on that errand. How far common fame is to prevail, I submit: but, if this hear-say were true, is every person who was an hour with this gentleman before his departure supposed to be privy to this project? And what a strained construction is it to insinuate, the Bishop of Rochester knew of his intention, because he received a visit from Halstead, who was a tenant under his Bishoprick? And this is the more extraordinary, since it has not been so much as pretended that any correspondence has passed between the Reverend Prelate and the late Duke. They then produced letters directed to one Dumvill, which were decyphered. And Mr. Wills was examined to prove, that they were rightly and justly explained. It very well deserves your Lordships' consideration, how far this kind of evidence is to be admitted: it has appeared, by the oath of Mr. Wills himself, that it is an art which depends upon conjecture; for this gentleman has confessed, that every man is liable to a mistake in this as well as in other sciences; he tells you, that he and his brother decypherer varied in one or two instances; he allows that the chasms which they were forced to leave in those letters might alter the sense of them; and, therefore, I cannot but think that an accusation grounded on such proofs is uncertain and precarious. The person who is the decypherer is not to be confuted; and what he says must be taken for granted, because the key cannot be produced with safety to the publick; and consequently (if his conjectures be admitted to be evidence) our lives and fortunes must depend on the skill and honesty of decyphers, who may with safety impose on the Legislature when there are not means of contradicting them for want of seeing their key. My Lords, in the case of Coleman, the key was printed, as has been well observed by the Counsel at the Bar; and I am very much surprized, that gentlemen of such abilities and integrity as the Members of the Secret Committee in another place (who were so exact as to print the French originals to the translated letters, that the world might see how just and candid the prosecutors of the plot were) did not, for the satisfaction of the publick, permit us to see the key in print, on the truth of which depends such a chain of consequences. I own myself entirely ignorant of this art: but, as I should be very far from condemning a man on my own conjecture, I should much less do it on the conjectures of others. The greatest certainty human reason knows is a mathematical demonstration; and, were I brought to your Lordships' Bar to be
tried

ried upon a proposition of Sir Isaac Newton's, which he upon oath should swear to be true, I would appeal to your Lordships, whether I should not be unjustly condemned, unless he produced his demonstration, that I might have the liberty of enquiring into the truth of it from men of equal skill? I cannot think any man will allow evidence of this nature to be good; but if, in this case relating to the decyphered letters to Dumville, your Lordships should admit it, there is nothing mentioned in them that can affect the Bishop, neither is he at all named in them; but they are only brought to prove the conspiracy in general.

The examinations of Mr. Neynoe are the next points that are laid before your Lordships; and I must do the gentlemen at the Bar the justice of saying, that they forebore mentioning any thing of them when they opened the charge. They were so sensible that such proofs could not have the least weight to affect the Bishop, that though in the case of Mr. Kelly they were produced against him as very material to support that Bill, yet they did not think proper to name them against the Bishop; which, I am thoroughly persuaded, is owing to what appeared at your Bar by the examination of Mr. Bingley, and the universal opinion which every person seemed to have of the villainy of Mr. Neynoe's transactions. These examinations were never signed by the person, neither was he ever examined to them upon oath; so that, were they of consequence, and he a person of credit, they could not be admitted to affect any person whatsoever, in any Court of Justice or Equity. I do not mean that they could not be read according to the strict rules of Westminster Hall, which is admitted on all sides they could not; but I dare affirm, that no credit can be given to them on any account whatsoever. The person was closely confined, and consequently in the hands of the Government; so that he was at that time under the greatest apprehensions, which might in some measure prevent him from speaking truth with that sincerity and candour of which every person ought to be master when he is examined on matters of such nice nature. Though these papers were entirely given up by the Counsel for the Bill, yet the extract of them was read, and they are the visible foundation of this charge; and, if they are insignificant, the whole accusation falls to the ground: for the whole proof of the Bishop's dictating to Mr. Kelly depends on Mr. Neynoe's bare affirmation. The whole of what Neynoe says, or is supposed to say, is, that Mr. Kelly told him he wrote the Bishop's

letters for him. Mr. Kelly denies it; and Mr. Neynoe was so conscious that he had been guilty of many crimes, that he endeavoured to withdraw from justice; and the Providence of God, it is said, intercepted him. My Lords, if you will consider the improbabilities of this evidence, although it were upon oath, and signed by him, it cannot be supported. He tells you, that he was entrusted to draw up memorials to the Regent; yet none of those have been produced; and yet it is apparent the copies of them might with ease have been obtained, if he had been as thoroughly pressed to deliver them as he was to declare he wrote them. These memorials, he said, were wrote by the order of Mr. Henry Watson, whom he takes to be the late Earl Marthal. And I am certain your Lordships do not think that fact material, when you came to a resolution, that the Bishop of Rochester should not be at liberty to ask, if enquiry was made of the said Neynoe, or if he gave any satisfaction to the Lords of Council, touching that important fact of Watson's, whom he took to be Earl Marthal, lying with him several nights. It was very well observed by a learned gentleman at the Bar, that nobody can believe the late Earl Marthal would have reposed so great a confidence in a person who was entirely a stranger to him, and of such little note; and the Jacobite party must be in a low condition, when they make use of such a creature to write papers of that importance. There is so much improbability in this and other points, and so much contradiction in several parts of his examinations, that they appear to me, and must to all reasonable men, as the dictates of fear, and not agreeable to truth. He mentions, that the Reverend Prelate had some favours offered him by the Court; but that cannot be true, and must be added to the rest of these absurdities.

But what, in my opinion, clears up all these matters, and makes it impossible for me to give the least credit to this or any other part of the charge, are the several testimonies of Bingley, Skeen, and Stewart. I must observe, that the two first persons, Bingley and Skeen, are actually now in separate custodies, and consequently could have no communication one with another. The third is at liberty; but his testimony is so thoroughly supported by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Kynaston, that no doubt can arise as to the veracity of it. These gentlemen, who are in the hands of the Government, are under hopes and fears; and therefore, it is certain, when they speak a language which perhaps, may be disagreeable to those of whom they at present chiefly depend, it must be the spirit of
truth

truth that prevails. Mr. Bingley was before us in the case of Kelly, and was also examined at the Bar of the House of Commons, though not upon oath; and, though he has been more severely treated, as he told your Lordships, and more strictly confined since his first examination, yet he has persisted in his story; and, though he was so long at your Bar, and so many questions put to him, yet he never varied in any one circumstance, but appeared consistent through the whole course of his behaviour. I shall not detain your Lordships with recapitulating his whole evidence; but your Lordships will remember, he told you Neynoe abounded in money; which, Neynoe said (after he was apprehended at Deal), an honourable person (and on this occasion, I hope, I may name him), Mr. Walpole, gave him: and, more particularly, he mentions 50*l.* which Neynoe said he received the night before he went to France. Bingley told your Lordships, "That Neynoe had assured him, he used to meet this honourable person in the Stable-yard at Chelsea;" and the errand on which he was going to France, was, to discover some secrets relating to cyphers, which he would have engaged Bingley to have done for him; and particularly to get them, if possible, out of Mr. Kelly; "which," he said, "could he obtain, would be of great advantage to him." That Neynoe had declared to him, "he would be even with Mr. Kelly before he was aware of it," or words to that effect; and that Mr. Kelly always seemed averse to any acquaintance with Mr. Neynoe, of whom he entertained a mean opinion. That Neynoe's father refused him money, which makes it highly probable that his poverty was the occasion of his villainy; and that, when he was taken at Deal, he had declared to him, "Mr. Walpole expected to find the plot about him; and, since Mr. Walpole could not, he must make one for him." Neynoe told Bingley, "That this honourable person had vowed destruction to the Bishop of Rochester, by saying, he would pull down the pride of this naughty Prelate," which is sufficient to convince your Lordships how little regard ought to be had to the hearsay evidence of so false a wretch.

Mr. Bingley says, that part of this account he had given to the Lords of the Council: and I could have wished that this examination (as well as some others to the same purpose) had been laid before the Parliament.

Mr. Skeen, who is also in custody, has deposed, that he lay in the same house with Neynoe, and had some conversations with him. That Neynoe had told him, "What he had said

of the Bishop of Rochester was entirely false; and that Mr. Walpole had offered him a considerable annuity to turn evidence; and had given him instructions, before he was called into the Lords, what questions would be asked him, and what answers he should make; and threatened him with Newgate if he would not comply."

Skeen says farther, "That Neynoe swore," (and I hope the Reverend Bench will, in such a case, permit me to repeat the words), "by God, there were two plots; one of Mr. Walpole's, against the Protestant Lords; and one of his, to bite Mr. Walpole of money;" and this seems to be the only time that ever Mr. Neynoe averred any thing upon oath. To convince the world what a creature this Neynoe was, he tells Skeen further, "That once, at Lord Townshend's office, he had a great inclination to have stabbed the Chancellor of the Exchequer." He tells you, that Neynoe had wrote a paper to declare, "That all he had said of Lord Orrery was false."

The next witness was Mr. Stewart, who was unfortunately in custody when Neynoe was brought to town from Deal. Stewart says, that he slept the second night with Neynoe. That Neynoe had told him "what he had said of the Bishop was false; and that Mr. Walpole had offered him a great sum of money if he would swear to what he said, and turn evidence, which he declared he could not do. That Mr. Walpole had taken him into another room before he was examined, and told him what questions he would probably be asked, and what answers he should give." He says, that Neynoe told him also, "That he had like to have killed Mr. Walpole, and so put an end to the plot: and that Mr. Walpole had given him a paper of directions, which he was to answer, in order to be a witness against the Protestant Lords." As a confirmation of his testimony, Stewart says, he told this to Mr. Gordon before Mr. Neynoe was drowned, and to Mr. Kynaston before the meeting of Parliament.

Mr. Gordon confirms this part of his evidence; and assures your Lordships, that he had heard it from Stewart before the death of Neynoe. And Mr. Kynaston, a gentleman of an undoubted character, lately a Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury, has assured your Lordships, that he was acquainted with Stewart's account of Neynoe before the meeting of the Parliament; and adds this circumstance, that, when in the Appendix he saw those six questions printed, he shewed them to Stewart, who seemed rejoiced, and said, "You see, Sir, what I told you is true." Such concurring testimonies, from
persons

persons kept so separate, and who are speaking against their own private interest, must have the greatest weight, and must at least prevent any rational and impartial person from giving the least credit to the bare hearsay of this Philip Neynoe.

If any doubt could remain as to the validity of this testimony, it is sufficiently confirmed by the persons brought to disprove it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself does not pretend to deny that Neynoe told these things; but only adds other circumstances to convince you of Neynoe's villany; and assures you, that, at the time he was receiving favours from him, he was thoroughly convinced he intended to cheat him, which was the occasion of his being apprehended. He owned the transactions between them before Neynoe went to France, and particularly the money mentioned by Bingley; which are proofs that Neynoe must have disclosed these secrets, since they could not come from Mr. Walpole, and he and Neynoe only were privy to it. Mr. Walpole has shewn your Lordships the foul draught of the questions mentioned by Stewart; and when he denies that part of Neynoe's declaration relating to the instructions given him before the examinations, he owns he was twice alone with him; once the first night of his being brought to town: and the second time, when he gave him the paper of directions, which might be foundation enough for Neynoe to frame so notorious a falsehood.

The witnesses brought by the Counsel for the Bill, to the character of Mr. Bingley, seemed rather to confirm it than otherwise; and all agree, they never heard any thing against his morality. They indeed have said, he bore the character of a Jacobite; and suffered for having dispersed a libel: but Mr. Baron Gilbert, who was his judge when that punishment was inflicted on him, has told your Lordships, that his private life was not vilified at his trial, and that neither perjury or forgery was ever laid to his door. Though the punishment he suffered was the pillory; yet it is the crime, and not the punishment, that makes the ignominy; and for this I can appeal to the learned Judges. In order to destroy the evidence of Mr. Skeen, they produced one Pancier, who tells you, that Skeen had revealed many secrets to him relating to the plot; and particularly of a military chest, which was collected to carry on these supposed designs, and support the Jacobites. But I presume every body who heard the two persons at the Bar could not but remark the steadiness with which Mr. Skeen denied these asseverations, and the confusion
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with which the other affirmed them. Mr. Pancier seemed to drop something which entirely destroys any credit that could be given to him, by saying, "that he had owned to Mr. Skeen that he was a friend to this Administration;" and yet has sworn, that, after such a declaration, Skeen had still persisted in his story, and revealed some part of this intelligence to him. How far this is probable, your Lordships are the best judges. Mr. Pancier goes further, and tells you, that part of this conversation happened in St. James's Park, in the presence of one Dufour. This Dufour was in the hands of the Government; and I cannot conceive why we have never seen him or his depositions, when it would have been so easy to have brought this corroborating witness to Mr. Pancier's testimony. I cannot but think that the not producing this man's evidence is a strong circumstance to convince your Lordships he did not agree in the same story with Mr. Pancier. They also produced Skeen's attainder for the Preston Rebellion: but there have been many Acts of Grace since, so that he is capable of being an evidence; and there has nothing appeared to traduce his character as a man of morals.

In order to shew your Lordships that Neynoe could not possibly make these confessions to Mr. Skeen and Mr. Stewart, the Counsel for the Bill maintain, that they will prove Neynoe and the prisoners were not together after the first night. This would be very material; but I think it appears, by the proofs brought to support this assertion, that they frequently have conversed one with another. The first witness they called was Mr. Crawford the Messenger, in whose house the prisoners were in custody; and, I cannot but say, it seems very odd they should bring a man to swear he had done his duty. He has told your Lordships, that Townshend had given him orders that Neynoe should be close confined; and if, after that, it should appear that he had neglected such directions, there is no question but that he instantly, and deservedly, would have been removed out of his employment. This Messenger, in this situation, tells you, that, after the first night, they never conversed, to the best of his knowledge; that Mr. Skeen called Neynoe a rogue of an informer, and spoke in very hard terms of him; which I, indeed, think it appears the fellow well deserved. Crawford says, that Mr. Neynoe had some paper, two sheets of which he found missing. He likewise swears, that Mr. Stewart lay upon the stairs; and owns he had at that time two servant-maids.

Mrs.

Mrs. Crawford, his mother, swears, that the prisoners were never together : that she kept the keys of the rooms herself, but used to send up the maid, Hannah Wright, with the dinner. Your Lordships will observe, that both this woman and her son swear to the best of their knowledge only, and are far from positive witnesses. Hannah Wright, when she was first called, spoke in the same language with them, though she afterwards recollected herself better. When the Bishop came to rejoin, Francis Wood, Thomas Wood, and Mr. Ruffel, severally say, that this Hannah Wright had declared to them, that she used to let the prisoners converse together whenever she had an opportunity, which was when Mr. Crawford and his mother were out of the way ; and that she used to stand upon the stairs, and give notice when any person came, that they might retire into their separate rooms. And the other maid, whose name is Christian, has deposed, that Hannah gave the key of Neynoe's room to Stewart, and several times desired Stewart to go up to him, and that they were together an hour or more. And when Hannah was called a second time, she owned she was turned away for suspicion of having helped Neynoe in his escape ; that she has left Skeen's door open, who lay near Neynoe ; and that there was a large hole in Neynoe's door, through which they might converse. She said, that Neynoe gave her a paper, which she was to convey for him ; but that it was taken out of her bosom, and burnt by one of the prisoners. When Mr. Stewart said that he sat upon Neynoe's bed the second night, and lay in the garret where there was a partition, but a communication between them ; Hannah said, she could not be positive to that, but believes it true. Mr. Crawford, when he was called to that point, according to his usual custom, denies it to the best of his knowledge. Your Lordships will now judge, whether the greatest credit is to be given to the belief of a Messenger and his mother, who are swearing that they did their duty ; or, to the positive oaths of Skeen, Stewart, Gordon, Kynaston, Francis Wood, Thomas Wood, Ruffel, and Christian, confirmed by the confession of Hannah Wright, when she came to be cross-examined and confronted. This concludes what has appeared at the Bar relating to Mr. Neynoe and his transactions ; and I am pretty certain every impartial body must agree with me, that, so far from giving the least credit to what he says, there have appeared such circumstances in the transactions which are now come to light, that must make the greatest caution necessary, before we believe any

any other part of the charge. Your Lordships will take notice, that Mr. Crawford confesses Mr. Neynoe had the use of paper, and found two sheets missing; and Hannah Wright owns she had a paper from him, which was burnt by one of the prisoners. This, my Lords, undoubtedly was the paper relating to Lord Orrery, mentioned by Skeen in his evidence.

I am now coming to the great and only foundation remaining to support this Bill. If Neynoe's hearsay is not to be believed, which is the proof that was offered to shew that Mr. Kelly was the Bishop's Secretary, and used to write for him; and particularly that the Bishop directed three letters, which were wrote in Kelly's hand, and transmitted to France under cover to Monsieur Gordon le Fils; every body must agree, that, unless the dictating of these letters be clearly proved, the Bishop ought to be acquitted; and when, hereafter, this great affair comes to be canvassed by posterity, it will stand or fall, as this fact shall be strongly made appear. They first read Plunket's cypher; and Mr. Vanradick attests it to be his hand-writing. When this piece of evidence was offered, people were at a loss to know what they intended to make of it, and little thought that they should be drove to make use of Jackson, standing for the Pretender in that cypher, to shew that the letter directed to Jackson (one of the three before-mentioned affirmed to be dictated by the Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Kelly) was to the Pretender. I shall take notice of this extraordinary proceeding when I come to consider those letters. I shall only say now, that, were Mr. Plunket's correspondedce to be regarded, the plot is of a very deep nature; for he has had the impudence to insinuate the most ridiculous aspersions against the greatest men amongst us. Three of his letters were read out of cypher, in two of which Mr. Johnson is named; that is, Mr. Kelly: but neither Mr. Kelly, or the Bishop of Rochester, are allowed places in his cypher, and consequently were not in an association with him. Johnson is only spoke of by Plunket, when he is mentioning domestic news, and in no other manner than might be in every news-letter that went by the General Post. In order to shew that the three letters sent under cover to Mr. Gordon le Fils were Mr. Kelly's hand-writing, which they very justly thought was necessary to be made appear before they proved that the Bishop was concerned in them, they produced a letter of the 20th of August, which a Clerk of the Post-office swears was stopped at the General Post-office. To convince
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us this letter is Mr. Kelly's writing, Hutchins the Messenger says, to the best of his knowledge, it is Mr. Kelly's hand; and at the same time owns he never saw him write till after his commitment, and then he stood by him while he wrote two letters, one to Lord Townshend, the other to Mr. Delafaye. Those letters were produced at the Bar, and therefore every Lord in the House is as good a judge of the similitude as the Messenger, who has lately been restored into favour, on what account I cannot tell. If Mr. Kelly, during his confinement, counterfeited and disguised his hand, then the Messenger's evidence cannot be of any weight; and if he wrote as usual, then every person is equally capable of framing an opinion of it who sees the three letters. The next witness is Malone, who swears he has seen him direct letters, but cannot tell how long since he saw him write, nor how often. The persons who contradict this evidence are so positive, so clear, and so concurring in their testimony, that no doubt can rise upon it. Mr. Bingley, when he was shewn this letter, swears it is not like his hand-writing. Mr. Brown, a peruke-maker, well acquainted with his writing, when he was shewn the letter of the 20th of August, and the date of it hid by the Counsel for the Bill (so that he could not know what paper it was before him) swears it is not his hand-writing. When the letter to Delafaye was produced, he declared that was his hand-writing. When another paper was shewn (I think it was the marriage-articles), he said, that was more like his hand-writing than that of the 20th of August, but he did not believe it was wrote by him: and when they questioned him upon the letter to Lord Townshend, he swore it was Mr. Kelly's hand-writing. Mr. Pickering, who had occasion to know Mr. Kelly's hand, having lent him some money, and received several notes and letters from him during that transaction, does agree with Mr. Brown in every particular and most minute circumstance; which is a clear and evident proof that this letter of the 20th of August was not wrote by Mr. Kelly. The difference which they tell your Lordships they observe between the cut of the letters in that of the 20th of August and the others, is, that one is longer and straiter, the other wider and shorter; which is obvious to any body that will look on both, and is a confirmation of their veracity. The prosecutors of the plot might have proved this better, and not have been driven to the testimony of a Messenger to support this great foundation of their charge. It is notorious what search they have made for evidence

dence of all kinds; and, as Mr Kelly was educated in a College, they might easily have found credible witnesses to that point, if those letters had been wrote by him. In the case of similitude of hands, when it has been the most clearly and positively proved, as on the trial of Colonel Sidney, it has been esteemed to be cruel that a man should be convicted on such kind of evidence; and the attander of that unfortunate gentleman was reversed for that reason. In Sidney's trial, his bankers swore, they used to pay bills drawn by him in the hand-writing they were shewn; and no persons could contradict them; and yet the sentence against him was a great blemish to that reign. The great Lord Chief Justice Holt, in the case of Crosby, refused to admit it; and the Lord Chief Baron Bury, on Francia's trial, followed that example. At present, there is no evidence that it is Mr. Kelly's hand; and there is positive proof that it is not. Therefore, we who live under so equitable, just, and happy a Government, can never convict a man, in these days of liberty, on such insufficient conjectures.

They next produced the three letters, which, they would insinuate, were wrote by Kelly, and dictated by the Bishop, and which were sworn by the Clerks of the Post office to have been stopped going to France. The Bishop desired to examine them relating to these letters being detained, and would have fain have known who took them out of the Mail; this he thought was proper for him to demand, since he seemed to insinuate that he questioned their ever having been in the Post-office. But your Lordships would not suffer any enquiry to be made on this head; and voted it "inconsistent with the public safety, and unnecessary for the defence of the prisoner, to permit any farther questions to be asked" in relation to this important affair. These honest gentlemen, the Clerks of the Post-office have deposed farther, that the papers produced are true copies of the originals detained by them; though at the same time they contels they never examined them after they had copied them. They positively swore farther, that the originals were of the same hand with the letter of the 20th of August; though they affirm this barely upon memory, never having marked any letter in order to know it again; and one of them declared upon oath, that he did not believe there could be such an imitation of Kelly's hand as could deceive him, though the whole House agrees that hands may be counterfeited so as to deceive the men that wrote them. They own they never compared two original letters

letters between the 24th of August and 20th of April, though they might have stopped a letter one post, without prejudice to the Government, in order to be more certain in their evidence. Thus, should this Bill pass, this great man must fall by the dependance this House must have on the memory of these Clerks. Mr. Lewis, who has long served in the Secretary's Office, tells us, that frequently letters and seals used to be counterfeited, and in a more particular manner by one Bocket, who excelled so much in this art, that he has cheated many persons, and has so far deceived them, that they have not known his copy from their own originals.

When these letters, thus attested, came to be read, they are in cypher, so that it must again depend on the honesty of a decypherer before they can possibly be made treasonable. Mr. Wills declares they were truly decyphered according to the best of his judgement and skill; and that the number 1378, which is subscribed to the third letter directed to Jackson, stands for the letter R. But, when some Lords asked him a question, which, perhaps, had he answered, might have proved him under a mistake, he refuses to give an answer either in the affirmative or negative, for fear of revealing his art. Your Lordships thought proper to prevent any farther cross-examination of this gentleman, by a resolution. Mr. Wills says, he shewed these letters decyphered to my Lord Townshend before he communicated them to Mr. Corbiere, who is a Clerk in the Secretary's Office; and then he says, that Mr. Corbiere and he agreed. Before these letters can yet prejudice the Bishop, the cant names in them must be explained according to the key which the prosecutors of the plot have made; and, in order to it, we must believe that Jackson stands for the Pretender, because Mr. Plunket gave him that title in his cypher. Can there be a greater absurdity than to imagine a person of the Bishop of Rochester's capacity should borrow a name of that consequence from so insignificant a wretch as Plunket, who it does not appear ever saw him? Indeed, the Counsel for the Bill did not read these letters against the Bishop, since they had no proof of his dictating of them, and they were only read on account of the general conspiracy. I must observe, it was a great artifice of these learned gentlemen, whenever there was a piece of evidence to which the Bishop objected they constantly pretended they produced it to the plot in general; for they knew it could not be admitted against the Reverend Prelate; but yet, when they came to sum up, they applied them to this particular case, which

which is not agreeable to that candour that is necessary on such occasions. If your Lordships should be of opinion that Kelly wrote them; that they were stopped at the Post-office; that they were duly copied; that they were truly decyphered, and the cant names explained; yet still this cannot affect the Bishop, unless it be fixed upon him that he dictated them. Two of them were signed Jones and Illington; and, to induce your Lordships to believe the Bishop was guilty, as they affirmed, they endeavour to prove those names must denote him. And, in order to it, they read some letters, affirmed in the same manner by the Clerks of the Post-office, to be his hand-writing; but first they read a cypher taken upon Mr. Dennis Kelly, and sworn by the Messenger Hutchins to be wrote by George Kelly. I can observe nothing upon this cypher, but that the Bishop of Rochester is not mentioned in it, which seems very extraordinary, and is not a proof of the Reverend Prelate's being engaged in a conspiracy. The letters they read of Mr. Kelly are of no moment, and are only calculated to fix the name of Jones and Illington upon the Bishop. They give an account of his Lady's death, the Bishop's own illness, his going to and from Bromley; and in some of them the dog Harlequin is mentioned. It seems repugnant to reason, that, in a treasonable correspondence of this importance, a gentleman should venture his life to give an account of the state of one person's private affair, and entertain his friends abroad with no other business in such a tract of time. In the letters directed to Mr. Andrews at the Dog and Duck, which are proved to have been received by Mr. Kelly, Jones and Illington are not named; and those in which we find them were such as passed through the Post-office, and were attested like those under cover to Gordon le Fils. It is not likely, that, in a transaction of so secret a nature, Mr. Kelly should take such pains to give such a description as might give the least room for a suspicion that the Bishop was concerned; much less to have mentioned so many particulars, as it may be suggested he has done, if there could be any possibility of wresting the meaning of Jones and Illington, and interpreting of them to mean the Bishop. William Wood, the Bishop's coachman, is brought to prove the particular times of the Bishop's being in or out of town, in order to shew, that they agree with the times mentioned of Jones and Illington in the intercepted correspondence; and he refreshes his memory by a book of memorandums, which might have been destroyed, if it had been apprehended by the Bishop's friends,
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that such evidence could affect him. What they next attempted was, to shew that the dog brought over by Mr. Kelly from France, and which Mrs. Barnes swears that he once told her was for the Bishop of Rochester, was a strong circumstance to fix the name of Illington on the Bishop. Mrs. Barnes, who is under the custody of a Messenger, is the only witness to this point, and what she says is only hearsay from Kelly. She owns that Kelly never told her so but once, and that was when she thought to have kept it for herself: and, indeed, it might be barely an excuse to prevent his parting with it, for he had promised to bring her such a present before he went to France. She owns, that, to her knowledge, the Bishop never saw the dog, nor sent any message about it, which seems to be very extraordinary, that if this present was of such great consequence, he should not have had curiosity enough at least to see it. An affidavit was read from Birmingham, a surgeon in Paris, which says, that he gave this dog to Mr. Kelly for Mrs. Barnes. It is proper to observe another great improbability, which is, in a letter written a few days after the death of the Bishop's lady, it is said Mrs. Illington was in great tribulation for the loss of poor Harlequin; and can it be supposed, that, at a time when the Bishop was in affliction for the death of his wife, he should indecently discover so much grief for such a trifle? I think this is sufficient to convince any person whatsoever, that this correspondence is of a very extraordinary nature. Mrs. Barnes has told your Lordships, that Mr. Kelly came from France the 11th of April.

I am now come to the only piece of evidence that seems particularly leveled at the Bishop; which is, the proof that has been given of the dictating those letters; and, unless this be clearly and plainly made appear, I cannot conceive that any thing can be laid to this Prelate's charge. Unless it is evident that the Bishop did dictate as alledged, I cannot think any of your Lordships can vote him guilty according to the rules of justice; for no man is safe either in his life, liberty, or fortune, if he may be deprived of either on account of a correspondence in which it does not appear he was concerned. Though your Lordships should so far credit the precarious evidence at your Bar as to believe that Jones and Illington stood for the Bishop of Rochester; yet, unless it is plain that it was with his privity, it is certainly impossible this Bill should pass; and, if it should, it will hereafter be in the power of any two men, one at home, and one abroad, to ruin the

most innocent person, by entering without his knowledge into a correspondence of this nature. If the being named in treasonable letters be a crime, though it does not appear it was with the privity of such persons, I will submit to your Lordships how far men of the greatest zeal to the present Establishment are to be affected by Mr. Plunket's insinuations. No man ought to suffer for the suggestions of another person, unless it appears he has given great foundation for them. And in this case, would it not be most extraordinary and most unjust to punish this Reverend Prelate for a crime which there is no proof he ever committed? I mean, the dictating of these letters. And if, on the other hand, the unfortunate circumstances of his affairs has furnished him with means of shewing, beyond contradiction, that he could not be concerned in the letters of the 20th of April; that, for a considerable time before, he could not see Mr. Kelly; and that there never was an intimacy between them; then, my Lords, I hope, every man who gives his vote for the rejecting this Bill has the strongest evidence of his side to support his opinion, and need not be afraid or ashamed to own it here, or any where else.

This part of the evidence being of great consequence, I must beg your Lordships' attention whilst I recapitulate the heads of it as clearly and distinctly as possibly I can. The first witness they called was Flower, a chairman, who swears that he carried Kelly twice or thrice to the Deanry; but that the Bishop was never at home, and consequently did not see him. His partner swore he had carried him with Flower one of those times. The next person produced was a porter, one Vanlear, who deposed, that he went about Christmas was twelvemonth twice with messages from Kelly to the Bishop; the last of which times he carried some beaver stockings; that the Bishop sent for him up stairs, gave him service to Mr. Johnson, and thanked him for his present. Mrs. Kilburn, at whose house Mr. Kelly lodged, says, that once a servant came from the Bishop, to know how Mr. Johnson did, and was sorry he could not have his company at dinner. William Wood, the Bishop's coachman, says he once stopped in Bury-street, but does not know for what; and that the Bishop sent a servant somewhere, who presently returned. And Lloyd, who keeps the Star and Garter in Palace yard, has told us, that Neynoe once came to his house, and told him he staid for an ingenious gentleman who was gone to the Bishop of Rochester's house. This is all the proof they offered

ferred of this intimacy, from which they would infer that the Bishop dictated these letters, and is consequently guilty of the crimes laid to his charge.

If your Lordships consider what was produced on the other side, I am sure, you must agree there is no foundation for this assertion. Mrs. Kilburn denies, to the best of her knowledge, that the Bishop ever came to her house, or that his coach ever stopped there, or ever was sent for Kelly: That Kelly did not go out of town from the time he came from France till he was taken up the 19th of May, and never lay out of her house one night. This was confirmed by her maid Anne Ellis. Mrs. Barnes says, she never heard of any message from the Bishop to Kelly, nor ever had any conversation with him about the Bishop. William Wood, the coachman, who lived with the Bishop four years, has declared that the Bishop of Rochester never sent him with his coach to Bury-street to fetch any person from thence; that there was no stranger at Bromley for a fortnight before his Lady died, which was the 26th of April; that nobody could come in a coach, or on horseback, but he must know it; that he never saw such a person as Mr. Kelly, till he was shewed him at the Tower; and that the Bishop went ill of the gout to Bromley the 12th of April, and did not return to London till the 7th of May. Malone, Mrs. Barnes's servant, says, that she never saw the Bishop, or any of his servants, with Mr. Kelly. Thomas Grant, who has been the Bishop's servant nine years, has declared, that the Bishop went to Bromley the 12th of April very ill of the gout, and that no stranger could come to him from the time he went to Bromley till after his wife's death; that one or other of the servants always sat up with him; and that no person could visit him but they must know it; for they were either in the same room or the next room to him; and that no stranger, except Dr. Aldridge and the Apothecary, came near him. Grant says, that he was forced to go to town, to attend at the Westminster Election of Scholars of the 21st of April; but left Beauchamp there, who came down for that purpose on the 18th. Beauchamp and Steen, who were the two servants that attended with Grant, swear the same thing. Susannah Harvey, Sarah Jones, Thomas Farnden, Elizabeth Higginson, and all the servants, agree, that they never heard of any person by the name of Kelly or Johnson. And I doubt not but that every Lord must allow that it is not possible to have a more clear, a more strong, or legal proof to a negative than this is. I must observe, that most of

these servants have been in strict custody, and severely used, particularly Farnden; and yet your Lordships see how unanimous they are in their evidence; and their testimony is so positive, that I cannot conceive any person can suggest there was the least intimacy between this Reverend Prelate and Mr. Kelly; and much less that he could be with him to write the letters that are dated the 19th of April. Mr. Reeves did, indeed, so far agree, as to be of opinion, that they might have been wrote the 11th of April, which was the day Kelly came from France. But, my Lords, Mrs. Barnes has deposed he went to bed the minute he came home, and lay there for a considerable time; besides, it is improbable that letters wrote the 11th should not be sent till the 19th. But, if any farther argument was necessary to confute this absurd supposition, the Earl of Sunderland's death is mentioned in the Letter to Chivers, and that Noble Lord died the 19th, at which time it has been proved Mr. Kelly was not with the Bishop.

The Bishop of St. Asaph did at first peremptorily contradict one part of Mr. Grant's evidence, by saying, he had received a letter from the Bishop of Rochester at the time which Grant has sworn he was so ill of the gout that he could not write. His Lordship positively affirmed, that he received this letter on Saturday the 21st of April in the morning, and saw Grant in London between twelve and two: but when it was proved that Grant did not leave Bromley till the evening of that day, and that another person officiated for him as butler in the Deanry by reason of his absence, then the Bishop seemed to think himself under a mistake, and allowed it might have been some time before. His Lordship owned he never received a letter from the Bishop of Rochester before nor since, and therefore was a stranger to his hand. I could have wished this Reverend Prelate had recollected himself more fully, before he had given his testimony in a matter of this great importance to one of his brethren.

There was another witness examined, which was Crofton the shoemaker, to prove that Talbot (who was said to have received the three letters directed to Gordon le Fils) was at that time in London when he was supposed to have been in Bologn. Crofton swears he saw him in town the 29th of April, and proved it by his book. There was another person called, whose name was Donner, that deposed Gordon owned to him the receiving of this packet; but an affidavit was produced from Gordon in which he denies it. Donner's evidence

is only hearsay, the other is positive. The Counsel for the Bill produced some papers, which were taken in the Bishop's custody when he was apprehended, and endeavour to draw very ill-natured and forced constructions from them. The first was a letter from the Dutchess of Ormond, in which she acquaints him, "that she had something to send him, which she could not trust to a better hand;" or words to that effect. And this they would pretend to insinuate were some treasonable papers. I appeal to all mankind, whether it is not very extraordinary to suppose, that the Bishop should be presumed to convey a traitorous correspondence through that channel. Every body knows the friendship which was between the Reverend Prelate and that family; and it is not surprising that this unfortunate Lady should think him a proper person to consult and entrust with her own affairs. Therefore I cannot think that these general expressions can at all affect him. The next they read, is a paper found, or pretended to be found, at the Deanry, subscribed to Dubois, but without date. In this the person who writes it says, he received a letter by Mr. Johnson, to which he returned an answer in *his hand*. The Secret Committee at first apprehended that this was received by the Bishop, and thus it passed till, upon seizing a letter wrote in the Tower by his Lordship, they found a similitude in the seals, which immediately enlightened them, and then it was presently said to have been wrote by the Bishop. They then wanted to fix this to be the Bishop's own hand-writing, and they could find no other way of doing it but pretending there was a similitude between the E's in this letter, and those which the Bishop generally used. I believe it is the first time that ever such an argument was brought to prove that the whole letter has been wrote by a person; much less was it ever pretended to be offered to a Court of Justice against any prisoner whatsoever: but I believe there is no man acquainted with the Bishop's hand but sees it is not wrote by him. They would also affirm, that, when in this letter the Bishop is supposed to say that he returned an answer in Mr. Johnson's hand, it must be understood to be his hand-writing; which, I must confess, does not at all appear to be a necessary conclusion; for he might deliver his answer into Mr. Johnson's hand, which is more natural to suppose than the other. Your Lordships must judge, how improbable it is that the Bishop should keep such a letter by him, which he wrote himself; or that, when such care is taken, as the prosecutors of the plot themselves say, for preventing any person's

discovering the intimacy between Mr. Kelly and him, such a secret should be trusted in writing, and even without a cypher. The two seals which gave this turn are Cicero's heads, which are very common, and are to be found everywhere. They are one broke, the other whole, which must make it very difficult to judge of them; and it is allowed that, at best, it is but precarious evidence. If Mr. Neynoe speaks truth when he said, "the Bishop had notice of the storm that threatened him;" I am certain that this paper, if it could have been apprehended of consequence, would have been destroyed; but I believe it was impossible for him, or anybody else, to think it should meet with such an explanation.

The next letter they produced, which they seemed to think material, was that which was seized on his servant going to Mr. Morice. In this he says, that the evidence of Plunket and those people could not affect him; but, as he does not mention Mr. Kelly, they would have it presumed, that this is a proof that Kelly could have said something of him; but I think this must appear to be a very ill-natured assertion. Your Lordships will consider he was then writing to his son-in-law, and therefore no great accuracy was necessary. In another place, he says, that, if they impeached him, he should remain in prison for some time; and this they would decypher to be an implication of his guilt. But, in my poor opinion, it is the reverse. He seems to say, that, if the Commons should be induced to send up an impeachment against him, he was so satisfied of his own innocence, and your Lordships' justice, that he thought the confinement till his trial would be the only misfortune that could attend him. The example of the Earl of Oxford was recent in his memory, and might justly create in him a fear of undergoing a long imprisonment. It is objected, that he, in this letter, makes no protestations of his innocence: but, if you will consider he writes to Mr. Morice, I believe every body will agree that such declarations were not necessary. Mr. Layer's attainder was read; but it does not appear that the Bishop had any correspondence with him; therefore I cannot conceive why we were troubled with it.

I have now gone through the whole evidence that is brought to justify this extraordinary proceeding, and must observe the steps that have been taken to procure all the possible means to work the destruction of this great man. You have seen his very servants confined, who, it does not appear, were guilty of the least glimpse of treason. Lawson, a baker, of Bromley, who

who appeared at your Bar, has been employed to examine the persons in the Bishop's neighbourhood, in order to find the least particular that could amount to the shadow of a proof; and went so far as to offer Wood, the coachman, the wages that were due to him if he would have gone the lengths that were required. Mr. Bingley told us, in the case of Kelly (and, as it has not been disproved, it is to be taken for granted), that a warrant was shewn by the Messenger, signed by a Secretary of State, to carry him to Newgate, which he was told was unavoidable, unless he would own the letter of the 20th of August to be Mr. Kelly's hand-writing; but it appeared the next day to be nothing but in order to terrify him. Mr. Kelly himself has told your Lordships, that Mr. Delafaye offered him his own terms if he would have turned evidence: and this was done to destroy the Bishop of Rochester; or, to speak in the language mentioned at your Bar, "to pull down the pride of this haughty Prelate." Your Lordships may remember, that Mr. Wearg objects to the Bishop's servants, because two of them had employments, as appears by his Lordship's own letter; but, when they were examined, they acquainted the House, that it was upon reading of the Report that they recollected the Bishop's circumstances before the death of his wife. And if every man who has a place under the Bishop is not to be esteemed a free agent when he is upon oath, I hope it will be allowed on the other hand that those who have employments under the Government ought not to be admitted; then all the witnesses that have been brought to support the Bill, from the decypherer to the Messenger, will be discredited, and the whole prosecution must fall to the ground.

My Lords, it has been a hardship as has attended the Bishop, that he has been forced to prove a negative; and the difficulty has been the stronger upon him, that your Lordships have not permitted Mr. Kelly to be examined, as was moved by a learned Lord in my eye; and if the gentleman had sworn what he so solemnly affirmed at your Bar relating to this affair, I cannot conceive we could have had the least debate. The Noble Lords who appear the most zealous in this prosecution were those who opposed the examination of Mr. Kelly, which, in my poor opinion, is a strong argument that, if he had been brought before us, he would have persisted in his declarations of the Bishop's innocence. The Reverend Prelate has desired of any Lord in the Administration, and even the honourable person who appeared at your Bar, to declare, whether any

one single person had charged him (on their own knowledge) of being guilty of any treasonable practice: And it has appeared to the contrary. Therefore this whole charge is founded upon the slight circumstances and improbable inuendoes beforementioned. Another objection which was raised is, that Mr. Kelly made resistance when he was seized, till he had burnt some of his papers; but I do not see any reason to lay this to the charge of the Bishop. Kelly is to answer for his own actions, and is unfortunately like to suffer for them; a person of his age might have many letters in his custody, which he did not care should be seen, and yet of a different nature from a traitorous correspondence.

After this evidence is considered, I cannot think your Lordships will establish such a precedent, which hereafter may be employed to ruin the greatest amongst you; and if ever hereafter pains and penalties are unjustly inflicted on any person, posterity will derive the original of such Bills from the proceedings of this Parliament; and what opinion will be framed of us should this be passed into a Law, I submit to every impartial person. It must be left to your Lordships' consideration, which will be of most fatal consequence to the publick, the leaving this precedent (of condemning on such kind of evidence) like a sword which your enemies may take up when they please, or the banishing the Bishop of Rochester, in the evening of his days, who alone could do, in his single person, no prejudice to the Constitution. If he were inclined to overturn it, as his enemies suggest, he is in a better situation abroad than at home to execute that design, and direct the counsels of the disaffected. The ruin of one man will not heal the wound that the passing of this Bill seems to make in the Government of this Kingdom. It has been said in the debate, that the Bishop ought to have made protestations of his zeal for his Majesty and his family; but I think he took the most ready way of performing his duty, when he shewed himself innocent of the crimes laid to his charge. If he had made use of any expressions which those Lords blame him for omitting, the same good-nature would have called it hypocrisy; and those who are displeased with his silence, would have accused him of insincerity.

My Lords, this Bill seems as irregular in the punishments it inflicts as it is in its foundation, and carries with it an unnatural degree of hardship. It is felony for his children to correspond with him: and in this circumstance it is different from the only Bill that carries with it the least resemblance of this:

this: I mean, that for the banishment of the Earl of Clarendon. The Earl had flown from the prosecution, and retired beyond sea. The charges against him were principally, "for advising a Standing Army;" and another article exhibited was, "That he had advised and procured divers of his Majesty's subjects to be imprisoned against law, in remote islands, garrisons, and other places, thereby to prevent them of the benefit of the Law, and to produce precedents for the imprisoning any other of his Majesty's subjects in like manner." The 7th article against him was, "That he had, in a short time, gained to himself a greater estate than can be imagined to be gained lawfully in so short a time; and, contrary to his oath, he had procured several grants under the Great Seal from his Majesty, for himself and his relations, of several of his Majesty's lands, hereditaments, and leases, to the disprofit of his Majesty." There need not have been any witnesses of these crimes, for they were apparent; and every body knew that he was Prime Minister; yet Sir Francis Goodier, upon that debate in the House of Commons, declared the sentiments which I expressed at the beginning, "That he was not against proceeding, but unsatisfied to do it without witness, it being like swearing in *verba magistri*." Another great man, upon the same question, and an ancestor to a Noble Lord near me, said, "That, if the Parliament set aside Law in this case, he should be happy to see a Law declaring the power of Parliaments." The punishment for corresponding with the Earl was high treason, and then two positive witnesses were necessary to convict; but, in this case, one corrupt, terrified, and perjured person may take away the life of the most innocent man. There is another great misfortune which this Bill brings upon the Bishop, which is, that he is incapable of receiving his Majesty's pardon. This is an entrenchment upon the prerogative: and what must make it the more severe in this case is, that his Majesty's inclinations to mercy (which are the distinguishing characters of his life) are stopped by this Law, which the unfortunate Prelate might have hopes of receiving, when he had merited it, by a dutiful behaviour to the Country that had sent him to wander abroad in exile, and by his future conduct have confirmed, if possible, the evidence he has given of his innocence.

In the case of the Earl of Danby, your Lordships have declared, that his banishment should be no precedent, nor draw into example for the time to come, and have so entered
it

it in your Journals. It has been proved, that this Reverend Prelate was, at the time that he was suspected to be acting in treason, engaged in studies of the most high nature, which is a circumstance that ought to have some weight. If this Bill pass into a law, such evidence is established, and such a method of proceeding introduced, as must effectually render all that is dear to us precarious; and, if ever hereafter we should see a wicked Administration supported by a corrupt majority in Parliament, this step, taken in these times of liberty, will be a sufficient precedent to give a colour of justice to the actions of those who should be wanton in tyranny.

The Reverend Prelate who spoke before me mentions some cases relating to Bills of Attainder, which, in my poor opinion, differ very much from our present question. The attainder of Sir John Fenwick was only to supply the want of a witness, who had deposed against him upon oath before the Grand Jury, and who was spirited away by the prisoner's friends: but, at present, your Lordships are to supply the defect of evidence, by condemning on improbable conjecture. There was a Noble Lord in this House the other day, I do not see him now, who made the greatest figure in opposition to that Bill: I wish we could have his assistance on this occasion. My Lords, since that Reverend Prelate has quoted some cases, he will permit me to remind him what has been formerly said upon Acts of Attainder; that such Bills, like Sisyphus's stone, have frequently rolled back upon those that were the chief promoters of them. This prudential argument should restrain us from being too forward with them at this time of day. The Act for the Attainder of the Earl of March passed, because he had been instrumental in procuring the attainder of another Lord, under pretence of a letter, which the record says was no evidence. The Lord Cromwell is another known instance of this observation: he was the first who advised this violent proceeding in Henry the VIIIth's time; and it is remarkable, that the advice he gave to the ruin of others proved not long after fatal to himself.

I have now given your Lordships the reasons why I am against the Bill. I fear I have tired your patience, and shall therefore conclude with the words of the great man I before mentioned; I mean Sir Heneage Finch, in the case of the Earl of Clarendon. "We have an accusation upon hearsay; and, if it is not made good, the blackest scandal Hell can invent lies at our doors,"

N^o III. p. 110.

The Speech just printed is so good a specimen of the abilities of the Duke of Wharton, that some particulars of the Life of that eccentric Nobleman cannot be unacceptable.

Philip, only son of Thomas Marquis of Wharton by Lucy his second Lady, (daughter to Adam Lisler, baron Lisburne in Ireland), was born in December 1698, and educated under the immediate inspection of his father, who anxiously endeavoured to qualify him for the high station his birth gave him reason to expect. The first source of his unhappiness was a precipitate marriage with the daughter of Major General Holmes, an amiable Lady, but so infinitely his inferior in rank and fortune that their union is supposed to have hastened his father's death, which happened April 12, 1715; and the young Marquis, being so early free from paternal restraints, plunged himself into those numberless excesses, which became at last fatal to him: and he proved, as Pope expresses it,

“ A tyrant to the wife his heart approv'd,

“ A rebel to the very King he lov'd.”

Early in 1716 he indulged his desire of travelling, and finishing his education abroad; and, as he was designed to be brought up in the strictest Whig principles, Geneva was judged a proper place for his residence. He took the route of Holland, and visited several Courts of Germany, that of Hanover in particular. Being arrived at Geneva, he conceived so great a disgust to the austere and dogmatical precepts of his Governor, that he soon decamped, and set out for Lyons, where he arrived in October 1716. His Lordship somewhere or other had picked up a bear's cub, of which he was very fond, and carried it about with him. But, when he was determined to abandon his tutor, he left the cub behind him, with the following address to him: “ Being no longer able to bear with your ill usage, I think proper to be gone from you; however, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion in the world that could be picked out for you.” When at Lyons, he took a very strange step little expected from him. He wrote a letter to the Chevalier de St. George, then residing at Avignon, to whom he presented a very fine stone horse. Upon receiving this present, the Chevalier sent a man of quality to the Marquis, who carried him privately to his Court; where he was received with the greatest marks of esteem, and had the title of Duke of Northumberland conferred upon him. He remained

remained there, however, but one day; and then returned post to Lyons whence he set out for Paris. He likewise made a visit to the Queen Dowager of England, consort to James II. then residing at St. Germain, to whom he paid his court, pursuing the same rash measures as at Avignon. During his stay at Paris, his winning address and astonishing parts gained him the esteem and admiration of all the British subjects of both parties who happened to be there. The Earl of Stair, then the English Ambassador at Paris, notwithstanding all the reports to the Marquis's disadvantage, thought proper to shew some respect to the representative of so great a family; and never failed to lay hold of every opportunity to give some admonitions, which were not always agreeable to the vivacity of the young Lord's temper, and sometimes provoked him to great indiscretions. Once in particular the Ambassador, extolling the merit and noble behaviour of the Marquis's father, added, that he hoped he would follow so illustrious an example of fidelity to his Prince, and love to his country: upon which the Marquis immediately answered, that "he thanked his Excellency for his good advice; and, as his Excellency had also a worthy and deserving father, he hoped he would likewise copy so bright an original, and tread in his steps." This was a severe sarcasm; as the Ambassador's father had betrayed his master in a manner that was shameful. Before he left France, an English gentleman expostulating with him, for swerving so much from the principles of his father and whole family, his Lordship answered, that "he had pawned his principles to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum; and, till he could repay him, he must be a Jacobite: but, when that was done, he would again return to the Whigs." He came back to England in December 1716; and in the January following was taken with the small-pox in Buckinghamshire, and his life for some time despaired of. His mother died on a visit to him on that occasion. Soon after his recovery he set out for Ireland, where, on account of his extraordinary qualities, he was admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the House of Peers; where having distinguished himself as a violent partizan for the Ministry, he was taken notice of by King George I. who created him a Duke, Jan. 20, 1717. When he came of age, he was introduced into the House of Lords in England with the greatest blaze of reputation; but soon changed sides again, and heartily opposed the Court. His speech against the Ministry, Feb. 4, 1720-21, had a fatal effect; Earl Stanhope answering it with so much warmth

warmth that he burst a blood-vessel, and died. He was (as is evident from the foregoing pages), one of the most forward in defence of Bishop Atterbury in 1723; and professedly commenced author, by publishing his thought twice a week in a paper called "The True Briton;" several thousands of which were regularly dispersed. His boundless profusion had by this time so burthened his estate, that a Decree of Chancery took hold of it, and vested it in the hands of trustees for the payment of his debts; but not without making a provision of 1200*l.* a year for his subsistence. This not being sufficient to support his title with suitable dignity at home, he resolved to go abroad till his estate should be clear. But in this he only meant, as it should seem, to deceive by an appearance; for he went to Vienna, to execute a private commission not in favour of the English ministry; nor did he ever shine to greater advantage as to his personal character than at the Imperial Court. From Vienna he made a tour to Spain, where his arrival alarmed the English Minister so much, that two expresses were sent from Madrid to London, upon an apprehension that his Grace was received there in the character of an Ambassador; upon which the Duke received a summons under the privy-seal to return home. His behaviour on this occasion was a sufficient indication that he never designed to return to England whilst affairs remained in the same state. This he had often declared, from his going abroad the second time; which, no doubt, was the occasion of his treating that solemn order with so much indignity, and endeavouring to inflame the Spanish Court, not only against the person who delivered the summons, but also against the Court of Great Britain itself, for exercising an act of power, as he was pleased to call it, within the jurisdiction of his Catholic Majesty. After this he acted openly in the service of the Pretender, and appeared at his Court, where he was received with the greatest marks of favour. Whilst thus employed abroad, his Dutchess, who had been neglected by him, died in England, April 14, 1726, without issue. Soon after this, he fell violently in love with Madame Oberne, then one of the maids of honour to the Queen of Spain. She was daughter of an Irish Colonel in that service, who, being dead, her mother lived upon a pension the King allowed her; so that this Lady's fortune consisted chiefly in her personal accomplishments. Many arguments were used, by their friends on both sides, to dissuade them from the marriage. The Queen of Spain, when the Duke asked her consent, represented to him, in the most lively

lively terms, that the consequence of the match would be misery to them both, and absolutely refused her consent. Having now no hopes of obtaining her, he fell into a deep melancholy, which brought on a lingering fever, of which he languished till he was almost ready to drop into the ground. This circumstance reached her Majesty's ear: she was moved with his distress, and sent him word "to endeavour the recovery of his health; and as soon as he was able to appear abroad, she would speak in a more favourable manner than at their last interview." The Duke, upon receiving this news, imagined it the best way to take advantage of the kind disposition her Majesty was then in; and, summoning to his assistance his little remaining strength, threw himself at her Majesty's feet, and begged of her either to give him M. Oberne, or order him not to live. The queen consented, but told him he would soon repent it. The author of "The Political State," in July 1726, in his news from Spain, says, "As a sequel of his late wild, indiscreet conduct, and undutiful behaviour to King George, the Duke of Wharton openly professed himself a Roman Catholick, by making his public abjuration of the Protestant Religion, and by going through all the other ceremonies practised upon such occasions. There were, at first, various conjectures about his Grace's making a step so very repugnant to the principles wherein he had been educated; but we were soon after informed, that having spent some days in the convent of St. Bernard, doing penance for his sins, he was, on the 23d of July, N. S. married to one of the ladies of the Queen of Spain's bed-chamber; so that, it is very probable that, having renounced his allegiance to his natural and lawful Sovereign, in the despair of his forlorn condition, he likewise abandoned the profession of the Religion he had sucked in with his milk, in order to marry a lady, by whose means he hoped to gain a support in a foreign country. The same advices state, that he had laid down the title of Duke of Wharton, for that of Duke of Northumberland." And the London Gazette, Sept. 4, 1726, adds, "The most remarkable news we heard, this month, from Madrid, was, that the Duke of Wharton was still there; and had shewn about a letter from the Pretender, commanding him to set out for Rome, in order to be near his person: and that the said Duke had declared, that he would begin his journey thither in a few days, together with his Dutcheß." He passed some time at Rome, under the title of Duke of Northumberland, and accepted a blue ribband from the Pretender, whose confidence

fidence he enjoyed as long as he kept himself within the bounds of Italian gravity; but, having no employment to amuse his active temper, he soon ran into his usual excesses; which giving offence, it was thought proper for him to remove from that city for the present, lest he should at last fall into actual disgrace.

Accordingly, he quitted Rome, and went by sea to Barcelona; and then resolved upon a new scene of life, which few expected he would ever have engaged in. He wrote a letter to the King of Spain, acquainting him, that he would assist at the siege of Gibraltar as a volunteer. The King thanked him for the honour, and accepted his service; and, on Feb. 10, he left Valencia, in order to go to the Spanish camp before that place*. But he soon grew weary of this service, and wished to return again to the court of the Chevalier de St. George. In consequence of this resolution, he wrote a letter to the Chevalier, full of respect and submission, expressing a desire of visiting his court; but received for answer, that he thought it more adviseable for his Grace to draw near England. The Duke seemed resolved to follow this advice, set out for France in company with his Dutcheſs, and, attended by two or three servants, arrived at Paris May, 1728; and in August we learn the following particulars of him from Bishop Atterbury †: “Wharton has played strange pranks in this neighbourhood—went to the Embassador ‡, in hopes of getting leave to come home, and declared his repentance to him—and to me and many others his being no Catholick; he said, ‘we might as well think he was a Turk.’ When he found his application not received, and the prosecution of him commenced in England, he made another sudden turn, and is now as true a Catholick and Jacobite as ever he was. These are things in which I can say nothing for him, and which I am in no degree able to cover; for he is incapable of being advised or served by any body. I keep my distance from him.” The Duke hired a house at Paris for the winter; but making only a short stay there, proceeded in October to Rouen, in his way, as some imagined, for England; but he stopped, and took up his residence there, without reflecting the least on the business that brought him to France; and was so far from making any concession to the Government in order to make his peace, that he did not give himself the least trouble about his personal estate, or any other concern in England. He had about 600*l.* in his pos-

* British Journal, Feb. 25, 1726-7.

† See vol. II. p. 381.

‡ Horatio Walpole.

session when he arrived at Rouen, where more of his servants joined him from Spain. About this time a bill of indictment was preferred against him in England for high treason. The Chevalier supplied him with 2000*l.* for his support; which was soon very profusely squandered away. As a long journey did not very well suit with his Grace's finances, he went for Orleans; thence fell down the river Loyre, to Nantz in Brittany; and there he stopt some time, till he got a remittance from Paris, which was dispersed almost as soon as received. At Nantz some of his ragged servants rejoined him, and he took shipping with them for Bilboa, as if he had been carrying recruits to the Spanish regiments. From Bilboa he wrote a humorous letter to a friend at Paris, giving a whimsical account of his voyage, and his manner of passing his time. The Queen of Spain took the Dutchess to attend her person. By a letter from Barcelona, dated April 30, 1730, it appears that the Duke had been confined to Montzuich Port, whence he was just then released; and that the Magistrates of Barcelona would not permit him to enter their city, but had sent a chaise to carry him to his regiment.

In January, 1731, the Duke declined so fast, being in his quarters at Lerida, that he had not the use of his limbs, so as to move without assistance; but, as he was free from pain, did not lose all his gaiety. He continued in this ill state of health for some months, when he gained a little strength, and found benefit from a certain mineral water, in the mountains of Catalonia; but was too much spent to recover. In a letter dated March 25, 1731, Bishop Atterbury says, "I shall answer the letter about the poor Duke of Wharton's affairs very soon. There is no room to do any thing for him." He relapsed the May following at Terragona, whither he removed with his regiment: and, going to the above-mentioned waters, fell into one of those fainting fits to which he had been for some time subject, in a small village; and was utterly destitute of all the necessaries of life, till some charitable fathers of a Bernardine convent offered him what assistance their house afforded. The Duke accepted their kind proposal; upon which they removed him to their convent, and administered all the relief in their power. Under this hospitable roof, after languishing a week, the Duke of Wharton died, without one friend or acquaintance to close his eyes. His funeral was performed in the same manner which the fathers observed to those of their own fraternity. His character, which was admirably drawn by Mr. Pope, in one of his Moral Essays (Epistle i.
ver.

ver. 180.) is thus elegantly enlarged on by an ingenious writer, who had every opportunity of being well informed : " Like Buckingham and Rochester he comforted all the grave and dull, by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one. If Julius Cæsar had only *risted* with Catiline, he had never been Emperor of the World. Indeed, the Duke of Wharton was not made for conquest : he was not equally formed for a Round-house and Pharsalia. In one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroism ; it was in a song he made on being seized by the guard in St. James's Park, for singing the Jacobite air,

" *The King shall have [enjoy] his own again,*"

" The Duke he drew out half his sword,
— The guard drew out the rest."

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures, are too well known to be recapitulated. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospect of King George's Garter for the Pretender's ; and, with indifference to all Religion, the frolic Lord, who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the hand of a Capuchin. It is difficult to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his Muses. A thousand sallies of his imagination have been lost ; he no more wrote for fame, than he acted." So says the late Lord Orford, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. II. p. 130.

One specimen of the Duke's poetry, " On the Banishment of Cicero, when Bishop Atterbury was banished," has been already given in this volume, p. 313 ; an elegant compliment to the Bishop's grand-daughter in p. 339 ; and another of his Poems may be seen in the " *Select Collections of Poems, 1782,*" vol. V. p. 24, under the title of " Menalcas and Enofia, a Pastoral Dialogue by the Duke of Wharton, occasioned by an Amour he had, when a Youth, with a married Lady." " The Duke of Wharton's Lie to Mr. Lloyd" is preserved in Harl. MSS 7318. And the following burlesque petition is so closely connected with the Duke's personal history as to demand a place in these memoirs.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF PHILIP DUKE OF WHARTON.

TO A GREAT MAN.

*Per solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, et Cyrrhæi spicula vatis;
Nec calamos venatricis pharetramque puellæ,
Necque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem;
Adit et Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervæ
Quicquid habent telorum armamen'aria cœli.*

JUVENAL.

If you persist his innocence to doubt,
Or boggle in belief, he'll fling rap out
Oaths by the volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheists start, and trembling bullies quake;
And more than would a whole ship's crew maintain
To the East Indies, hence and back again. OLDHAM.

SIR,

MAY it please you but to hear
WHARTON, a poor petitioner;
With pity on a vagrant look,
Waxchandler, Citizen*, and Duke.
Humbly permission I intreat
To kiss, if not your hands, your feet,
And, rather than the favour miss
I sue for—any where would kiss.
Was Hampden late in honour held
Because his grandfather rebell'd?
For which a fair reward he found,
That came to many a thousand pound.
Wharton in treason scorn'd to yield
To Hampden in his Chalgrave field;
His offspring then, the world must own,
Deserves like favour from the Crown.
Nor will I yield myself to them
For trampling on the diadem.
Witness when thorough York astride
In triumph on an Ox I ride,
With Commoner behind, and sing,
“ See Lords and Commons ride their King !”
What Prince can unrewarded see
Such flagrant matchless Loyalty ?

* The Duke had been made a Citizen of London, and a Freeman of the Waxchandlers Company.

Or can such worth as this miscarry,
Possess'd by Right Hereditary?

But Fame strange tidings has convey'd
Of things beyond-sea done and said;
I own, I strove, in every Nation,
Not to offend against the fashion.
A zealous Protestant at home;
At Rome I did like men at Rome;
Yet then twelve articles no more
Believ'd than now the twenty-four.
What though I formerly confess'd
Three days together to a Priest;
If half my sins I could rehearse,
'Twould take at least as many years.

No more in fact converted I,
Than pigs were by St. Anthony;
But me no Popish priest shall trans-
substantiate to a Christian;
Which all the miracles would beat
That e'er were told in legend yet.
I only meant to act the spy,
And cheat Infallibility.

So when before I rang'd abroad
(Always promoting public good),
I begg'd alms as a poor Peer,
And nick'd the credulous Chevalier;
What better service could I render,
Than out-pretending the Pretender?

Let not my famous Star and Garter *
Provoke you to deny me quarter;
I mean to sell it ere 'tis long,
Like my Duke's patent, for a song:
That from the first was my desire,
As soon as I should meet a buyer.
Meantime, though counted mad or drunk,
It serves my turn *pro hic et nunc*;
And well my present purpose fits,
Since no beholder in his wits,
Who sees me rove in this condition,
Suspects me for a Politician.

As for Gibraltar, Sir, I took
The whole transaction for a joke:
Whenever I pretend to fight,
All the world knows 'tis but a bite:

* The Pretender's gift.

I fir'd a gun, but without ball,
 A flash and bounce, and that was all;
 Or, grant it charg'd, no harm I thought,
 For mine were always random shot;
 Nor can my greatest foes declare,
 I ever aim'd at aught but air;
 I hope no hurt did thence arise,
 For, when I shoot, I shut my eyes.

Yet something I may plead, to gain
 Your smiles and favour while in Spain.
 None could persuade me to come near
 James the late Duke of Ormond there;
 Though prest, I could not think it right,
 To visit such a Jacobite.

'Tis true, I told a priest with gravity,
 "I loath'd heretical depravity;"
 But my true reason, by the mass,
 Was zeal for the Illustrious Race:
 Yes, by our Lady, Sir, I swear
 Stark love to the House of Hanover.

My truth my correspondence shows,
 As well the Secretary knows:
 I several useful reasons hinted,
 As plainly would appear if printed.
 Have I not strangely recollected
 A list of persons disaffected;
 Who drove me to my present course?
 (Indeed they were my creditors.)
 So true am I to Brunswick's Line,
 That all his enemies are mine.

My faults (as who from faults are free?
 I mean on this side of the sea,)
 Are such as ne'er continue long;
 I'm sometimes right as well as wrong;
 At least, if any right there lies,
 On either side of contraries:
 So, though I drink with Mr. Mist,
 The Tory-rory Journalist;
 To take suspicion off at home,
 I drink as well with Mr. Rome,
 That tries so furious, with goose-quill,
 To spatter your opposer WILL*.
 Thus sometimes, in a Popish nation,
 I plead for Transubstantiation;

* Mr. Pulteney.

Prove contradictions by the hour,
 By medium of Almighty Power :
 But then again, to make amends,
 When got among my special friends,
 I clearly wipe off that offence,
 By ridiculing Providence.

Ah, pity but my youth and rank :
 I freely offer a *Chart Blanc*;
 I'll witness what designs you please,
 Unheard, unthought discoveries.
 Not half such wonders heretofore,
 That Salamanca Doctor swore,
 Whatever scheme you set your heart on,
 I'll sign with "Philip Duke of Wharton."
 If timely succour you will bring,
 And reconcile me to my King ;
 Eternal duty will I swear,
 By every Saint i'th' Kalendar,
 From lousy monks that beg in woollen,
 To silken Sirs, and Kings of Colen ;
 By all whose names will stand in metre,
 From his first holiness Pope Peter.
 I'll swear too by the stores that lie
 In Holy Church's treasury,
 By both St. Austins' bodies found,
 Alike for miracles renown'd ;
 By the two heads of Baptist John,
 From that at Rome, to that at Roan ;
 By all the reliques Rome e'er saw,
 From Mary's milk to Garnet's straw.

Suspect me not for Popish tricks,
 Of breaking faith with Heretics.
 What though a Council fix'd the rule,
 And many a damnatory bull ;
 'Tis plain by my whole conversation,
 I ne'er yet startled at damnation.
 Damnation ! a mere flim-flam story,
 I mind no more than Purgatory :
 I that there is a Hell deny,
 In all things like my father I*.

In fine, Sir, if I may but live
 In England, and the King forgive

* Some MSS. read, "Per omnia patrifians I." See his Grace's patent; and see also some mention of his father, vol. I. p. 181.

My writing, speaking, and protesting,
 My warlike, and religious jesting,
 My frantic rambling after garters,
 My fear of Marlborough and Chartres;
 Then, what no man alive can say
 I ever thought of till this day,
 Your said Petitioner shall pray.

}

N^o IV. p. 159.

The illustrious natural daughter of King James II. by Katharine Countess of Dorchester, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, was dignified by her father with the title of Lady Katharine Darnley, the rank of a Duke's daughter, and the right of bearing his own arms. At an early age, Oct. 28, 1699, she was married to James Earl of Anglesea; by whom she had one daughter; and from whom, on account of his cruelty, she was separated by Act of Parliament, April 29, 1701. The Earl died in the January following; and his Lady, March 1, 1705, became the third wife of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire and Marquis of Normanby; and was a second time left a widow Feb. 24, 1720. By the Duke she had three sons and two daughters, of whom four died infants, and Edmund (who succeeded his father in the title of Duke of Buckinghamshire) dying at Rome in his 19th year Oct. 31, 1735, the race of Sheffield became extinct. He was buried in King Henry VIIIth's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, with great funeral pomp, Jan. 31, 1736. The Dutchess died March 17, 1743; and, on the 8th of April, her corpse was carried from her house in St. James's Park, to be interred near the remains of the Dukes, her husband and son, in a very magnificent manner; her effigy in wax (which she had by her from the time of her son's funeral), dressed up in her coronation-robcs, was placed under a canopy of state, with two ladies of her bedchamber at her head and feet, drawn by six horses covered with black velvet. There were twelve mourning-coaches with six horses each, besides several coaches with six belonging to the prime nobility of the kingdom. The pall was supported by the Dukes of Cleveland, Norfolk, Portland, and Richmond. The Lady Phipps, daughter to the Lord Harvey, and granddaughter to her Grace, was chief mourner. The great friendship which the Dutchess always shewed to our Bishop and his family will be sufficient reason for transcribing, "The Character of Katharine, late Dutchess of Buckingham and Normanby,"

manby," which was written, and revised by Bishop Atterbury, many years before her Grace's death :

" She was the daughter of James the Second, and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married first to James Earl of Anglesey ; and secondly, to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby ; with the former she exercised the virtues of Patience and Suffering, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either ; with the latter all other conjugal virtues. The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment, she had the happiness to please ; and in that found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son* ; in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and the improvement of whose fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the father, softened, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the mother. Her understanding was such as must have made a figure, had it been in a man ; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppressed only the expression, not the exertion of it ; for her sense was not superior to her resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserved her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none ; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects ; the loss of all her children, the misfortunes of relations and friends, public and private, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great : her affections warm even to solicitude : her friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering : her gratitude equal and constant to the living ; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth ; and the greatest on earth, whom she could not esteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than decency. Her good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident ; not measured by the regard they professed for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs : and,

as there was no merit she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy: therefore her conversation was as free from detraction, as her opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her thoughts were her own, so were her words; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgement as impartial in forming it. She was a safe companion; many were served, none ever suffered, by her acquaintance; inoffensive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not stupid: but the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was, therefore, not a bitter but consistent enemy (though indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finished one (or having been long a-making). And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like Justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like Revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill; of such, her contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her love and aversion, her gratitude and resentment, her esteem and neglect, were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be insincere, and her heart too honest to stand in need of it; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her person, which was most amiably majestic: the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face or proportion of her body; it was such as pleased wherever she had a desire it should; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general. In the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere; for she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem where she was not known; it was enough to be possessed of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of sixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving business, but discharging it fully wheresoever duty or friendship engaged her in it; not following greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolved all the parts of life, she forsook this world, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March, 1742-3."

Such

Such is the Character which the learned Commentator on Pope thus introduces :

" We find by Letter XIX. (see Letter CCC. vol. II. p. 204, of the present edition,) that the Dutcheſs of Buckinghamſhire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her Huſband's Character. But, though he reſuſed this office, yet, in his Epistle on the Characters of Women, theſe lines,

To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,

Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor *,

are ſuppoſed to mark her out in ſuch a manner as not to be miſtaken for another ; and having ſaid of himſelf, that he held a lie in proſe and verſe to be the ſame : all this together gave a handle to his enemies, ſince his death, to publiſh the following paper (intituled, " The Character of Katharine, &c ") as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceaſed Poet) we have ſubjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the Reader fully into the hiſtory of the writing and publication of this extraordinary character :

" Mr. Pope to James Moyſer, of Beverley, Eſq.

" DEAR SIR, Bath, July 11, 1743.

" I am always glad to hear of you ; and where I can, I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health ? The account of our Friend's † is truly melancholy, added to the circumſtance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt deſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his friends about him. The public news ‡ indeed gives every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy ; and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one ; nay, as a general joy to all nations, where bloodſhed and miſery muſt have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of ——— prevailed.

" I come now to answer your friend's queſtion. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the Character of the old § Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember

* Theſe few lines are in the character of Atolla, who was the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, not Buckingham. WARTON.

† Mr. Bethel.

‡ The Victory of Dettingen.

§ He ſays *the old Duke*, becauſe he wrote this very fine Epitaph for the Son :

" IF modett Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And every opening Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate ;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here !

ber ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Dutcheſs had printed it with the will, and ſent one to me, as, I ſuppoſe, ſhe did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it ſhould be reported I writ that Character, after a ſtory which I will tell you in the ear, and to yourſelf only. There was another Character written of her Grace by herſelf (with what help I know not); but ſhe ſhewed it me in her blots, and preſſed me, by all the adjurations of friendſhip, to give her my ſincere opinion of it. I acted honeſtly, and did ſo. She ſeemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to ſelect out of it juſt as much as I judged might ſtand, and return her the copy. I did ſo *. Immediately ſhe picked a quarrel with me, and we never ſaw each other in five or ſix years. In the mean time, ſhe ſhewed this Character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a compoſition of my own, in her praiſe. And very probably it is now in the hands of Lord Harvey."

The few following billets, from the Dutcheſs of Buckingham to Sir Hans Sloane, will ſhew her familiar ſtyle of writing.

1. There is a little affair, though of ſome conſequence to us, that has made Sir J. Germaine and me deſire earneſtly your company at Pontac's to-morrow, about one o'clock; and therefore, though you have much more buſineſs than we, it is hoped you may ſo order it, as to be free againſt that time for once. If ſo, this needs no answer; but, if not, pray appoint ſome other day by this bearer.

Your humble ſervant, BUCKINGHAM.

For Doctor Sloane; Tueſday.

2. I am ſo ſenſible of the danger of delay, that I earneſtly entreat you to make an end of the buſineſs preſently by paying all he inſiſts on, and ſo fetching it and him together to ſet it up in a room I ſhall order ready at my building againſt it comes. But I think it ſafeſt to pay him, and bring it away, before he knows whither it is come. I know you will excuſe all this from

Your humble ſervant, BUCKINGHAM.

For Doctor Sloane; Tueſday.

The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a race, for courage ſam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain given,
Pay the laſt tribute of a Saint to Heaven."

* On this head, ſee vol. V. pp. 103. 108.

3. Being

3. Being with Lady Denbigh yesterday, I found her recovery entirely depended on the bark; and therefore cannot forbear desiring you would just make a step to her Apothecary as you go by, to see if the powder be very fresh and good, on which all, you know, depends. And the rather because at this time the Master himself is confined to Mr. Godolphin's child, and not suffered to go home to his shop.

Your humble servant BUCKINGHAM.

P. S. Monday Morning I left her finely well.

For Doctor Sloane.

4. GOOD DOCTOR,

Pray do me the favour to send me, in the room of these medals (which I acknowledge but trifling), what you are willing to spare, because they may be had again, of these following things;

Indian apron and comb,

Hat,

Bear's paw,

Fish head,

Bottle with coral.

And, if you care to part with nothing at all, it will not disoblige in the least; therefore deal freely with your friend and servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

For Doctor Sloane.

5. DOCTOR,

August 7.

My Lord goes to Windsor to-morrow; I beg the favour of you to be with me to give me a vomit at ten o'clock in the morning. I send a note by this servant for some of the vomit my Lord spake of, and for some squills, that, when you come, you may give me which you like.

Your servant, C. BUCKINGHAM.

For Doctor Sloane.

N^o V. p. 315.

The letter from Dr. Gibson, Bishop of Lincoln, on the apprehending of Bishop Atterbury, will be found in vol. V. p. 26.

N^o VI.

Some mention has been made of Dr. Robert Freind, in vol. I. p. 454. But a more particular account of this family, so intimately connected with our Prelate, shall here be given. Dr. Robert Freind was a student at Christ Church at the time

time of the inauguration of King William and Queen Mary ; and proceeded M. A. June 1, 1693 ; B. and D. D. July 7, 1699. He preached before the House of Commons Jan. 30, 1710-11. Against the South wall of the chancel at Witney is a tablet of white marble, with an inscription, " To the memory of Dr. Robert Freind, son of William, rector of Croton, in Northamptonshire, who died August 9, 1754, aged 84. He was head-master of Westminster School, Rector of Witney, Prebendary of Westminster and Windsor, and, on resigning the former, Canon of Christ Church. He married Jane, the only daughter of George Delangle, D. D. and one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church of Charenton, who, taking refuge in England, became a Prebendary of Westminster. She died Feb. 3, 1758, aged 81. Dr. William Freind, his son, Dean of Canterbury, Rector of Witney, died Nov. 28, 1766, aged 55. Charles Freind died July 16, 1736, aged 16, leaving his parents and only brother surviving."

A slab on the floor has this inscription: " By the consent of Benjamin, lord Bishop of Winchester, and Thomas Lord Bishop of Oxford, the burial-vault underneath was appropriated to the sole use of Dr. Freind and family, 1753."

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1733, vol. III. p. 152, are some verses by Stephen Duck to Dr. Robert Freind, on his quitting Westminster school: by which it appears that Lord Carteret (afterwards Earl of Granville), Lord Hervey, and the Duke of Newcastle, were greatly indebted to him for part of their accomplishments and future fame. And in 1737, vol. VII. p. 631, is an Ode to the Duke of Newcastle by Dr. Robert Freind (who was that year made canon of Christ-Church) and the following elegant epigram:

" Reverendo doctissimoque

Roberto Freind, S. T. P.

Ecclesiæ Divi Petri Westmonast. Prebendario,
et Ædis Christi Oxon. Canonico.

De te, Freinde, duæ certant socialiter Ædes,

Hæc Christi insignis nomine, et illa Petri,

Quæ potior charum titulis ornaret alumnum,

Jamque senem posset læta fovere sinu.

Illustris fuerit Ducis hanc componere litem:

Utraque quem voluit mater utrique dedit.

R. L.

Dat 14 Kal. Julii, A. S. 1737."

Thus

Thus indifferently translated in 1738.

For you, most learned Freind ! two Churches strove,
 (For you, the darling object of their love ;)
 This Christ was call'd, and that St. Peter's nam'd,
 (Rare Nurfing Mothers, from past ages fam'd)
 Their friendly contest was, which Church should grace
 Her foster son with Dignitary's place,
 And cheer him, now grown old, with her most kind
 embrace. }

A noble Duke, this contest to decide,
 Each mother's cravings graciously supply'd,
 And gave to each her darling son, right nobly dignified. }

Dr. Robert Freind, (whose Latin poetry is much superior to his English) wrote the epitaph on Dodwell, which is printed in *Ashmole's Berkshire*, vol. II. p. 492; and the beautiful epitaph on Lord Carteret's younger son Philip, who died at Westminster School, 1710, in his 19th year. He wrote also the Dedication to Queen Caroline, prefixed to the Medical Works of his brother Dr. John Freind. Two epigrams on this learned Divine and his epitaphs are preserved in the *Select Collection of Poems*, vol. V. p. 310; and vol. VIII. p. 314—And see Bishop Atterbury's opinion of him, vol. V. p. 100.

N° VII. p. 341.

The vicissitudes of fortune which occurred to Dr. William Freind, next brother to Dr. Robert, are thus related in Mrs. Pilkington's *Memoirs*: "We had a sort of chapel belonging to the gaol, where Dr. Freind, a clergyman, brother to Dr. Freind the Physician, obliged us with divine service every Sunday. This gentleman was himself a prisoner in the King's Bench; and, after all the grandeur he had once lived in, was now so low reduced, as even to be beholden to such an unfortunate creature as I for sixpence; which, unfortunate as I was, I could not refuse to so fine an orator, a gentleman! and by all accounts, only undone by boundless generosity and hospitality. The first day I heard him preach I was charmed with his elocution; but the rest of the congregation, mad and drunk, bade him hold his tongue. He, indeed, like Orpheus, played to wolves and bears; nor were they half so obliging to him, as the storms were to Arion; neither could he, though uttering dulcet and harmonious sounds, make the rude crowd grow civil with his song. This fine gentleman I often invited to my lonely mansion. He was not a little surprized to hear my mournful story; and indeed it
 somewhat

somewhat alleviated my sorrow to find such a companion: Poor gentleman! Death has released him; I am sure I should have done it, had the Almighty given me a power equal to my inclination to serve him." He died April 15, 1745.

On this head my friend Mr. Ashby observes, "There is a traditional story that one of the name of Freind (I think it must be Mrs. Pilkington's hero) dreamt that two numbers in a lottery of Queen Anne would be the two greatest prizes; that he went and bought them. and they came up so; that he went backwards and forwards to his bureau to look at them, till he was almost mad; that he spent all, and died a beggar (I believe) in gaol. This story I had from Mr. Holmes, the curate, and afterwards vicar, of Wellingborough, a gentleman of uncommon good sense, who died about the year 1760, and who was sent for to the inn by Freind to drink a bottle when he was in his meridian; and (as I recollect) had the story of the tickets from himself. If he would tell it on such an occasion, he must have told it to many: and one should like to know what one could about so extraordinary a tale. Dr. Johnson says truly, "One must not be too positive in disbelieving, as the story may be true; nor too credulous, as it may be false." Mrs. Pilkington calls him "a clergyman; and mentions the grandeur he had lived in." This is not the description of a common clergyman, however well provided, and you mention no preferment; so I think he must be the man, though I do not remember that my informant called him a clergyman; but I always thought he was a son or a younger brother of the master of Westminster school, though I could never make him out before. Yet surely Mrs. Pilkington would have heard this story from him if he ever told it to a stranger; and if so, she would surely have been glad to have swelled her Memoirs with it."

Thus much of the story may be ascertained from the newspapers of the times. Whatever might be the case as to the dream, or the prizes in Queen Anne's reign, Dr. Freind obtained a prize of 20,000*l.* Feb. 14, 1714-15; and when Mr. Smalridge's marriage was mentioned in print, May 2, 1730, his lady is called "Miss Freind, daughter to him who got the great prize." What could have afterwards involved him in distress, is not for us now to enquire; but it is not improbable that, elated by his former success, he might have ventured deeply into the fatal bubble of the South Sea.

N^o VIII. p. 342.

Dr. John Freind, the third brother, was elected from Westminster School to Christ Church in 1690; and, under the auspices of Dean Aldrich, undertook, with Mr. Foulkes, to publish two orations, one of *Æschines*, the other of *Demosthenes*, which were well received; and was also prevailed upon to revise an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1696, which Dr. Bentley severely reprehends. He was "director of the studies" to Mr. Boyle; wrote the Examination of Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on *Æsop*; and, says the great Critic, "was of the same size for learning with the late editor of the *Æsopian Fables* [Mr. Anthony Alsop]. If they can make but a tolerable copy of verses, with two or three small faults in it, they must presently set up to be authors." But, whatever may be thought of those juvenile performances, in his professional capacity he was a masterly writer. He proceeded M. A. April 12, 1701; B. M. June 1, 1701; and, after having published several curious medical treatises, was chosen professor of chemistry at Oxford in 1704; and the next year attended lord Peterborough on his Spanish expedition, of which Dr. Freind published an account in 1707. He was created M. D. by diploma, July 12, that year; was elected F. R. S. in 1711; and attended the duke of Ormond into Flanders. After his return, residing chiefly at London, he gave himself up wholly to the cares of his profession; and, in 1720, delivered the *Harveian Oration*. He was elected a burghess for Launceston in 1722; and, being suspected of having a hand in Laver's plot, was committed to the Tower, March 17, 1722-3, where he continued a prisoner till the 21st of June following. Soon after he obtained his liberty, he was made physician to the Prince of Wales; and, upon that Prince's accession to the Crown, became physician to Queen Caroline, who honoured him with a share of her confidence and esteem. He did not enjoy this office long; dying July 26, 1728, in his 52d year. Bishop Atterbury says, "You have heard of the death of Dr. Freind; a public loss, in more respects than one! for I dare say, notwithstanding his station at Court, he died of the same political opinions in which I left him. He is lamented by men of all parties at home, and of all countries abroad; for he was known every where, and confessed to be at the head of his faculty." Their Majesties, in consideration of his great merit, settled a pension upon his widow. His celebrated "*History of Physic*," the first part of which was printed in 1725, was translated into Latin by Dr. Wigan,

and

and published, with the Latin Works of Dr. Freind, at London, in folio, 1733; reprinted at Paris, in 4to, 1735. An original portrait of him was in the possession of the widow of the late Dr. James Parsons. The monument in Westminster Abbey of Bishop Sprat and his son, the Prebendary of Rochester, is inscribed by Dr John Freind; whose own memory is also there perpetuated by the following epitaph;

“ JOHANNES FREIND, M. D.

Archiater

Serenissimæ Reginae Carolinæ;

Cujus perspicaci judicio cum se approbâset,
quantâ prius apud omnes Medicinæ famâ,
tantâ apud Regiam familiam gratiâ floruit.

Ingenio erat benevolo et admodum liberali,
societatis et convicuum amans,

Amicitiarum

(etiam suo alicubi periculo)

tenacissimus.

Nemo beneficia

aut in alios alacrius contulit,

aut in se collata libentiùs meminit.

Juvenis adhuc scriptis cœpit inclarescere,
et assiduo tum Latini tum Patrii sermonis usu

Orationem perpolivit;

Quam vero in umbraculis excoluerat facundiam,
eam in solem atque aciem Senator protulit.

Humanioribus literis domi peregrèque operam dedit;

Omnes autem, ut decuit, nervos intendit

suâ in arte ut esset versatissimus:

Quo successu, Orbis Britannici cives et proceres,
quam multiplici scientiâ, viri omnium gentium eruditi;

quam indefesso studio et industriâ,
id quidem, non sine lacrymis amici

loquentur.

Miri quiddam, quod in tam continuâ occupatione,
inter tot circuitiones,

scribendo etiam vacare posset:

quod tanto oneri diutiùs sustinendo impar esset,
nihil miri.

Obiit siquidem, vigente adhuc ætate,
annum agens quinquagesimum secundum,

æt. Christi 1728, Jul. 26;

Collegii Westmonasteriensis

& Ædis Christi Oxoniensis

Alumnus;

Collegii Medicorum Londinensium
& Societatis Regiæ
Socius."

Dr. Freind, in his last Will, dated March 12, 1727, directs all his pictures to be sold (except those of Anne his wife, to whom he was married in 1709, his son, the Bishop of Rochester and his son, and his own brother). He gives 100l. a year to his brother William; and 1000l. to Christ Church, to found an Anatomical Lecture. He mentions his nephew William, son to brother Robert; nephew Charles, and nieces Anne and — Freind, and Harriet Del'angle.

There is a medal of Dr. John Freind, finely executed, by St. Urbain, a Lorrainer; with the Doctor's bust on the reverse, inscribed, IOANNES FREIND. COLL. MED. LOND. ET REG. S. S.; and on the neck the initial letters of the artist's name, S. V. Reverse, an antient and modern physician joining hands. MEDICINA. VETVS. ET NOVA. Exergue, VNAM FACIMVS VTRAMQVE. His valuable library was sold by auction by Mr. Cock, Jan. 2—14, 1728.

The following epigram on this great physician, by Mr. Samuel Wesley, will be thought worth preserving;

"When Radcliffe fell, afflicted Physick cried,
"How vain my power! and languish'd at his side.
"When Freind expir'd, deep-struck her hair she tore,
"And speechless tainted, and reviv'd no more.
"Her flowing grief no farther could extend;
"She mourns with Radcliffe, but she dies with Freind."

Nº IX. p. 351.

Having given some specimens of the Latin Poetry of Bishop Smalridge; we shall subjoin two small orations in Prose; in justification of the character detestedly given of his style and diction in vol. I. p. 307.

Orationes Duæ in THEATRO SHELDONIANO VI Kal. Maii, MDCCVI. (quo die ACADEMIÆ FRANCOFURTANÆ Encoënia Sæcularia ibidem celebrata sunt); habitæ à Rev. VIRO GEORGIO SMALRIDGE, S. T. P. Altera, cum clariss. Virum JOH. ERNEST. GRABE Borussum, ad Doctoratum in S. Theol. Universitati OXONIENSI commendaret;
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mendaret; altera, cùm eundem Insignibus Academicis ornaret.

I. PRÆSENTATIO.

Insignissime Vice-Cancellarie, vosque Egregii Procuratores,

Præsentō vobis reverendum hunc Virum, Dominum JOHANNEM ERNESTUM GRABE; Patre, Avo, Abavo, Theologiae Professoribus prognatum; gente atque educatione Borussia; diuturni apud nos hospitii necessitudine, ac propensissimo erga Ecclesiam Anglicanam studio nostratē; eruditionis suæ famā ac nominis celebritate universi literati orbis Civem: Virum iis ingenii, doctrinæ, & virtutis ornamentis insignem, ut in absentis laudem nulla satis longa foret Oratio; eā verò animi modestiā, ut præsens reformidet etiam brevissimam. Id sane auspiciō, nec absque singulari Dei Opt. Max. Providentiā, ornatissimo huic Homini evenit, ut, quo olim die illum Philosophiæ Magistrum & Doctorem summo omnium applausu salutavit Academia Regio-montana *, eodem jam die, post emensos unum & viginti annos, in celsissimo hoc Theologicae dignitatis gradu pari studio collocaret Academia Oxoniensis.

Nihil in laudem vestram magis cessurum, nihil Academiae Francofurtensis, cui solennem hunc inflauratis diem, magis gratum à vobis proficisci potuit, quàm eximius hic honos in eum Virum collatus, quem illa, utpotè Regi suo præ cæteris egregiè charum, maximi habet; quem ad Professoriam suam Cathedram haud semel vocatum nobis pene invidet; quem hodierno præcipuè die absentem requirit, minores aliquanto agens triumphos, quòd hoc tantum ingenii lumen desideret.

Quæ verò lectissimum hunc Virum ad Angliam inviserdā primū impulit, eadem adhuc apud nos detinet amicissima erga Ecclesiam nostram voluntas, & summa Episcopalis Ordinis reverentia. Primævæ nimirum Antiquitatis indagator sagacissimus, eam divini cultūs solennitatem, quam suus descripsit Justinus; eam Doctrinæ puritatem, quam ab omni Hærescōs labe vindicavit suus itidem Irenæus; eam demum Ecclesiasticæ Disciplinæ formulam, quam sæpissime in Patrum monumentis expressam legerat: nativā suā pulchritudine apud nos etiamnum vigere facile perspexit: &, cū Antiquam Matrem diu diligenterque quæsitam hic tandem invenerat, in illius sinum recipi vehementer gestiit, in illius amplexu lubens

* Coningsburgh.

hæret. Erit autem aliquando dies, nisi vana nos spes fallat (& quod ardentissimis votis optamus, id etiam futurum creduli nimis auguremur) cum optimus hic Vir in Patriam red-
 dux primitivam Ecclesiæ Hierarchiam apud suos haud ulterius desideravit; cum Augustissima nostra Regina Ecclesiam Anglicanam, quam domi materno affectu fovet, quam sanctissimis moribus exornat, quam amplissimâ munificentia locupletat, quam assiduis precibus Deo commendat, quam adversus omnes omnium undequaque hostium impetus incolumem &, dum ipsa fuerit sospes, solpitem usque & gloriosam fore certi spondemus, in concederatas etiam gentes, præpollenti suâ apud illas gratiâ haud frustra commendatam, transmittere studuerit; cum, ANNA hortante, Augustus Borussorum Rex, pro summâ suâ adversus Ecclesias Reformatas benevolentia, ad augendum ipsarum decus & robur, Venerabilem Episcopatus Ordinem intra sua Regna stabilierit; ad quæ Regiam ipsius Majestatem in hunc ipsum fortasse finem divina evexit Providentia; cum FREDERICO, inter cæteras res ab ipso pace ac bello præclare gestas, quas & præsens ætas laudat & fera laudabit posteritas, id etiam in non exiguam ipsius gloriam cesserit, quod antiquam atque Apostolicam Episcoporum in Ecclesiâ gubernandâ prerogativam suis auspiciis restituerit: cum eruditissimum hunc virum, singulari ipsius favore jam pridem insignitum, Episcopali Mitra ornaverit; Vestrâ interim Laureâ, Academici, in præludium tantæ dignitatis hodie ornandum; eam vicissim eximii suâ pietate, & fere incredibili Doctrinâ magnopere ornaturum.

2. CREATIO.

Quod in Annuis Comitibus solenne est, ut quos ad amplissimum hunc Dignitatis gradum seu evexerint merita, illos usitatis Honoris insignibus Regius exornet Professor, id hodie muneris mihi, qui venerandi illius Viri, in maximum Ecclesiæ atque Academiæ detrimentum ægrotantis, vices longè impar sustineo, assignavit Academia: Quæ, ne quod sui erga te amoris pignus, ne quod Scholasticæ Dignitatis monumentum, tibi deesset, te, festivo hoc die, in Theatrali hâc pompâ, solenni Comitiorum ritu atque apparatu decorari voluit.

Tibi igitur hæc in manus trado Biblia*, quæ nemo te aut diligentius versaverit, aut penitiùs intellexerit, aut fideiùs memoriâ tenuerit, aut dilucidiùs explicârit. Tibi patent Hebræi

* LXX Interpretum.

illi fontes, unde rivulos suos deduxerunt Alexandrini interpretes : quid in celeberrimâ istâ versione sequior ætas immutaverit, tuum haud fugit acumen : tu eam integram atque illibatam indefesso labore nobis repones, alter Adamantius. Maeste tuâ diligentia, Vir optime, sacras hasce paginas, ad Codicis Alexandrini omnium antiquissimi fidem castigatas, in publica Ecclesiæ commoda maturare : tibi, opus hoc arduum molienti, stimulos addat doctissimorum hominum expectatio, non modicus Academiæ favor, atque optimè in te collocata Serenissimæ Regiæ nostræ munificentia.

Sume etiam Pileum hunc, libertatis tesseram ; tibi imprimis congruum, qui nulli unquam te serviliter mancipasti ; qui Calvinum, Lutherum, cæteros Antesignanos Viros eâ tantum lege secutus es, si Patrum & Apostolorum vestigia ab ipsis pressa deprehenderis : si quando autem ab antiquis viis aberraverint, non cum illis in devium ire, sed tuum iudicium sequi, & primævam veritatem, undecunque ea effulserit, amplecti, pro Christianæ libertatis jure, æquum semper censuisti.

En tibi hunc Annulum ! non tam privatæ inter nos duos amicitiae, quàm publicæ inter Academiæ Francofurtensem atque Oxoniensem Concordiæ, pignus ! Sint perpetuæ inter ipsas bonorum officiorum vices ; &, recurrentibus in orbem sæculis, lætus hic semper utrique recurat Dies !

Superest ut tibi impertiam caritatis Osculum. Felix illud faustumque sit omen, Ecclesias Anglicanam & Borussam mutuo affectu sese invicem deosculaturas ! tu utriusque amans, tu utrique charus, arctissimum inter ipsas non tantum Doctrinæ, sed & Disciplinæ foedus, paciscere, diu à bonis omnibus expetitur, semper in Ecclesiæ pacem, in Angelorum lætitiæ, in Dei Opt. Maximi Gloriam, duraturum.

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